THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

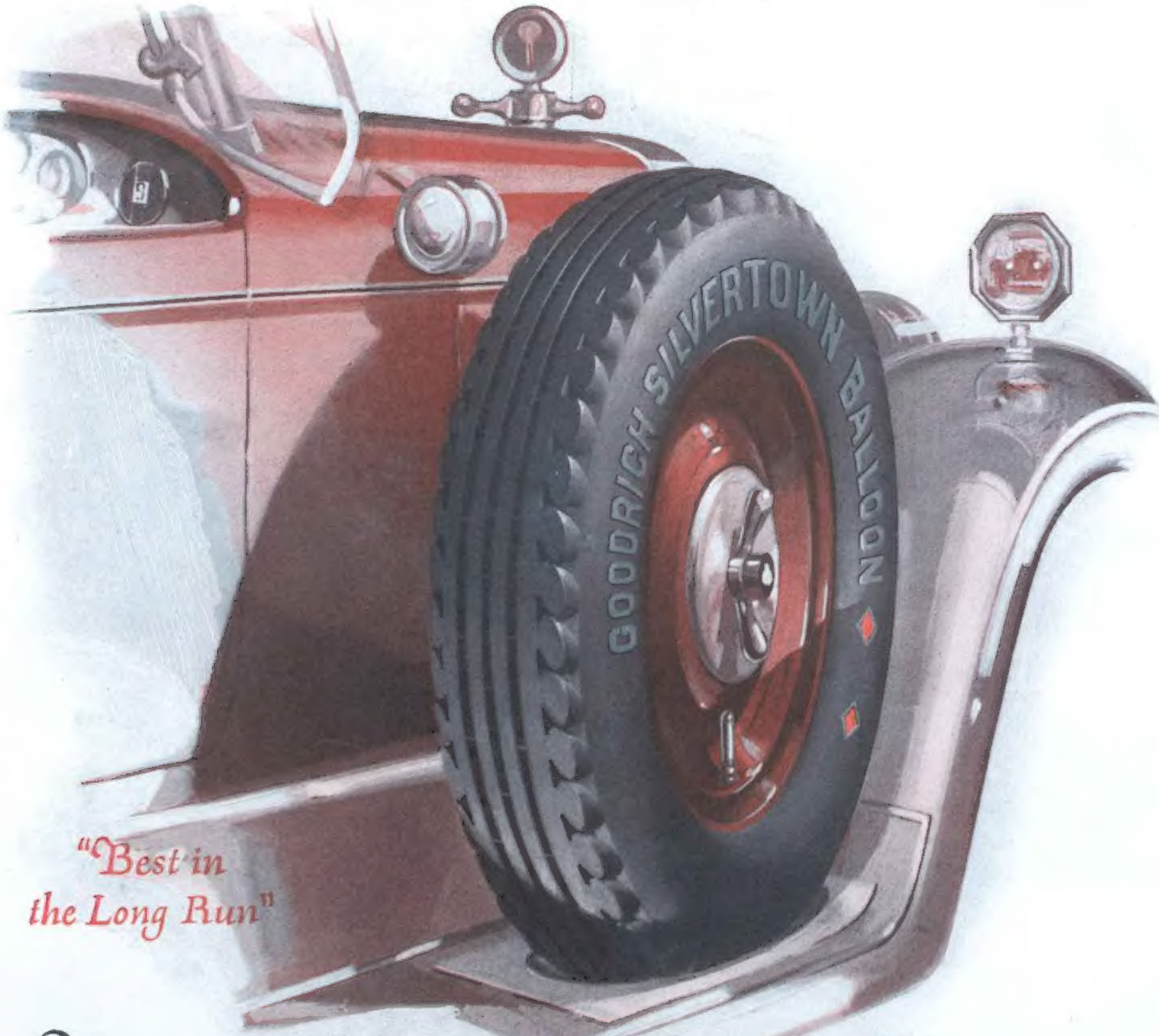
Weekly
Four Franklin

Volume 198, Number 9

AUG. 29, 1925

5cts. THE COPY

F. Britten Austin — Horatio Winslow — Will Levington Comfort — Elizabeth Frazer
William Hazlett Upson — Perceval Gibbon — Louise Dutton — Raeburn Van Buren



"Best in the Long Run"

Your friends notice the distinctive difference Silvertown gives the appearance of your car. You and your guests feel their super-comfortable cushioning against rough travel.....

Goodrich Silvertown Balloons

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY *Est. 1870* AKRON, OHIO *In Canada:* THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY, Ltd., Kitchener, Ontario

Haddingtons

The new double service fabric for the fall suit

WOVEN EXCLUSIVELY FOR SOCIETY BRAND

This is the fabric every man wants to wear. A two ply worsted yarn running both ways—that's technical, but it means the most serviceable cloth you can get. And not only that—Haddingtons are the handsomest of all fall fabrics. They come in tilted block effects, in rare shades of blue, pecan brown, penny brown, smoke gray. You'll not see anything as good looking—anywhere. Their quality is as fine as their looks. But you can buy a suit for fifty dollars. You can get Haddingtons from the merchant who sells Society Brand Clothes. And nowhere else.

Society Brand Clothes

FOR YOUNG MEN AND MEN WHO STAY YOUNG

ALFRED DECKER & COHN, MAKERS · CHICAGO · NEW YORK
In Canada: SOCIETY BRAND CLOTHES LIMITED, MONTREAL

Every man his own canary

WHEN an otherwise normal man, while bathing, intones "Jolly Boating Weather," in what he fondly believes to be song, it may safely be assumed that he is being rubbed the right way.

If his four-year-old son asks, "Mother, what is father crying about?" the answer, in 99 44/100 % cases, will be: "He isn't crying, Dicky—he's singing a hymn to Ivory Soap."

Gentlemen: attend!

Ivory billows forth, at a touch, into lusty lather—thick and satisfying—that chums with your skin like an old friend, and purges every pore.

A dash of water, and this handsome lather vanishes like a straw hat in a strong wind.

And Ivory floats! It dives not, neither does it dodge. It is the original and genuine self-finding soap.

If you are one of those few tormented tubbers who have known not Ivory—if you have struggled with soap that emulates the deep-sea squid, and sticks to your skin like a poor relation—buy a cake of Ivory and *sing!*

But bathing with Ivory is only a good beginning. If you will carry out the Ivory idea through your day of business or sport, you will find that it applies with equal effectiveness to face-and-hands washing, shampooing, and even shaving!

Truly, to use Ivory is to get a kick out of cleanliness.

Procter & Gamble

IVORY SOAP

99 44/100 % PURE · IT FLOATS

WIVES of singing husbands, who must sing in self-defense, will buy for themselves the soprano cake known to millions as GUEST IVORY It costs *five cents*—a dollar could buy no better

Copyright 1925, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

Published Weekly

The Curtis Publishing Company

Cyrus H. K. Curtis, President

C. H. Ludington, Vice-President and Treasurer
P. S. Collins, General Business Manager
Walter D. Fuller, Secretary
William Boyd, Advertising Director

Independence Square, Philadelphia

London: 6, Henrietta Street
Covent Garden, W. C.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Copyright, 1925, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain
Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office and in Foreign Countries

George Horace Lorimer
EDITOR

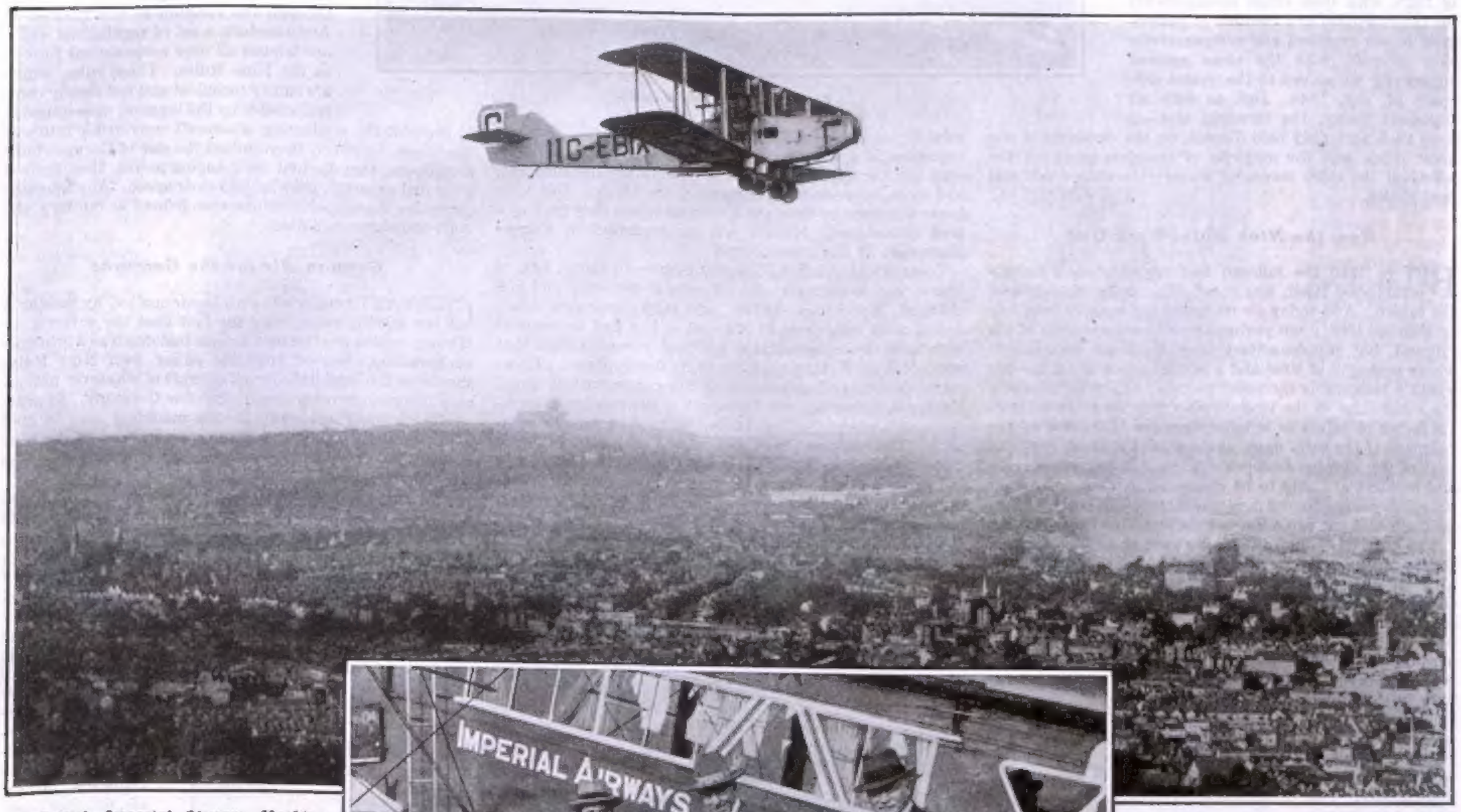
Frederick S. Bigelow, A. W. Neall,
Thomas B. Costain, Wesley W. Stout,
B. Y. Riddell, Thomas L. Masson,
Associate Editors

Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 18, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., and St. Paul, Minn.

Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post-Office Department, Ottawa, Canada

Volume 198 | 5c. THE COPY | PHILADELPHIA, PA., AUGUST 29, 1925 | $2.00 THE YEAR by Subscription | Number 9

EUROPE TAKES TO THE AIR



A British Imperial Airways Machine Just After Leaving the Town of Croydon, En Route for Paris

COPYRIGHT BY SPORT AND GENERAL PRESS AGENCY, LTD., LONDON

At Left—Mr. Austin, Mr. Linney and Colonel Mossberg, of the Swedish Legation, and the Croydon-to-Sweden Plane

By F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

SOME half a dozen miles from Amsterdam, close under the bank of a straight tree-fringed canal where the great-sailed barges glide slowly at a paradoxical height above the level of the land, is a meadow only differentiated from the surrounding meadows by a short row of wooden sheds and a stocking wind indicator blowing out from its tall staff. It is in fact a very ordinary-looking meadow, heaped with mown hay when I was last there; yet it is one of the most interesting spots in Europe, to be recommended to those who enjoy a glimmering of prophetic faculty.

Stand in that meadow and you will see arrive, one after the other, circling downward from the skies, the most diversely international collection of aircraft to be seen at any aerodrome in the world—Dutch Fokker monoplanes; blue-painted British biplanes, Handley Page, De Haviland or Vickers; immense French Goliaths and Jabirus; smart-looking Belgian biplanes shimmering with white aluminum paint; great all-metal birdlike monoplanes with the Swedish blue-and-yellow flag painted on their tails; the comparatively small German monoplanes; and, by the time this article is printed, Danish machines also will probably have added themselves to the congress. They come from London, Paris, Brussels, Basel, Rotterdam, Cologne, Berlin, Hamburg, Malmö and Copenhagen—from eight different countries. They are of all types—fabric-winged, wire-braced, wooden-winged, all-metal, single-engined, twin-engined, three-engined, four-engined—but from all alike, as they come gliding to the ground against the wind and at last stop with a final engine roar in front of the row of sheds, emerge calmly normal passengers of every conceivable nationality, who follow their baggage, passport in hand, for a perfunctory customs examination, and inquire the hour of their air connection to London, Paris, Berlin, Copenhagen or elsewhere. They disperse, distribute themselves in new groupings of fellow voyagers, climb into the waiting machines. The great mechanical birds run roaring across the field, lift, mount into the sky, disappear.

Another incoming plane is announced. Within the passenger hangar, by the side of the great blackboards whereon are chalked the traffic details of the eleven air lines running into the aerodrome, is a French poster. It depicts a twentieth-century bourgeois gazing doubtfully at an aeroplane in the sky. The ghost of his predecessor of 1835 grips his shoulder, points to a modern express train rushing across a high viaduct.

"And I didn't believe in railroads!" says the ghost. That poster is two or three years old. A morning spent at Schiphol Aerodrome—the air port of Amsterdam—is

convincing proof that its moral is already antiquated. Air travel in Europe has ceased to be a novel adventure; it has become an ordinary means of transport.

In the year 1924 the principal air companies of Europe carried between them, on regular traffic routes, 87,467 passengers over a total of 5,969,267 miles. These figures do not include joy riders, nor do they include the operations of a number of small lines whose statistics are not available; but they are sufficient amply to prove the point. Moreover, the summer of 1924—and the summer is the busy time for air-transport companies—was marked by persistent bad weather all over Europe. The totals for 1925 promise to be something like double those of the preceding year.

Commercial aviation in Europe is not yet six years old, and it is certainly only in its first infancy. Our descendants will look back to the rustic field aerodromes of 1925, with their crude arrangements for the reception and comfort of passengers, to our cramped and comparatively slow aircraft, with the same amused superiority we accord to the quaint railroads of, say, 1840. Just as with air transport today, the terminal stations were then nervously held distant, on the outskirts of the great cities, and the majority of travelers preferred the safety of the older modes of travel—the stagecoach and post chaise.

Taking the Mail on Board

How the Nine Rules Work Out

BUT in 1840 the railroad had nevertheless definitely established itself, was clearly the mode of transit of the future. And today air transport has equally definitely established itself; not perhaps ever in supersession of the railroad, but supplementary to it for those travelers to whom economy of time and a minimization of fatigue are worth a reasonably increased cost. It caters for precisely the same class as the long-distance express train de luxe. Its factor of safety is infinitely greater than that of the railroads of the early days, and scarcely, if at all, less than that of the average European railroad of today. Its ease and comfort are only to be measured by those who have practically experienced any given long-distance journey by train and the same journey as performed by air.

The only complaint of 99.5 per cent of air passengers is that of monotony; the effect probably of the paradoxical and fallacious sense of slowness of movement experienced in an aeroplane traveling at 100 miles an hour but divorced from the ground objects that in a railway train would normally be flitting past. The vast panorama viewed from the aeroplane changes with a majestic deliberation.

In every country in Europe, with the exception of Italy, Spain and Portugal, daily passenger air lines are now running with practically complete regularity, and their traffic is increasing month by month—in fine weather, indeed, is restricted only by the number of machines available. I personally had to wait five days for a seat on the plane from Amsterdam to Berlin in the month of June. It is true that no air company in Europe can afford to operate without a heavy government subsidy, and that the day may yet be distant when air transport is a self-supporting industry. Many millions were lost by the early railroads, which, like air transport, had to be organized in advance of the traffic. But they never disappeared from the countries where they had once been established. Neither will air transport in Europe disappear. It has come to stay.

Commercial aviation, like any pioneer industry, has, of course, had to struggle with all sorts of technical and mechanical difficulties—today virtually overcome—but, unlike most industries in Europe, it has had to contend with even more formidable political complications that opposed a paralyzing obstacle to its development. Those complications still subsist. For the comparatively small European countries, air transport is international transport; it is one of the first lessons learned by any air company. Today, from the viewpoint of aerial traffic, there is a great wall across Europe. On both sides of that wall there is intense aerial activity. But the only aerial intercommunication between the two areas is circuitously around each end of the barrier.

This fact dominates the whole of European aviation, and prior to any analysis of the individual national efforts, it must be emphasized and explained. It is, like much else that is deplorable in Europe, a legacy from the war. The Allies at Versailles, with a lively memory of German air power and German air raids in their minds, determined that, so far as they could insure it, Germany should be henceforth kept out of the air. Consequently, not only was Germany debarred from possessing any military air force whatever, but originally it was intended that she should not produce any aircraft at all. This complete prohibition, however, could neither be justified nor maintained, and the Allies safeguarded themselves, as an alternative, by placing the German aircraft industry under the control of the Allied Military Commission. It was a control exercised with considerable severity, and even more controversy as to what did or did not constitute military aircraft.

Finally, on April 14, 1922, the Military Commission imposed on Germany, through the medium of the Council of Ambassadors, a set of regulations which are famous all over aeronautical Europe as the Nine Rules. These rules, which are subtly technical and not clearly comprehensible by the layman, were intended to prohibit the production of aircraft convertible into war machines. In effect, they limited the size of German-built aeroplanes, they limited their engine power, they limited their fuel capacity, they limited their speed. Any machine exceeding these specifications was defined as military aircraft and thus prohibited.

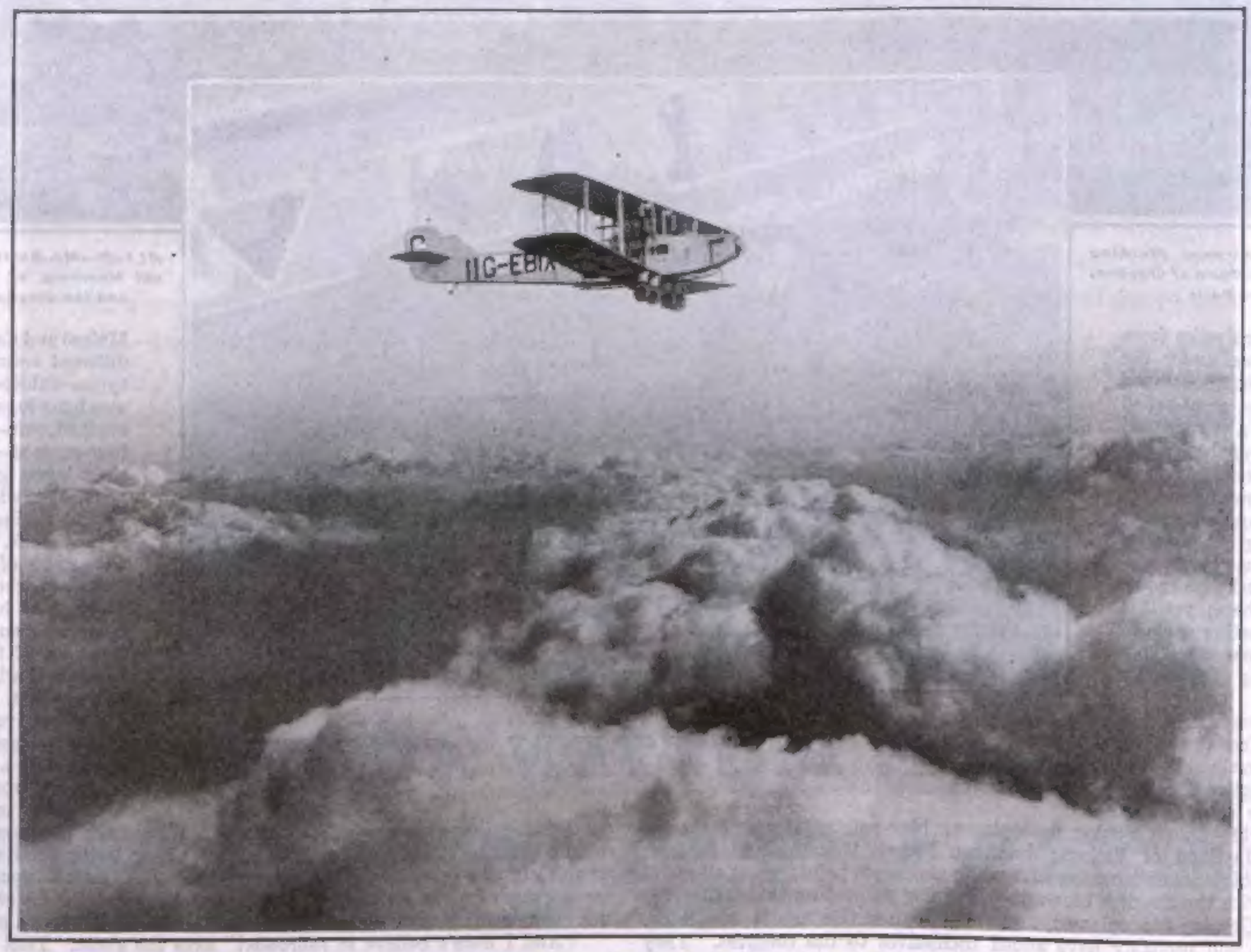
German Air for the Germans

GERMANY retaliated, with ironic malice, by passing a law which, underlining the fact that the sovereignty of every nation over its own air was laid down as a principle at Versailles, decreed that the Allies' own Nine Rules should be the legal limit for all aircraft of whatever nationality, German or otherwise, flying over Germany. As practically all the French and British machines used in civil aviation considerably exceed the specifications of the Nine Rules, they could not therefore—and still cannot—cross German territory.

Furthermore, an ordinance of the Rhineland Commission prohibited German flying over the occupied area. The German Government promptly represented, with force and logic, that the Rhineland was admittedly German territory, even if occupied temporarily by a victorious enemy; and that therefore, in accordance with Versailles, the air above it was German also; consequently that if German aeroplanes could not use that air, no other countries' aircraft should use it either. Apart from the British passenger air service to the British military aerodrome at Cologne—a special case for which the German Government grants a special permission which could in fact be arbitrarily dispensed with—the result of all this is that there is no international flying over Germany's western frontier.

The expediency or otherwise of continuing to maintain these rules, which were announced as susceptible to revision every two years and which were

(Continued on Page 94)



An Imperial Airways Machine Above the Clouds, En Route From London to Paris

I Got a Swell Job, I Got a Peach of a Girl

By William Hazlett Upson

ILLUSTRATED BY C. J. McCARTHY

Jefferson Davis Hotel,
Dallas, Texas,
Tuesday, April 28, 1925.

DEAR MA: I got a swell job; much better than you thought I would get. I am making good in a big way already, but I ain't forgot what I told you yesterday, that I would write regular and tell you everything.

Well, Ma, I reached Dallas at 1:15 P.M. this afternoon and got off at the Union Station, which is a swell dump, believe me, and a darky in a red cap carried my bag out to a taxi. I had the taxi bring me here to the Jefferson Davis Hotel, which is A-1 in every way.

A darky in a blue uniform and cap carried my bag into the hotel to where there was a counter with a guy behind it that made me write my name in a book.

I told the guy I was Elmer Martin, son of Mr. George P. Martin, of Jenkins Corners, Clay County, Texas. I said although I was only twenty years old, and had never been away from home before, I was no boob—I was a graduate of the Jenkins Corners High School, and I had come to Dallas to accept a position as clerk in the hardware store owned by my Cousin George. The guy was very much interested, and several traveling men crowded around to hear what I had to say. I told them how Father had taken two blue ribbons last year at the Clay County Fair at Henrietta for his exhibit of pure bred Tamworth hogs. So the guy behind the counter gave me one of his best rooms, with bath attached.

I left my bag in the room, and after I had tried the faucets in the bathtub and found they worked O. K., I went out to have a look at the town.

Gosh, Ma, they got swell buildings in Dallas! And beautiful streets, and fine looking people. And as I walked along, I got to thinking that I ain't so bad looking myself; and it seemed to me that I was too good for such a low down, cheap, piker's job as clerk in a hardware store. It was nice of Cousin George to offer it to me, but I figured that in such a live town as this there ought to be much better chances for a young feller like me who is no dumbbell, if I do say it myself.

And I was right. Pretty soon I came to a railroad yard, and on a flat car by a platform was a great big brand new tractor, all painted up wonderful. Instead of wheels, it ran on two tracks like an army tank. And on one side were painted the words "Ten Ton Earthworm Tractor."

Now you know, Ma, I have always been interested in machinery and automobiles and motors, and especially in tractors. I bet I have been to see every tractor on every farm in Clay County. But I never in all my life seen such a big tractor and such a swell tractor as this one.

There was a feller working on the tractor. I got to talking with him, and I told him I was Elmer Martin, from Jenkins Corners. He said his name was Luke Torkle, and he worked for the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company, that sold these Earthworm tractors. This particular tractor had just arrived from the factory, and he was unloading it off the car. He seemed like a nice feller so I helped him bring water for the radiator, and gasoline and oil.

Then he cranked it up and the motor made the most wonderful roaring noise I ever heard. After he had run the machine down off the platform, he let me drive it a little ways through the freight yard.

And right then I decided that the only job for me was to be a mechanic and work on one of these swell machines. Because when you drive a ten ton Earthworm tractor it gives you the most wonderful feeling in the world. There you sit, and you hold onto the handle bars, and the motor in front just roars, and there is twenty thousand pounds of beautiful steel machinery under you that is clanking along just marvelous. And with the least little touch of your hand you can make all that machinery do just what you want—start, or stop, or back up, or turn around. Gosh, Ma, it's wonderful.

But wait till you hear what happened next. I went up to the tractor office with Luke, and in the inner office we found Mr. Johnson, the manager, talking over the phone as follows:

"I can't possibly send you a man for several days. If the trouble is with the magneto, try filing the points. You'll find full directions in the instruction book."

Then he hung up the receiver and said, "That's the way it always goes. Last week—not one call for service. This week so far—six calls. Luke, I want you to take the night train for Amarillo. Three tractors up there are broken down. Stay there till you get them all running."

Luke looked at his watch.

"I'll have to hurry to make it," he said, and went out.

"I wish," said Mr. Johnson, sort of to himself, "I had another good man to send out."

"Maybe I would do," I said.

"Who are you?" he asked.

I told him my name, and he asked a whole lot of questions, and we talked for quite a while. I hated to tell him I was only twenty years old, had lived all my life in Jenkins Corners, and had never seen an Earthworm tractor until about an hour before. So I kept fairly quiet about that. Of course, Ma, I didn't tell him any deliberate lies on purpose or anything like that. But in some way from what I said he seemed to get the idea that I was twenty-six years old, and that I had been a sergeant in the artillery during the war in charge of repairing tractors used in pulling the guns. In a way, of course, perhaps I did stretch the truth a little here and there, but not any more than was absolutely necessary.

And finally Mr. Johnson hired me for thirty dollars a week and expenses, and told me to take the interurban car first thing in the morning to a little town called Prairie Flower about twenty miles from Dallas, and repair a tractor belonging to the County Road Commission down there. He said he would telephone the people to meet me.

So you see, Ma, I am making good. I am a tractor expert. I don't know yet what is wrong with the tractor down there, but I ain't worried at all. Before I left the office I had the stenographer give me an instruction book telling all about the tractors and how to repair them when broken. When I arrive, I will first find out what is wrong. Then I will go off somewhere and read in the book just what to do. After which I will come back and do it, and then the tractor will run all right.

I will keep you posted, Ma, on how I come out.

Your affectionate son,

ELMER MARTIN.

On Interurban Car,
Getting Near Prairie Flower, Texas,
Wednesday, April 29, 1925. 4:30 P.M.

DEAR MA: Well this morning when I got up, I decided I would not start right off for Prairie Flower. I would get myself a set of tools first, so as to do the job right. One good thing about me is my absolute thoroughness.

I did not go to Cousin George's hardware store, because I didn't want the trouble of explaining why I wasn't taking the job he wanted to give me. I went to another store and I told the clerk I wanted a complete set of tractor expert's tools.

"The best is none too good for me," I told him; "a good mechanic needs good tools."

The clerk was a nice guy and saw that I got high quality stuff. I bought a set of open-end wrenches, a set of socket wrenches, a couple of adjustable wrenches, a magneto

So I said, "Luke, if You'll Let Me Help You, and Teach Me About These Tractors, I'll Work for You Just as Hard as I Can, and Won't Charge You Nothing"

wrench, and a pipe wrench. Also a hammer, a pair of pliers, a screw driver, a hack saw with six extra blades, a drill with assorted bits, and various files and punches and taps and things. And some overalls, and a tool box with a handle so you can carry it like a suitcase.

Then the clerk said, "No real mechanic can work without micrometers." So I got an outside micrometer and an inside micrometer, which are things for measuring parts of machinery, and have little screws that can measure to within less than a thousandth of an inch. Can you imagine that, Ma? You can measure how thick is a hair. The clerk spent about a half an hour teaching me how to use the mikes, as he calls them. Also, I got some calipers, and a steel scale and a thickness gauge, and it is lucky I got hold of such a good clerk or I wouldn't have known I had to have all these things. The bill came to $116.25, but the clerk called the manager and he made it an even hundred dollars, owing to the fact that I was paying cash.

I then checked out at the hotel, and the bill was pretty stiff, but I still have almost a hundred and eighty dollars out of the three hundred I started with.

I waited until the middle of the afternoon before taking the car for Prairie Flower. My idea is to arrive there late in the afternoon, so there will be just time to find out what is wrong with the tractor, but not enough time to start repair work. Then tonight I will know what part of the instruction book to read to find out what to do in the morning.

I am writing this letter on the car, and we are pretty near Prairie Flower, so I will close.

Affectionately your son,
ELMER MARTIN.

Prairie Flower Inn,
Prairie Flower, Texas,
Wednesday, April 29, 1925. 7:30 P.M.

DEAR MA: Well, I arrived here at Prairie Flower at 5 P.M., and an old guy met me at the station and said, "Are you the expert from the tractor company?" When I said "Yes," he said he was the county road commissioner. And he was a little sore because he had been waiting around the station all day, and he claimed that Mr. Johnson had telephoned him I would be there by the first car in the morning, and he was in a big hurry to get the tractor running as they had lots of roads to be worked. So I smoothed him down, and I told him not to hold it against Mr. Johnson.

"We all make mistakes," I said.

I left my suitcase and tool box at the interurban station, and the commissioner took me over to a vacant lot not far away, where there was a ten-ton Earthworm tractor. It was just like the one I and Luke Torkle had unloaded at Dallas, only not quite so new.

The commissioner called to a man in overalls that was standing beside the tractor, "Bill, here is the expert from the factory."

When I had shook hands with Bill, I said, "What seems to be the trouble with your tractor?"

"I don't know," said Bill. "She will run fine for about five minutes and then all of a sudden she will stop and you can't do nothing with her. But if you let her set a while, you can start her up again and she will run another five minutes, and then quit again. It sure has got me beat. So we sent for you to tell us what is wrong."

"Well, Bill," I said, "I got a pretty good idea of what is the trouble here; but experts like myself never go and blat out anything until they are sure. So we'll give the old baby the once-over and we'll soon see what we can do."

"Do you think you can fix it?" he asked.

"I never failed on one of these tractors yet," I said.

I stepped up and started to open the hood over the motor. But right away I seen that the hood was held down by some funny complicated catches that was different from anything I had ever seen before. I didn't know whether to push them or pull them or turn them or what.

So I said, "By the way, I would like for you two to bring over my tools from the station." And while Bill and the commissioner was chasing the tools I had a chance to work on them catches and get them open.

As soon as Bill and the commissioner got back, I told them just to set the tools down, and I threw open the hood in a very businesslike way and took a look at the motor. Gosh, Ma, it was a complicated-looking thing! I understand a flivver motor fairly well, but this was about ten times as big and it was just lousy with a whole lot of little attachments and doohickuses of various kinds that I didn't have the least idea what they was for. But of course I didn't let on.

I felt of it here and there, and I pulled the micrometers out of the tool box and measured a few things; and all the time the commissioner and Bill was standing there with their mouths open, gazing at me like they thought I knew everything in the world.

It seemed to me that the best thing to do next would be to start up the machine and see how it run. I had forgotten just what Luke Torkle did back in Dallas when he started up that other tractor, so I said, "This machine looks all right as far as I can see so far. It may be that the old baby is all right, but that your way of running it is wrong."

"Oh," said Bill.

"What I want you to do," I said, "is this: I want you to crank up the tractor and drive it up and down the field for about five minutes, or until it stops. And I will watch everything you do and I will see if you are doing it right."

I watched Bill very careful so I could see just what he did and learn how to do it later myself. He primed her with gasoline and tripped a little catch on the magneto and set the levers. Then he pulled a little wire that I guess was a choker, and gave the crank a few turns, and the motor started up.

While I Was Looking at This Tractor There Came a Terrible Yell From the Guy That Had Ordered Soup

He drove the machine up and down the field. Everything went fine for about five minutes and then the motor began to miss and cough and pop, and pretty soon it stopped.

I couldn't think of very much to say, but I remembered hearing Mr. Johnson at Dallas telling a guy over the phone to file the magneto points. So I said, "I will have to file the magneto points and check up on it in various ways. But it is pretty near six o'clock and too late to do anything now. I won't even unpack my tools," I said. "If there is a good hotel in town I will stay there and we will start working on the tractor tomorrow morning."

So the commissioner took me over here to the Prairie Flower Inn, which is very nice and clean and run by a lady called Mrs. Adams. After I had put my stuff in my room, I went right down to supper and it was a swell meal and a very pretty girl waited on table.

"This is a swell meal," I said to her.

"I'm glad you like it," she said.

"And it's brought in by a very good-looking waitress," I said.

"Aw, quit your kidding," she said, and went out.

And I was afraid maybe she was mad, so when she came back with the desert, I said, "I hope you didn't think I was fresh. Because that is one of the things I don't want to be and that is a fresh guy."

"Oh, that's all right," she said, and went out.

After supper I thought I would come out on the porch for a little while and write to you before going up to study the instruction book. I have been sitting here writing ever since. And now I see somebody at the other end of the porch that I want to talk to, so I will close.

Affectionately,
ELMER.

P. S. Later. 11:30 P.M. Same day as above.

Hello, Ma. Well, I not only got a swell job, but I got a peach of a girl I think.

Maybe you think I am writing a whole lot, but I promised I would tell you everything, and besides, I don't mind talking about myself, especially when I am getting along so good.

Well, Ma, after completing the first part of this letter, I walked down the porch and just happened to notice the girl that had waited on me at supper. She had come out and was sitting on the porch.

I said "Hello" and she said "Hello," and we got to talking, and she wasn't no ordinary common hash-slinger at all. She was the niece of Mrs. Adams, the lady that owns the hotel.

Her name was Mary Jane Saunders, and her home was in New York City, but she wasn't proud or stuck up about it at all. She was visiting her aunt for a couple of weeks and as they was short of help, she was helping out in the dining room.

I told her all about myself and how I was a mechanical engineer and a tractor expert traveling about the country giving people expert advice on how to run tractors.

I didn't boast, though, and I admitted quite frankly that I was not the manager of the tractor company.

"Mr. Johnson is the manager," I said; "a fine fellow and a great personal friend of mine."

She said what an interesting business I was in, and how glad she was that she had met me, which shows that she is not only a very pretty girl, but also has good sense and judgment, and when you meet her, Ma, you will see that she is just the kind of girl that you like.

Tomorrow night we are going to the movies and I told her that after I had finished my job here I would run down from Dallas every couple of days as long as she is here. She said that would be fine, and she said she liked Texas men because they were so straightforward and honest. When she said that, it bothered me just a little, because while I hadn't boasted and claimed to be the manager of the company, I may possibly have let her get an exaggerated idea of how good I was. I will let it go this time, but after this I am going to aim to be even more strictly honest than ever.

Well, Ma, now you see why I was kidding you by saying I got a peach of a girl.

Of course I was just fooling and it ain't nothing serious at all, but I thought I would tell you about it so you would know that I am getting along pretty good in a social way as well as in business.

It is now after midnight, and I will close so I can study the instruction book a few minutes before I go to bed.

Yours, ELMER.

Prairie Flower Inn,
Prairie Flower, Texas,
Thursday, April 30, 1925.

HELLO MA: Everything is going fine. This morning I was up bright and early in spite of having studied half the night before. By seven o'clock I had finished breakfast and met Bill out by the tractor. I opened up my tool box, and when I had laid out all my beautiful hundred dollars' worth of tools, you ought to of seen Bill open up his eyes.

"You sure got some fine tools," he said.

"A good mechanic," I said, "has got to have good tools."

Then I went right after the magneto, and I filed the points exactly the way it said in the book, after which I got out my thickness gauges and my little magneto wrench and adjusted them so they would be exactly 15 thousandths of an inch apart. I explained to Bill how important it was to do this accurately, and everything I told him was good straight stuff that I had got out of the instruction book the night before.

"All right," I said, "we will now grind the valves."

"We have only had the machine a week," said Bill. "I shouldn't think we would need to grind the valves already."

"That is the mistake most people would make," I said. "But it would take too long for me to explain to you just

why an expert like myself knows these valves ought to be ground."

"Well," said Bill, "you are from the factory; you ought to know."

So we took off the cylinder heads and started in to grind the valves. And we certainly did it in fine shape, as I had just studied the directions for doing this the night before. Unfortunately, however, the valves was in very good shape, and we got through grinding them about the middle of the afternoon. This left me sort of stuck for something to do next, as I had not had time to read up on anything only the magneto and valves. But I did some quick thinking and I decided it would look good to use the micrometers a bit.

I had Bill loosen the connecting rod bolts and take out the pistons. Then I measured each piston and each cylinder very carefully with the micrometers, and after figuring for a good while I proved by the actual measurements right down to a thousandth of an inch that the pistons was small enough to fit inside the cylinders.

By this time Bill was asking all kinds of fool questions. I tried to explain that I had to measure them, because, if the pistons had been larger than the cylinders, they couldn't work up and down inside, and that would explain why the motor stopped. But he still seemed kind of dumb, so I just had to say, "Well, some day maybe you will see it. That is one reason why I am an expert at a hundred and fifty a week, because I can understand these things." That shut him up fairly well.

We put the pistons back in the cylinders and put the cylinder heads back on. And all of a sudden like an inspiration it occurred to me that maybe there was no gasoline and that was why it wouldn't run. But when I looked in the tank, it was pretty near full, and it was turned on, too, so that couldn't be it.

We started the motor and it ran fine for about five minutes and then quit just like the day before. And by that time it was six o'clock and another day gone.

On the way back to the hotel, I stopped into a store and bought myself a nice wrist watch with solid white gold case, 14 K. It cost $75.00 and it sure is a peach. I don't know just what I'll do with it, but as it happens to be a lady's wrist watch, it is possible I may give it away in case I should meet anybody I wanted to give it away to.

After supper I went to the movies with a young lady from New York whom I have met here, and I forget whether I told you about her before or not. It sure was a peach of a movie, and after my hard day's work, I enjoyed every minute of it. I forget what the name of the movie was, and I forget what it was about, but it was a fine movie, and I like this part of the country very much. The moon here is very pretty the way it shines down out of the sky. And I enjoyed very much walking home from the movies and looking at all the pretty scenery all over mist and moonlight.

Some day I think I must go to New York. It must be a very fine city. I have heard tell that people from New York are stiff and cold and unfriendly, but it seems to me just the opposite.

The show which I saw at the movies was over at nine o'clock, but it was half-past ten by the time I got home on account of getting lost and walking about a mile up the wrong road by mistake.

I have invited a friend of mine to come out tomorrow and see the tractor, which I hope to have running in the morning. My friend says that she has always been interested in machinery. And when I tell her what a wonderful feeling it gives a feller to drive a great big tractor, she understands exactly what I mean. That is the kind of people that I like, the kind of people that understand.

It is now about twelve o'clock and I must start studying so I will know what to do to the tractor in the morning.

Good night, Ma, and tell brother Jim to stick to school for the next two years until he is through high school like I am. Tell him I attribute all my success to my high school education and to my ability to study.

Your son,

ELMER MARTIN.

Prairie Flower Inn,
Prairie Flower, Texas,
Friday, May 1, 1925, 8 P.M.

DEAR MA: I am beginning to understand this tractor pretty good. Last night I read in the book all about the carburetor, the spark plugs and the timing gears. This morning I didn't get so much work done as usual, on account of a very good friend of mine coming out to see the tractor and I had to take time to explain to my friend all about how it worked, and she was very much impressed. However, I got time enough to take the carburetor all apart and measure all parts with the micrometers. Also I measured with the micrometer a hair from Mary Jane's head and it was half of a thousandth of an inch thick, and she was very much pleased.

After putting the carburetor together again, we tried out the motor and it run six minutes before it quit, which is one minute longer than yesterday.

In the afternoon I took off the cover of the timing gear case and inspected the timing gears, which turned out to be all O.K. I also put in new spark plugs and I was very careful to follow directions in the book and set the points exactly 25 thousandths of an inch apart, using my thickness gauge.

At the end of the afternoon the county road commissioner came around and was awful sore because the tractor wasn't working. I calmed him down pretty well, but him and Bill walked off down the road together and I sort of got an idea Bill was saying mean things about me behind my back. Someway I think Bill has got it in his head that I don't know any more about the tractor than he does.

Well, Ma, it is now nine o'clock, and I got a date to take a walk with a friend of mine, so I will close.

Your loving son,

ELMER MARTIN.

Later. 11:30 P.M. Well, Ma, I been taking a walk with Mary Jane, and she says the county road commissioner was in the hotel this afternoon calling up Dallas on the long distance. She came in just in time to hear the end of the talk. And she heard the commissioner say, "All right, Mr. Johnson, I'll expect you down here in the morning. The tractor is right handy to the station."

Can you imagine that, Ma? Gosh, Ma, Mr. Johnson is my boss from Dallas, and he is coming down in the morning. Holy Moses, Ma, I got to study that instruction book like never before. I ain't exactly scared, Ma, but I got a feeling that when Mr. Johnson arrives a certain amount of excitement will bust loose. I'll let you know all about it, Ma, I'll let you know.

ELMER.

— Willamette Street,
Dallas, Texas,
Friday, May 8, 1925.

DEAR MA: Well, I promised I would tell you all about everything, so here goes. In my letter a week ago, I guess I explained how I had a swell job as a tractor expert, and how I was down at the town of Prairie Flower repairing a tractor, and getting along really pretty good considering I didn't know hardly anything about tractors. And I

(Continued on Page 84)

Then Mr. Johnson Started Up, and He Bawled Me Out Something Terrible. He Said I Was Dishonest and a Cheat

MERV

By WILL LEVINGTON COMFORT

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

A Ride-Away; Seven Goals Against the Moravians; Two Hits From the Forty-Yard Line, and Once Carrying the Ball Down the Whole Field for Goal

MERV BROOKER'S knee sank under him again as he was running across the church lawn. He sat for some time on the grass, sick with pain, but a lot sicker with fear. Under the skin, he felt it filling up now, between the cap and the bone one kneels on. For nearly a year his knee had been throwing him this way. The doctor said trouble like this often ended in a stiff leg, and pointed out the old watchmaker of Marysville, who jumped his right hip with each step to give ground clearance for the other leg. The picture was so vivid in Merv's brain as almost to force the calamity at once.

"Hoo-hoo! Hello! What you sittin' there for?"

Elsie Carron—always hanging round; in his class at school; always in some class or other. He held his eyelids wide apart so tears wouldn't be squeezed out. Elsie always wanted to know—just. He didn't like the feel of being so low before her, sitting on the grass, as if he didn't control the situation. Supposing his leg didn't grow any more.

"Oh, I know," she said. "It's your knee. I'm sorry. Can't you walk?"

"Yes, in a minute. Lemme 'lone."

She turned her back and sort of danced off, assumed gayety in her trim black-stockinged legs. To have legs like that—not like that, but unhurt legs that pulled together! Always dancing with them, and going to Lily Leighton's for more dancing lessons.

Still Merv didn't get up for a minute. He heard the yelling of the fellows over on the high-school grounds—football practice right up to dark these days, he out of it for the season. Last fall he had made the first team—not fourteen at the time, and not a matter of weight either. Football had come to him all at once, one certain moment. Standing at the sidelines, he had seen a visiting player dive over center and tackle a Marysville runner just as the ball was put into play. To see a thing as Merv Brooker saw that tackle was to do it afterward. He had done it, not once but many times. "The Marysville Flash," one of the city papers called him.

The same in baseball. Once in a while when a hit was needed, the pitched ball had seemed to hang up before his eyes—plenty of time for him to paste it. It was as if his own wits were moving so fast that for a second or two everything on the outside was slowed down. The coach called him a natural player. But now he had to take out his football and baseball in watching others or dreaming out plays in his head.

Less than three miles from Marysville, toward the city, was the Interlaken Country Club—golf, polo, tennis, bathing and all the rest. No more hanging around the livery stable or the blacksmith shop, after the day Merv drove out to the polo stables of the Interlaken with a feed truck. Staring into the stalls of the polo ponies, a sense awoke within him of wanting something terribly, without a hope of ever being satisfied. Then all at once horses, stablemen—all sights and sounds in fact—moved back into the shadows of his brain. A big car had drawn up, a figure stepped out, face almost incandescent to the watcher—dark, narrow, finished, blend of dare-devil and god. Drummond Bodley, of the Interlaken Seniors—just beginning his sensational rise in American polo—a face, familiar, even without helmet, to anyone who studied the sporting pages.

That was a day marked red in the calendar of grim boyhood. All home, town, school—even knee—troubles vanished, and Marysville sank into a harmless old ruin less than three miles away. Just to limp after the great Number Two of the Interlaken Four, as he looked over his string—Crow, Loper, Worm, Lethargy, Bone Maiden—and more fine-drawn, scratchy-tempered beasts that came to life on a polo field and not elsewhere; just to hear the caressing tones of the slim idol as he half whispered a petting to his filly, the Bone—this was to know romance on its native heath.

Merv walked with Elsie Carron toward the country club after an early supper in late spring. Suddenly she stopped.

"Your knee—hadn't we better turn back?"

"No, it's working fine, long's I don't wrench it."

They saw the lights of the pavilion.

"I'm going to play polo there sometime," he said.

"But they say it takes ten thousand a year."

His brain always froze for a time when confronted with facts like this; but the future was flaming high once more, presently. He saw himself driving out here from the city in his own car, turning in from the highway, climbing the grade to the parking circle in front of the great porch, gloved hand knocking out the ashes from his brier, laughing his way in through to the locker room.

"I'm going to dance there sometime," Elsie said.

He refused to answer, not liking the idea. He saw her dancing for the club, not as one of the members. They were on the way back.

"Lily Leighton once knew a polo player in India," Elsie went on.

"She once knew anything you want to bring up," he replied. "What do you keep going to her for?"

It was a sore point.

"For the same reason you keep coming out here every chance you get. In her house I feel free. She has dishes and pictures and rose jars and books; she's been everywhere and done everything. The rest of the houses are just Marysville, but her house—it's the world! Besides, she teaches me dancing."

"I guess she has done about everything," Merv said, a peculiarly Marysville flavor about the remark.

"You heard somebody back in town say that," she told him promptly. "I never said anything like that to you about your hanging round the Interlaken. Miss Leighton's good to me. And I don't come out of her house smelling of the stables either."

That knee didn't stiffen after all. By the time he was drawn and gray with despair, it took to acting as if nothing ever had been wrong. But another shadow loomed. All innocently, at fifteen Merv had made the most critical mistake of his career. Amos Clarkin, head groom at Interlaken, had tucked him in the saddle one morning when there was some young stock to leg up out in the hills. Mr. Clarkin had an eye in his head; and the more a man knew, the less could the secret be kept that young Brooker had a hand with a horse. Plenty for this kind of boy to do after that—stick and ball—hours every day in the saddle—polo,

the breath of his nostrils; presently filling in on practice outfits, hearing players praise one another for shots they had come to expect of him because he belonged to the stables.

One day, riding with the Juniors against a picked four—just as the horse under him began to work like an inspired thought of his own, and he was about to enter that thrilling slow ease which he continually longed for—Mr. Clarkin called, saying Mr. Walthour had arrived. Abruptly retired from the game, Merv remembered that he had merely been filling in for one of the gentlemen.

Once, before daylight, Drum Bodley routed him out, saying he had a hard night in town to ride down. He rocked a bit as he made the first saddle, but Merv couldn't see but what he handled his horse in the same silky fashion as usual. Two hours of sweating work together on the field, and Drum Bodley, steady as a rock by this time, went to the chef and picked out his breakfast fish and chops before retiring to bath. Merv went back to the stables with a string of caked horses, like a mass of dirty dishes to wash.

Something startlingly wrong. One day Merv heard Rooker Dunning, the master of ceremonies at Interlaken, talking to a magazine writer going through the stables.

"First and last a gentleman's game ——"

"But isn't there some way to break into polo without a lot of money?" the reporter asked.

"Someone else's money?" suggested Mr. Dunning.

"It wouldn't be possible from the stable end, so to speak?"

"To become a professional—to manage the stud, yes—but to become a gentleman player, hardly. There would be required very rare class."

The reporter missed the last word, or pretended to.

"Caste, did you say—caste in America?"

"Class, I said," Mr. Dunning laughed. "Ah, by the way, this mare, I believe, is one of the Bodley favorites. The Worm, isn't she, Brooker, my man?"

That was the moment Merv clearly understood that he had broken into polo from the wrong side.

"Brokaw," Mr. Bodley called him. "Let me have young Brokaw," he would say, being exceedingly pleased to be spared hours of work on his mounts, and still find them come to hand without a trace or taint of foreign handling. On the day of the finals against Tri-State his string was more delicately and firmly on its feet than ever before—Merv's unmistakable craft—and that was one of the great days of Drum Bodley's career, but it never entered that narrow, gamy skull that a kind of death stole over the young man who took his horses after the match.

In fact there was a glassy surface to Interlaken's first-magnitude polo star which no one passed; certainly not Merv, though he held to the flaming ideal. It wasn't the man, but the man's game—his dress, his poise, his utterly daring but nice horsemanship—that made over Merv's plastic soul. To look at Drum Bodley, as he did, was to become like him; and Elsie Carron, who missed nothing, wasn't the only one who noticed it. He took gloves from his pocket as he walked with her one night. Somehow she knew he had seen Drum Bodley draw on his gloves that way.

"Hands cold?" she asked.

"What do you want me to wear—mittens?" he demanded.

"I had such a start this morning," she laughed, after a time.

"What?"

"Opened the morning paper—big picture under the helmet ——"

"Drum Bodley."

"Yes, but I could hardly believe it wasn't you. Oh, Merv, you're getting to look just like him! Others say it too."

A horse in one hand, a stick in the other, hours every day, and dreaming out great plays at night; second to Mr. Amos Clarkin at the Interlaken in four years, and a game to break into the papers with, except that he wasn't a gentleman. Almost any clerk in Marysville might have got into the club and the game, with money and push, but never a chance for one with the taint of the horse sheds upon him.

He was called to the clubhouse one afternoon to drive to the city with Mr. Bodley—three new saddles to be brought back. In the front seat of the car was Miss Marie Failles—a whisper in the air that she was soon to marry the "young centaur of Interlaken." Merv, sitting behind, saw life for the first time as a kind of great game—man and woman playing opposite, hints of fascinating exchange; talk was like a rapid volleying in tennis, sentences finishing in laughter. The car was filled with laughter, but not overfilled with sound. Here were two of finer clay. A separate sun, cut off from ordinary mortals, seemed shining upon them—at least, for the eyes of one not introduced.

There was a last dance in Marysville, so far as Merv was concerned. It was a sort of travesty to his eyes of a country-club party—imitation orchestra, looking stunted and freakish compared to the big orchestras at the pavilion. Old friends with collars on, school friends working in drug store, hardware store and bank—all had been learning to dance apparently, while he had been learning the horses. Merv viewed it all less coldly, as the realization gradually broke upon him that Marysville tonight was letting him know he was a groom. Scorn for others went out of him; a deep, dangerous cold stole in.

Now Merv Knew That Marysville Would Never Hold Elsie Carron. She Would be Out in the World

Elsie Carron, dancing with different boys, dancing with anybody who asked her. She came up to Merv and offered to sit out for a while, but another boy was trailing, and Merv turned his back on her. There was something in him, hard as a tooth to get out. It wasn't that he wanted her, but Elsie Carron belonged to him, to want or not to want. He felt hate enough to burn her up—dancing with anybody, dancing to any tune. She was coming to him again. It seemed that he was to take her home. She hadn't missed what Marysville had done to him.

"But I see you—the truly you, Merv"—a surge of eager pity in her tone. "I see you different."

"You didn't act different; you danced with all of them," he said.

"Oh, Merv, I didn't like all of it, but it's the way they do at a dance. Dancing itself is all right."

"May be for you."

"It's a way out—a way out of Marysville. That's what you play polo for."

"I don't play polo with a girl in the saddle."

She drew back, laughing, resentful, but freshly interested.

There had been rain in the afternoon. Merv started for home at dusk, just as Drum Bodley drove out of the main gate at Interlaken and turned his car toward Marysville instead of toward the city.

"I'll set you down, Brokaw. No hurry tonight."

They approached the low, sparse lights and passed through the center of town; few people in sight, everyone gone home to supper. Merv felt ashamed for Marysville, but the globes of the street lamps were certainly shining—washed bright by the rain. A face in the white reflection—Elsie Carron's. She smiled, waved and quickened her pace.

"Didn't know you had a flower show like that in town here," Drum Bodley said. "Know her?"

"Oh, yes."

"Thought I was in Paris for a second," the other muttered after a moment. "Oh, I say, do you know her?"

"Yes."

"You don't think she'd drive back to the club and have supper with us with me?" Mr. Bodley had remembered the groom.

"She's probably expected home," Merv said. "She works in the bank here."

At least the other was aesthetically aroused.

"Once before—one night in Paris, entering a perfume shop—I followed—figure like that. No mistake—one of the great Russian dancers. Can't tell me this one isn't a thoroughbred. Dances of course?"

"Best dancer in town."

Mr. Bodley chuckled.

"She couldn't help it—one in a million——"

Merv burned to have him stop, but at the same time he was seeing Elsie Carron as never before—seeing her with the eyes of the man beside him. Stirring, rousing beauty, dark premonitions of struggle and hurt.

He had intended to do some studying and go early to bed, but a new and different fire had awakened him tonight. He knew Elsie had one of her children's dancing classes on, but he had to see her. Though he delayed until half-past eight, the children were still there. Merv sat in the living room, back of the folding doors, listening to the tones of her voice and the thud of her bare feet.

"Now she's showing them," he thought, when everything was silent His eyes glued to the folding doors. Finally he heard the children passing out, and Elsie let him in, her face flushed—this room warmer than the one he had been in. It seemed brighter too. Some high light lingered around her eyes, as if from that crystal-clean street lamp. She shut the folding doors behind her and began speaking about the children who had just gone.

"They keep me alive. I wouldn't be able to stand it—bank and town and all the rest—if it weren't for the

(Continued on Page 127)

THE ART LINE

By HORATIO WINSLOW

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

I Yanked the Portrait of Old Grandma Baldwin With Ten-Dollar Frame Off the Fence and Slammed it Down on Edgeworth Jo Hard His Head Came Through the Other Side

IT WAS my Cousin Wilbur who told me that Edgeworth Billings had come back. We had all gone on the Pine Center M. W. A. excursion to the state capital, and I had left Goldie at the refreshment booth of the First Church Ladies' Society while I went to see the governor. My interview had been a little disappointing, because I had only got to talk with his private secretary.

"The governor," he said, "has run away by himself on a walking-tour vacation. He is now somewhere in your part of the state; but I have strict orders to let him alone for two weeks, because he needs the rest. When he comes back I will take up the matter with him and you can be sure he will act for the best interests of all concerned."

Naturally I was glad to hear this; but as the private secretary in three different letters had already written me that the appointment would be made for the best interests of all concerned, it was not especially encouraging.

That was why I dropped in at a fortune teller's tent and left feeling much better, and then stopped in the square to make a quick sketch of the Presbyterian Church. I was just finishing this picture when my Cousin Wilbur came up.

"That's fine, Rod," he said. "I wish I could draw like you, because you are certainly a genius at it. By the way, did you know Edge Billings was back?"

"No," I answered.

"Well, he is. And it is too bad that killing is considered murder, because otherwise I would like to do the world a good turn."

I said, "Wilbur, you are too pessimistic. There is no use harboring such feelings about anyone, because the only motto in this life is Live and Let Live, because in the end everything is sure to come out all right."

Wilbur shook his head, remarking, "You are too easy-going, Rod; that is what is the matter with you. Well, I suppose there must be some easy-going people in the world, otherwise life would be nothing but a free fight."

I had known Edgeworth back in Pine Center, where we had grown up together. He was a large boy, always playing practical jokes, such as washing your face in the snow or ducking you in the crick or something like that. As I had always been small for my age, I had got to know Edgeworth pretty well. But I had never borne any hard feelings toward him, because I had realized that was just his way. Five years before, Edgeworth had gone to New York, or somewhere, and we had not heard much of him since.

Well, feeling it did not make much difference to me whether Edgeworth Billings was back or not, I returned to the refreshment booth, where Goldie was waiting.

She was much pleased with the new sketch, saying, "Rodman, you are certainly a genius. I would recognize that church anywhere, and you have drawn the spire exactly the way it is. Yes, Rodman, you are really a genius and I can appreciate it, because personally I can't draw a straight line."

"No, Goldie," I said, "I do not think I am a genius; but I am sure I have a talent for drawing and am encouraged enough to continue until I am a regular professional." Then I told her how the fortune teller had said I would have my ambition gratified, and I added, "There was one line on my hand which she said she had never seen before and did not understand; and, Goldie, I would not be surprised if this was the art line." As she did not answer anything, I remarked, "Don't you think so, Goldie?"

"Rodman," she replied after a minute, "I am just a girl, and you know I have the greatest faith in your genius; but I will admit that there is one thing that has always worried me."

"What is that?"

"Well," she said, "all the artists I have ever heard of were persons disorderly in their habits and very excitable. During the five years I have known you everything about you has always been just so, and I have never, never seen you in anger."

"Goldie," I explained, "what you say may be true, but I do not believe I am as orderly as once. Just yesterday at the store Mr. Gunderson said I was not putting things back on the shelves the same neat way I did when I first took the job. That is the result of the artistic temperament showing itself. But as to ever being excited or losing my temper, that I will never do, because I am not built on those lines."

I had started to explain my motto, when all of a sudden I felt a hearty slap on my back and heard a loud voice say, "Mitt me, Weenie, mitt me! It is not Minnesota Mex—it is your old college chump, E. Billings. So let the glaciers melt."

As soon as he called me Weenie I had known who it was, since this was his favorite name for me as the result of my not having a large stature.

"Well, well, Edgeworth Billings," I said, turning around.

"The same old Edgeworth, Weenie. And I notice you are right on the job, waiting to do me the little favor I have traveled one thousand two hundred and sixty-seven miles for."

"What favor, Edgeworth?" I asked.

"A simple little introduction, Weenie. I am now writing my autobiography, which will be called, Meeting All the Beautiful Girls in the World; and this looks like it is going to be the most interesting chapter in the book."

At first I thought Goldie would be sore to have Edgeworth speak like that before her; but instead I noticed she began to smile.

Moreover, the introduction being finished, she let Edgeworth talk to her so fast that I had trouble getting a word in edgewise.

"Well, Weenie," Edgeworth said, after this long conversation had ended and he had eaten three plates of ice cream, one vanilla and two strawberry, "I am certainly glad I am coming back to the old town if people like Miss Goldie Adams are now moving in. I was going to catch the 5:50, but since seeing you I have made up my mind to steal a ride with your excursion outfit. . . . Hello, Weenie, what are you hiding there under your coat?"

I showed him the sketch I had made of the church and another of the capitol building and another of anotner building. At first I was afraid he might act sarcastical, but instead he remarked, "Weenie, you are an artistic genius and I will tell the world so. I have never seen anything like it."

"No, Edgeworth," I said, "I do not claim to be a genius; but I have gone in for art and am now working at same all my spare time; and I will soon be a professional in this line, as I have already an order for a portrait."

"Stop knocking yourself, Weenie," Edgeworth said. "You are right now at the top of the ladder, and if I had your sketches in New York I could get a wad of money for them. You are on your way to becoming one of the big artists of the age, and I hope when you get there you will remember I said so."

Naturally I was much pleased to hear this; but after he had gone there was a strained silence between Goldie and myself.

"Are you sure," she said at last, "that Mr. Billings is a good friend of yours?"

"Oh, yes," I replied; "we were boys together. Why do you ask?"

She did not answer.

Having paid for all the ice creams, I walked with Goldie out of the booth and toward a quiet side street, where there was nobody but ourselves.

Here I stated, "Yes, Edgeworth is an old friend of mine."

I was surprised to have Goldie suddenly throw her arms around my neck and remark in a peculiar voice, "Rodman, you must not let him take me away from you."

"How could that happen?" I asked with surprise. "We are engaged."

"Yes," she said, "we are engaged; but to a person like Mr. Billings that makes no difference. I do not like him in the least, and I realize he is not a sterling character like yourself; but a woman is always attracted by a man of that type. Instead of waiting for the governor's appointment, let us get married as soon as possible. And then if Mr. Billings is going to stay in Pine Center, let us move to another town."

I gave a laugh, because it sounded so ridiculous.

"Goldie," I said, "I have perfect confidence in you, and know that, however attractive Edgeworth may be to others, he will never make you waver. Besides, I do not think we should rush the wedding, because after I have finished old Grandma Baldwin's portrait, with ten-dollar frame, I will probably get orders from others and be very busy. Also my appointment as assistant superintendent of the State Capitol Art Museum may come any time now. I told you how Assemblyman Morris spoke to the governor about the way I decorated the banners and illuminations in the torchlight parade last fall, and how he said the governor seemed impressed in a favorable manner."

Goldie gave a little sigh as she answered in a low voice, "Very well; of course we will do as you think best."

At the station that evening Edgeworth came up smiling, with the information that his ticket had been changed and that he was going to ride back to Pine Center with us. Goldie smiled back. I did not smile back, but I said, "Well, that is good news, Edgeworth."

The ride on the train was not particularly pleasant, because the crowd was so big that we could only get two seats together, and Edgeworth took one of those and made Goldie sit down beside him, while the best I could do was a single seat at the other end of the car.

When we reached Pine Center, Edgeworth and I both walked with Goldie to the door of her home, where a long conversation took place. But about the only time I got a chance to say anything in this conversation was at the very end, and all I said then was, "Well, good night, Goldie."

II

THE M. W. A. excursion was Saturday. Sunday noon I saw Goldie and told her I would be busy all the week with old Grandma Baldwin's portrait and probably would not be able to call until Saturday night, except for little visits now and then.

She replied, "Just as you think best, Rodman."

She seemed depressed and I could not think of anything to say to cheer her up. Well, I was a little depressed myself, but felt I was acting for the best interests of all concerned in concentrating on my art. Every minute I could spare from the store I spent on the portrait. Mr. Tchottsky, the Bohemian Artist of Peoria, Illinois, had already sent me a second solio print enlargement of the photo on good-quality drawing paper, because I had spoiled the first while scraping out the high light on the right eye. I had also received from Mr. Tchottsky the ten-dollar frame which had cost me five dollars out of my own money. And using Mr. Tchottsky's special free outfit of crayons, pumice stone and other materials, I was making the second portrait even better than the first.

My concentration on this art work was such that everything that happened around me passed like a kind of dream. I even forgot to wonder when the governor would get back from his vacation. Sometimes at the boarding house I would hear such conversations as the following:

"Did you see the reward offered for Minnesota Mex pasted up around the City Hall? It is a thousand dollars, but there is no photograph—only a description."

"Well, a thousand dollars is not too much for an unprincipled bandit like that, roaming around the country, committing depredations on innocent farmers. Do you consider a thousand dollars is too much, Rodman?"

And I would answer, thinking all the time of old Grandma Baldwin's portrait, "No, it is not too much for the work I have put in on it; but I am letting it go for a good deal less than that with frame."

On Wednesday afternoon, when I happened to see Goldie on the street, she began to cry. I soothed her, saying, "The worst is over and it is going to be a success."

My idea was that she had been worrying about the portrait. Probably I ought to have suspected something; but I did not either at that time, nor even twenty-four hours later when my Cousin Wilbur came up to my room just when I was adding the finishing touches to the chin.

He looked at the portrait for a while and then remarked, "Rod, that is certainly the best thing you have done. You are a genius. It is a woman's face."

"Yes," I said.

He now continued, "It is Mabel Grindle."

"No," I said, "it is not Mabel Grindle."

"Well then," he said, "it is Gracie Webster."

"No," I said, "it is not Gracie Webster. Look at the cap on her head."

"Now I know," he remarked; "it is old Grandma Baldwin. I thought it was her all the time, but I didn't want to make a beef. I certainly wish I had your genius for drawing. By the way, Rod, I don't want to butt into your affairs, but do you know that Edge Billings is spending about twelve hours a day with Goldie?"

"I have perfect confidence in Goldie," I said, "and I am sure everything will come out all right."

"If I were you," Wilbur insinuated, "I would take an old-fashioned shotgun and load it up to the muzzle with rock salt, and the next time he called on Goldie I would make him come out all right. You are too easy-going, Rod; but, of course, it is none of my business."

Well, it was Saturday noon that the portrait was finished. In the lower right-hand corner I printed very neatly Enlarged From Photograph by Rodman Hyers. Then I fitted it in the frame. Instead of feeling tired, I felt as if I was walking on pneumatic tires. I called up Goldie to tell her the good news; but her mother said she was not in, and also that she would not be able to see me that evening, because she was going to the Bijou Movie Palace with a friend. After a bad minute, I concluded it was only some misunderstanding which could be explained later.

"It doesn't matter," I told myself, "because, after all, the portrait is finished and from now on everything will be all right." And having wrapped it up in some special paper, I walked down Tilburn Street to deliver it while on my way back to the store. At the house I rang the doorbell and asked to see old Grandma Baldwin. It was her daughter, Mrs. Blessing, who came to the door.

"Good afternoon, Rodman," she said; "what good wind brings you here?"

There was something strained in her voice, which I noticed without being able to explain.

(Continued on Page 66)

"Stop Knocking Yourself, Weenie. You are Right Now at the Top of the Ladder, and if I Had Your Sketches in New York I Could Get a Wad of Money for Them"

VALOR—By ELIZABETH FRAZER

The Personal Record of a Woman's Life on a Leper Isle

The Leper Colony at Culion

TWO hundred miles southwest from Manila, on the rim of the sweltering China Sea, nest of the dreaded typhoon, a single dot in an outlying ridge of rocky, sunblistered little tropical islands which rise steeply out of marvelous peacock-blue reef water and from a distance look like purple mirages swimming in sultry haze, lies Culion, the leper colony. Here, cut off from the big outer world of men and events, live more than five thousand lepers gathered up from various parts of the Philippine Islands, in charge of an able young American pathologist, assisted by Filipino doctors, native helpers and a scant half dozen French nuns.

Once a month the government boat from Manila arrives with supplies for the lepers, letters, tons and tons of newspapers with stale news—and blessed visitors, bearing tidings of the big, busy current of life beyond that monotonous sea rim. Perhaps it is Father Villalonga, the visiting father provincial, a delightful and aristocratic old Jesuit from Madrid; or a Protestant missionary; or it may be a visiting medico from Harvard—or Calcutta or Siam or Tokio or Saigon. Now and again little native sailing vessels with ocher and salmon colored lateen sails come sidling into the lading dock with provisions to sell—coconuts, chickens, wicker cages of squealing pigs, bananas, papayas, pineapples and fish. And there is a radio station to wireless to Manila in case of a sudden emergency. For the rest, the desolate typhoon-swept little rocky isle, quivering like a furnace under the blazing eye of the sun, with its community of death-in-life souls smitten down with the most horrible malady on earth, together with the meager handful of Americans who, in this far-flung little corner of the globe, represent the power and prestige of this mighty nation, its justice and humanity, is an isle of imprisonment. For the lepers, segregation is necessary from the very nature of their disease. For the little handful of hardy Americans, the exile is voluntary, and for a definite goal.

The Little Green House on the Hill

IN CHARGE of affairs on the island, under Governor-General Leonard Wood, is Dr. H. Windsor Wade, pathologist and leprologist, who went out to the Philippines more than eight years ago, primarily to do pure laboratory research work in leprosy. Upon taking office Governor-General Wood appointed him chief pathologist of the colony and asked him, in addition, to act as chief physician until some competent man could be found for the post. But up to date that second man has not been found, with the result that the labors of Doctor Wade have been more or less deflected from his original aim. For money was lacking; hospitals and equipment pitifully meager; housing and sanitation conditions in a distressing state; the personnel, chiefly Filipino doctors and nurses, insufficient in number; and the immediate pressing problems of organization, of feeding, housing and treating medically these five thousand hapless victims, men, women and children, and rendering their wretched estate at least humanly supportable, claimed all his energies. Indeed, they would have consumed the energies of five able-bodied men. Pure research work and laboratory experimentation, necessary to wipe out the mystery surrounding leprosy and put it on a par with tuberculosis, cholera and other great scourges which have plagued the world, had for the time being to go by the board or be compressed into overtime hours after the routine work was done.

The result of this double strain was an absorption, a concentration to the work in hand and a rigid schedule of work hours which would make a good union man tear out his hair. Doctor Wade left his little green bungalow on the hill overlooking the bay at seven in the morning and did not return until seven at night. He took his lunch with him in order to conserve the precious noon hour. Often, after dinner and a chat with his wife, he would return to his laboratory to work until midnight. That, briefly, sketches the existence of the chief pathologist at Culion, and it is necessary to sketch it in order to get on to the next question, which every human of the female gender will instantly demand.

PHOTO, COPYRIGHT BY BAIN & BRADFORD

Dorothy Paul Wade, Wife of the Chief Physician

And that question is: What of the woman isolated on that leper isle? How could she endure it? What manner of person was she? Was she young or old? What was she doing it for? Shut up there alone through practically all her waking hours, day after day, month after month, year after weary year; isolated from her kind, cut off from social intercourse, relatives, friends, diversions—all those blessed, frivolous little et ceteras of modern civilized existence which render even a drab life endurable; subject not only to the climatic discomforts of a torrid desert isle, but also to the constant risk of having the bacillus of leprosy decide some fine morning to take up residence in her—a risk which, even though discounted to the lowest point of danger and due precautions made, is nevertheless not the most agreeable companion in the world to be haunting the hinterland of the brain; and finally, as if all this were not enough, given over to solitude—that ordeal which shakes the stoutest heart.

A Creole Girl

WHAT sort of woman was she? That question inevitably recurs to a woman—with an added secret query whispered in the stilly deeps of her own heart: "Could I do that?" Put it to yourself: Could you do it? Could you? For the cause of leprosy? For the cause of science? For faith in some man? But would you not choose a cozier spot than a leper isle in which to exercise that faith? And how long could you stand it? Ten years? Then which ten years would you choose? The gorgeous, glowing twenties? The turbulent thirties? The worldly forties? Just which decade would you prefer to invest?

Let me sketch briefly Dorothy Paul Wade's early background before turning to the life in Culion. She was a Southern girl—from New Orleans, to be exact, her family rooted deep in the traditions of that charming, picturesque old Creole city. Creole cooking, than which there is none better on this green footstool called earth; Creole society, composed of families which had known each other for generations; faithful black servitors—her grandmother was still called Mis' Fanny in her eightieth year—in such surroundings Dorothy Paul was born and brought up. She came out about ten years ago—the season the debutantes were wearing wigs at parties, gorgeous green and red and purple affairs. She danced, flirted, had trains of swains—the usual debutante stuff. Not a supergirl, you see—not a strenuous, strong-minded, ramroddy, blue-stocking sort of girl; anything but. Just a sweet-hearted, laughter-loving daughter of the South, fond of her friends and of having a good time; essentially a social creature. In appearance she revealed the Creole strain—a dainty foot; a slim, supple body; a pale, clear skin like jasmine; a mobile mouth made

(Continued on Page 121)

HOME, SWEET HOMING

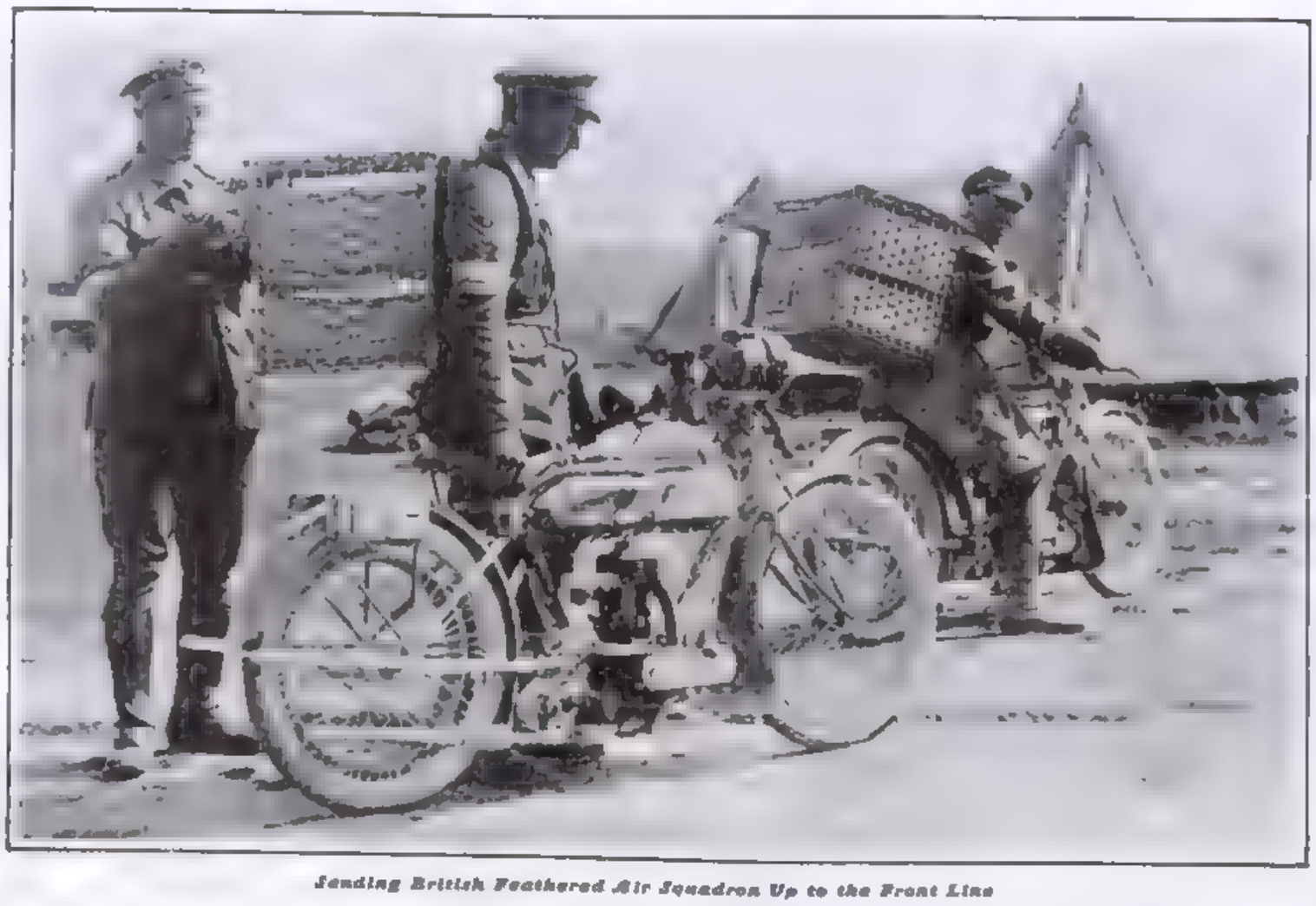
By JACK O'DONNELL

FIVE thousand of the finest thoroughbred racing pigeons in America were winging swift and true down the stretch of the vast Southern racing course which stretches from Pensacola, Florida, to Long Island Sound, bound for their home lofts in New York and New Jersey. They had been on the wing since dawn, when they were liberated from their training baskets at Salisbury, North Carolina. For thirteen hours they had breasted wind and mist without once dropping for food or drink, straining every muscle for the honor of winning the 500-mile derby.

Up in Westchester County, New York, a man stood on the steps of his pigeon loft, a cubicle about the size of a one-car garage, peering anxiously through the twilight at the southern sky.

For more than an hour he had stubbornly ignored the impatient summons to dinner issued by his wife, standing at the back door of his home. Not for mere food would he risk the chance of being away from his loft unprepared to record the arrival of the first of his team of twenty racers.

"I think I see one of 'em coming," he had called back in answer to the last entreaty of his wife.



Sending British Feathered Air Squadron Up to the Front Line

Bee Line Proves His Gameness

THE next instant his face lighted and he flattened himself against the side of the building. In the offing he had seen Bee Line, a blue-checker cock, flying swiftly home. In another moment, if he followed his usual custom, Bee Line would alight gracefully on the landing board, push his way through the trap and drop gently to the floor of the room where the timing clock is kept. Then it would be the work of but a few seconds to remove the countermark from the bird's leg, deposit it in the clock and officially record the hour, minute and second of Bee Line's arrival home, just as a night watchman records in a time clock the moment of his visit to various sections of the building he is guarding.

But Bee Line did the unexpected. He settled clumsily on the roof of the loft and rolled over on his side. The man on the steps was puzzled by this strange conduct, but dared not go to investigate. The slightest movement on his part might startle the racer into flight again, and flight meant the loss of precious minutes in clocking the bird.

All he could do was wait and hope that Bee Line would enter the trap.

Five, ten, twenty minutes passed, but the pigeon made no attempt to enter the loft. Bee Line had been on the roof twenty-nine minutes when one of his team mates came through the trap, was clocked and, it developed later, won the contest.

A few minutes afterward Bee Line struggled to the edge of the roof, flopped down on the landing board and painfully entered the loft. Then it was that his owner discovered the reason for the bird's strange actions. Somewhere en route from Salisbury, Bee Line had been made the target of a hunter. Both legs had been shattered and two toes had been torn off by bird shot.

Despite these wounds he had come through twenty-nine minutes ahead of the bird that won the race. It was unmistakable evidence of his gameness, but there remained still another matter to test his courage. After his wounds were dressed, Bee Line flew from his owner's hands to his nest, there to meet and battle with another pigeon that had taken advantage of the racer's absence to make advances to Bee Line's mate.

Pigeoneers

THE battle in that nest was short but furious. With bill and wing the game little Bee Line gave the invader a sound thrashing and drove him from his home. It is that dogged spirit in these birds that has won for them the affection and admiration of many thousands of men.

Ever since the sport was introduced in this country in 1872, pigeon fanciers have been giving the breeding and training of homing pigeons much study and thought, with a view to improving the breed originally imported from Belgium. Today, American pigeon flyers are convinced that the American-bred bird, like the American-bred race horse, is the finest in the world.

In the early American days of the sport, pigeon racing was confined to the cities of New York and Philadelphia, but today there is probably not a city or town in the United States that cannot boast of homing-pigeon fanciers. In 1875 one could count the number of fanciers on the fingers of his two hands. Today there are 15,000 organized pigeoneers — as they are called in the army — and perhaps 300,000 unorganized owners

These fanciers are recruited from no particular class. On the roster of one Ohio club are the names of bankers, bakers, laborers, artists, brokers, insurance men and fish dealers — a fair cross section of mankind. There are, however, two

(Continued on Page 60)

PHOTOS FROM UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

Famous Homing Pigeons of the Army Lofts, Including General Pershing, General Foch, General Harris and Secretary Baker, Starting on a Race From the Grand Central Palace

A Corporosity to Ketch, Pack and Sell Elwifes

By Henry A. Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

MAY 7, 186— me and Pewt and Beany are going to make sum money on elwifes this year. evry may moar than 9000000 million elwifes come up salt river below the damn and when the tide goes out they are left where the water aint moar than 2 or 3 or 5 or 6 intches deep. then men and fellers go out with netts and clubs and ketch them and puts them in barrils with salt and sells them for a grate deel of money. so me and Pewt and Beany is going to pack all the barrils full we can and sell them. it is grate fun two.

May 8, 186— today after sunday school me and Pewt and Beany had a meating and formed a corporosity to ketch, pack and sell fish. Beany is the president, i am the tresurer and Pewt the seckritary because he can wright so good. we aint going to have a consecration and bilaws to this corporosity. we think we wood have had better luck with the asociastion of the terible three if we hadent so menny artickles and bilaws. so this time we aint going to have enny. all we did is to agree that Pewt shood fernish the barrils. Pewts father has got sum barrils that paint and white lead come in. Beany is going to fernush his father's handcart and i am going to fernish the place to pack and store the barrils until they is sold. Beany wanted to fernish the place but his mother woodent let him when he asted her and when Pewt asted his mother she sed if he brought a angle one of them nasty smelly fish into the shed she wood berry him and lick them. i gess she ment berry the fish and lick Beany. so i am going to fernish the place. i thougt i woodent say nothing to mother about it so as not to wurry her. she has got enuf to wurry her ennyway.

May 9, 186— me and Pewt and Beany had a meating after school and went down to Elliott and Dudleys store to see how mutch salt we wood have to get and how mutch it wood cost. we found out that it cost so mutch that we coodent pay for it, and i wasent going to by ennything i coodent pay for. and we dident know what to do and bimeby a feller whitch had come up from Portsmouth on a gunlow with a lode of salt fish told us we cood pack them in see sand because see sand is salt enuf. he sed it maid the barrils heavier but if we sold our fish by weight we cood get moar mony for them. so we are going to pack them in see sand. it was lucky we met that feller wasent it.

May 10, 186— Beany and Pewt went down to the river today to see if the elwifes had came. they hadent.

May 11, 186— rany today and cold. the elwifes hasent came. i am glad of it because we havent got our see sand.

May 12, 186— brite and fare. the elwifes hasent came. we have got our barrils ready. we have six of them all scrope out.

May 13, 186— tomorow me and Pewt and Beany is going to Hamton Beach with old John Johnsons horse and cart for a load of see sand. as long as father paid the $.75 cents i owd him for the horse he let us have him for $.50 cents.

May 14, 186— today rite after dinner we started, me and Pewt and Beany for the beach. it took us 2 hours and ½ to get there and ½ a hour to fill the cart full. when we got it full we got in and hit the old horse a crack and he pulled and straned and grunted but he coodent start the cart. while i licked Pewt and Beany pulled and pushed on the wheals but it was no use. he coodent start as the wheals was deep in the sand. so we had to shovel out the sand befoar he cood move the cart.

after a while we drove him up to the hard road and then we took our shovels and luged the sand up one shovel full at a time. that took us a hour and we dident moar than ½ fill the cart. so when we thought we had got enuf we started. it was prety hevy and onct in a while he had to stop to rest. it was getting kind of dark but the moon was coming up and we dident cair. we had sum donuts and boilled egs and bread and butter and 3 bottles of sweetened water and we set and et and bimeby the horse went better becaus he was going towerds home. well we got home at about 9 oh clock and drove into Pewts yard to put the see sand into the barrils and what do you think, there wasent only about a pale of see sand there and while we stood looking at it with our mouths open and our eys bugging out it all ran out throug the cracks in the bottom of the cart. jest think of it all that sand had run out jest like water all the way from the beach. well Mr. Purington, Pewts father and Mr. Watson, Beany's and my father jest hollered and lafled like loons. they wanted to know what we was getting see sand for and we dident tell them becaus we sed we wanted to sirprize them. well ennyway we had got to go again for that see sand.

May 15, 186— Franky had the croop last nite, and mother and aunt Sarah and father was up rushing round in their shert tale with hot cloths and white of eg. today he is better. the elwifes hasent came.

May 16, 186— it was brite and fare and hot as time today. what do you think. the gratest thing has happened. sumbody is ded in North Hampton and old Francis has got to go to his funeral tomorrow and we aint going to have school for a hoal day. we are going to the beach again for the see sand if we can get the old horse chargd up as we aint got enny money. the elwifes hasent came yet.

May 17, 186— this morning after i had did my chores we went down to old John Johnsons and he sed we cood have the horse and cart on trust. so we hiched up and put 2 barrils in the cart to hold the sand. we left the other 4 barrils in my shed. then we packed up our dinner and driv off about nine oh clock. we got there at about 12 oh clock and et our dinner and fed the horse. it dident taik very long after dinner to fill the 2 barrils and so we paddled in the water and Beany steped on a ded fish and got a spine way up in his foot and had to pull it out. it bled feerful and a man came along and told Beany to hold his foot in

(Continued on Page 73)

The Smell of Litening is Getting Wirse

CROSSED WIRES

By Perceval Gibbon

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

"Out!" She Cried. "You Must Not Come in Here! This is the Countess' Bedroom!"

THESE things happened in those years which are yet recent, but which man's merciful gift of forgetfulness is already pushing back into remoteness; when from Russia, fear crazed and fevered, the channels of information were confounded like tangled telephone wires, and few could know whether that which had arrived was the day of judgment or the triumph of hell. But there were some who knew, whose business it was to know. One of these was Mr. Pincus.

He sat at the deal table which was his desk, in the murk of a London November afternoon, and gazed with a wholly frank scrutiny at the pale slender woman who sat opposite him. The single-roomed office was shabby to the point of squalor. There were the two chairs, the deal table with its sparse litter of papers, the broken-barred fireplace with its month-old débris of ashes, and the old safe. The safe stood ajar, for Mr. Pincus had no illusions about his safe. Upon the outside of the paint-starved door there was inscribed the name "Pincus," unprefaced by an initial, as if there were only one Pincus in the world; and under it, as a concession to ignorance, were the two words "Fine Stones."

And Mr. Pincus himself was rather fine, with his background of shabbiness and dirt, the outstanding reality of honesty and shrewdness and a certain will to kindliness of which one was aware in his presence. He was blond, but visibly a Jew; large and conspicuous, but not showy and never blatant. He ranked among the foremost experts in the world as to certain varieties of gems; and there were moments—when, for instance, he was appraising and appreciating a fine stone—when a film, as it were, of the scholar and the artist would spread itself upon his unassumed blandness of countenance. He was speaking:

"Of course, you do not understand our law in England. You are asking me to commit a punishable offense, for I am neither a licensed pawnbroker nor a registered money lender. I buy and I sell, or I arrange matters, for a commission, between those who wish to buy and those who are willing to sell."

His eyes were steady upon her face. She was aware of it, and moved nervously or impatiently in her seat. She was a woman, or a girl, in the twenties; her face, a long oval, was pale, but not pallid; there was some of the richness of ivory in its coloring; and she could have been almost beautiful in a darkling and sullen way but for the treachery of her mouth. For the eyes are slaves; they can be trained to serve the liar; but the mouth serves God.

"She's vicious," said Mr. Pincus to himself.

"Then," she answered, "will you look at my jewels?" Her English was as perfect as his own, but there was an accent which Mr. Pincus recognized without difficulty. "If I must sell, then I will sell. Will you look?"

Mr. Pincus bent his head in courteous acquiescence. There was dawning upon him a suspicion that he was about to be shown some spray from that Niagara of fine stones which thundered upon the jewel dealers of Europe and America when the imperial treasure of Russia was rifled, stolen and restolen and stolen again, and scattered abroad to Monte Carlo, to the Rue de la Paix, to Piccadilly Circus and, later, to New York via Rum Row. Mr. Pincus had a few of them himself; he had bought them for a tenth of their value; and Scotland Yard knew all about them. For before he paid for them, Mr. Pincus had visited Scotland Yard for instructions.

Scotland Yard knew Mr. Pincus very well; they approved of him and valued him; so did the Secret Service. That was Mr. Pincus.

"With pleasure," he answered.

She had a hand bag, such as ladies and mere women carried in that year, a large affair of suède with jaws of tortoise shell. She took it on her lap; and as she opened it, her eyes, for an instant only, pale and venomous, snapshotted the large geniality of his face. She drew forth a packet in very delicate tissue paper. Her fingers were very long and slender, ivory hued like her face.

"I had not room for the cases," she said. "However, first of all, there is this. Now look! And there is more!"

There was something in her manner of passing it across the bare deal table for his inspection that reminded him of one who plays the ace of trumps but withholds the joker for the killing. There are several games in which that can be done; Mr. Pincus played most of them.

He did not touch the glittering thing, where it lay in loops which even the gloom of the day could not subdue from the arrogant gayety of its sparkle.

"Diamonds!" said Mr. Pincus vaguely. "Very pretty; very pretty, indeed. But I never deal in diamonds. You see, I know nothing about them."

He smiled at her amiably. For the moment her face was a thundercloud; then through the darkness of it there ripped an answering smile.

"Now for the joker!" thought Mr. Pincus.

"There is a pendant to that necklace."

The long fingers were unwrapping a smaller parcel and its contents passed across the table for his inspection, and at last Mr. Pincus sat up and began to take notice.

It was an emerald—a great emerald. It was believed of Mr. Pincus that he knew every important emerald in the world. He believed it himself. He had put the calipers upon the eight-inch Temple emerald at Delhi, and had held his tongue when he ascertained that it was not an emerald at all. He had compiled for Mrs. Van Sutjen a list of stones to make a necklace which would have left queens gasping; but the price was too awful even for her, and she had paid him his fee of fifty thousand dollars and declined to ruin herself—she, many times a millionairess—to become the owner of the greatest gaud and vanity in history. He knew emeralds; he knew their chemical composition, their specific gravity, their hardness relative to other minerals, their reactions to color tests. He knew all this so well that it did not occur to him that the beautiful thing before him, in its frame of gold, required a test. For the truth is great and must prevail; this was an emerald—a great emerald; it lay before him, in its slender rim of

(Continued on Page 145)

KEYS OF HEAVEN

By Louise Dutton

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

GRAY mist, thick as a wall of silver and soft as a veil shrouding a beautiful face, hung heavy above the East River. A man walked slowly through it. He was close to the river, on a rocky and intricate path which he knew well; but he could not see it. He could see only little lights of early evening, like bright eyes through a veil or the secret fires of an opal. Behind him, not very far away, but quite hidden already, were other lights—the lights in three great gray buildings called the Daylight Tenements.

The man lived there. He was a certain obscure artist, called T. A. The name on his door was Arden. It was unknown to fame and his real name was not known at all. He had perhaps forgotten it; he had forgotten many things, because it gave him pain to remember. He did not like pain and he had learned to conquer it for himself and for others, by methods all his own, and to make for others great happiness, though he could not for himself. So there were many houses to which he did not know the way, where happy people whom he had long forgotten, remembered him every day and even prayed for him, though he prayed rarely and to his own gods only. And in the Daylight Tenements, T. A. was an uncrowned but well-beloved king.

T. A. did not know that he was a king. All kings would rule more wisely and kindly perhaps if they did not know. And he was not a king tonight; only a little man who walked alone through the mist. He wore a shaggy hat, of honorable but ancient lineage, and an ulster of striking and strangely blended plaids which he had loved long and well. He thrust his hands deep into his commodious and curiously filled pockets and walked with a little swagger and swing. He talked to himself, very softly, out loud, at intervals, for this was his habit.

"There Was a Man Whom She Called Father; but an American, so Rich, so Enmeshed in Affairs is Not a Father, but a Check Book"

"'Pale hands I loved beside the Shalimar,
Where are you now?'"

he asked gently, not as if he greatly cared.

"'A misty, moisty morning
Upon the first of May ——'"

he added irrelevantly but very happily.

T. A. liked the mist. He could feel behind it, always and tonight, another world, near him but not too near; a world more gay, more kind than the world he loved and knew; a magic world of castles in Spain and mysterious turrets and towers, and casements looking down on fairy-lands forlorn, and lost faces looking through them. Strange things went on there, adventure and high romance; sweet music sounded there.

T. A. did not want to enter the enchanted portals; only to walk past them alone and know that they were there, though they were not for him.

He walked fast and faster, for he liked always to lose his way in the mist. Soon he had almost lost it. He was on a path that he did not know, though it was wide and easy to follow. He could still hear the surge and lap and swirl of the river against the rocks, but it was far away and he heard no other sound. He was safe and alone, deep in the gray-mist world where anything might happen and nothing would happen to him.

T. A. closed his eyes, for so he could feel more keenly the cool of the mist upon them.

"'Lonely starry faces, wonderful and white,
Yearning with a cry across the dim, sweet night ——'"

he began. Then he stopped abruptly. He could not complete the quotation or recall where it came from, but that was not why he stopped. His foot had struck something hard and small, which rattled with a singularly alluring tinkle as he kicked it away. He bent down, groped for it, picked it up; and finding, after some search, one match in his remotest pocket, struck it and looked. The match sputtered out. T. A. had no other. He did not need it. He had seen already enough, too much. He stood still in the path and sighed deeply.

What he held in his hand was only a ring of keys; a small, patented, quite ordinary ring; he had himself owned and lost two like it. On it there were two keys, both of a well-known American make and quite bright and new, but otherwise undistinguished, and a third key.

This key was not new at all. T. A., who, among his curious lore, had deep knowledge of keys, could not date it exactly; but it was years old—hundreds of years. It was of solid bronze, worn smooth with use, hand-wrought and very beautiful. Spanish perhaps, foreign certainly, and designed lovingly for some special use; for a carved chest, a massive, worm-eaten door?

For what use T. A. did not know; but it was a master key, a key of keys.

T. A. wished profoundly that he had not found it; but since he had, his duty was clear. He could not throw it away. He could not keep it. He must find at once—tonight—a lock for it. So his gray evening of dreams was spoiled and ended, and he would have instead action, effort, one more adventure. T. A. pulled off his ancient hat and waved it gallantly toward the gray river in salutation and farewell.

"Turn to the right, for such is the rule of the road," he muttered. Then he took the master key from the ring, dropped the ring carelessly into his pocket, and holding the key in his hand, turned and walked with a long and purposeful stride.

The river was behind him. Soon it was far behind. He was now on no path at all. He was really lost, and for his present purpose he preferred to be. For his plan of action, formed at once, like all his plans, was merely to walk through the night until he found something to unlock and to trust to fate, which had sent him the key, to lead him safely there. It was a simple plan and it pleased him well. T. A. said very softly:

"'I will give you the keys of heaven,
Madame, if you walk and talk with me.'"

The great key seemed, at the words, to grow warm in his hand, as if it had answered him; and at that moment T. A. saw before him a cluster of lights. They were already quite close and T. A. went toward them. Other lights, less bright, showed round them as he approached, making a double, vanishing chain that led off vaguely into the night, marking a street that was there. T. A. crossed it and reached the lights that had beckoned him and the building that housed them. He paused before it and looked up at it doubtfully.

It was a full city block in width and high in proportion. Through the dark and the mist, T. A. saw few details, only a glitter of gilt and a hint of massive carving and ornament; but the place was impressive enough. It could have swallowed easily several castles in Spain. But it was, quite clearly, only an apartment house. A very splendid super-apartment house of the kind that the very rich inhabit when their ancestral mansions grow too small, but still an apartment house. T. A. hated them all as foes to all romance. But as he stood there looking, something drew his eyes suddenly to the great archway above him.

Between the forbidding heads of two carved lions that guarded the entrance, one word was graven deep in the solid stone. T. A. read it. Then he swung his shoulders jauntily into his extravagant ulster, jerked his mist-soaked hat to a rakish angle and stepped boldly under the lions into the court beyond. He knew that his way lay there, for the word was A R C A D Y.

The court he had entered did not deserve the magic name. It was blatantly new and expensive and big. It blazed with glaring lights. It was tiled and tessellated and pillared and strewn with very green potted palms and very white marble benches. Screened by the largest palm, T. A. saw in the rear a structure which looked like a golden cage for a giant golden bird, but might well be an elevator, since there was no other in sight.

T. A. approached it haughtily. A large and elegant menial in an elaborate uniform appeared suddenly but languidly from behind another palm and barred his way to it. T. A. looked up at him with eyes as cold as his own.

"James, is the lift not working?" he asked severely.

"My name is not James," the menial began with dignity.

"That," interrupted T. A., "is a matter of complete indifference to me. What I choose to call you is my affair, not yours. I have no doubt that you mean well; but you are at times inclined to be officious, and I have reason to know that it may cost you your place here. I may add that if the lift service does not improve I shall cancel my lease. Thank you, James."

"Thank you, sir," James echoed meekly. Bewildered, but now quite humble, he held open the door of the gilded cage. "What floor, please?"

"You should know," T. A. replied coldly.

He stepped inside the great car, and to his relief and somewhat to his surprise, it swung slowly upward at once into the golden shaft that held it. T. A. was a little in doubt what his next move should be, but he looked round him with interest. He saw first that it was a beautiful car, as large as his bedroom in the Daylight Tenements, and somewhat higher, and then that he was not alone in it.

A commodious deep-cushioned divan encircled it. In the remotest corner of this a lady was sitting. In the chaste gloom of indirect opalescent light from above, T. A. studied her eagerly. A slender close-wrapped figure pressed against the golden wall like a frightened bird in a cage, an arm, white against dark furs, shielding a hidden face, and a mass of dusky hair—that was all he saw. But just at his feet something glimmered white and he picked it up. It was a handkerchief, very fine, very small, heavy with lace and perfumed so faintly, so exquisitely, that you did not smell

flowers, you dreamed of them and did not know what flowers they were. A quite absurd and trifling toy, never meant for use; but it hung limp in T. A.'s fingers, for it was wet with tears.

The car had almost reached the roof; through its fretwork showed a blue, painted sky, garish with painted stars, and a blood-red moon. It came to a smooth and sudden halt. The lady rose and slipped out. T. A. followed her. Silently and swiftly she moved down a broad empty hallway to a door at the end. T. A.'s steps had made no sound, but there she swung suddenly round and faced him. T. A. stood still and looked at her.

He was not at a loss for words; he seldom was. But he could now see what he had already guessed. She was very beautiful, this lady, very young, and in deep trouble. A cloak of some dark rare fur hung heavy on her slender shoulders. Beneath it her soft straight-falling dress was a shadowy gray—the gray of river mist. Out of a small pale face, dark eyes questioned T. A. They shone with a restless light. They were like stars, troubled stars on a misty night, burning bright and alone. They were like no other eyes in the world; they could not be. Yet T. A. had seen somewhere, somehow, eyes like these, a face like this, before

"Madame," T. A. began, "I do not wish to alarm you."

"You have not done so."

Her voice was quiet and low, but it had a little, sobbing thrill like the voice of a child waking suddenly in the dark.

"I wish merely to give you this"—T. A. held out the damp little handkerchief; she accepted it silently—"and to enter that door; at which you make so charming a picture that I hesitate to disturb it," he added gallantly; "but I have the best of reasons for entering."

"You are not—you can hardly be the person I am expecting?" the lady asked doubtfully.

"Why not?" asked T. A. with interest.

In the dusk of the hall, the lady inspected him gravely. It dimmed, but did not conceal the plaid of his ulster; but his disreputable hat was crushed under his arm and his shock of red-gold hair was soft with curls from the mist, and his wistful blue eyes met her eyes quite frankly.

"If you are, I am glad."

"I also," T. A. said politely.

"But you do not you did not at first look like a count."

"Counts so seldom do," said T. A.

"That is quite true. And—and I, I suppose, do not look like a princess."

"Permit me to correct you," T. A. said earnestly. She frowned.

"I am not a princess not yet—not until you and I—not for an hour. You are in advance of your time. The boat on which you planned to arrive is not yet due. My father and the others have gone to meet it."

"Under the circumstances, I shall not regret their absence," promised T. A.

"But you should have—you have something to show me?"

"Only this," T. A. held out his key. She stared at it.

"That," she said very low, "is the key of—of ——"

"Exactly," T. A. said gravely. She turned at once and unlocked and opened the door.

"Will you do me the honor, please, to come in?" she said.

"The honor is mine," said T. A.: and with a little bow, straight from the shoulders, he followed her.

He moved forward uncertainly. He felt under his feet rugs very deep and velvet-soft, his hand touched a wall with the chill of marble; but he saw around him only black darkness The lady's hand on his arm guided him lightly through it.

"These windows are in sight from the street," she explained softly, "and we are watched. We are always watched, and tonight we do not wish to be. Will you pardon me for a moment and wait here?"

A door opened, closed quickly, and T. A. paused just inside it and looked round him uncertainly. The room before him looked like a council chamber in a medieval castle. Period rooms, Spanish rooms were the mode of the moment and he had seen too many; but no room quite like this. It was narrow and low and very long; at least two other rooms, both large, had been combined to make it. It was paneled in some dark wood, satin-smooth, and its many lights were set in wall sconces of bronze. Scattered sparsely down the length of the floor were great tables and chests and benches dark with age and marred by no other polish: excellent pieces, museum pieces. At the far end of the room, facing T. A., was the best piece of all. A small high settle, heavily but charmingly carved, fit for a throne. Had a king and queen sat there long ago or not so long ago? Who sat there now? Who sat on the benches ranged so solemnly round the refectory table before it? The room was full of their unseen presence, a haunted room, where much had been done, more planned.

"All this does not concern me," T. A. said firmly.

Whether this room was the secret chamber of the Ku Klux or an ordinary dining room, his errand here was done. His key had come home. He had only to leave it here and vanish into the night while the vanishing was good. Instead he stood still in the middle of a priceless Ispahan rug with the key in his hand.

Presently he heard the muffled, insistent ring of a telephone. It came from an altar closet set in the wall beside him, Sevillian and very rare. Operating the delicate catch of the door expertly, he took out the instrument and held the receiver to his ear.

"This is you?" a voice said.

T. A. could not contradict the statement. He made an inarticulate sound like a cough or a sigh, but more tentative than either. It seemed to be answer enough, for the voice went on speaking—a man's voice, very young, keyed low, but quite sure and clear.

"Dear, this is I. He has not come? You are alone? Then listen. You must not do this thing. It is utterly mad, comedy, opéra bouffe. Such things do not happen. Not to you, for you are you, and you are mine. It is not too late. There is still an hour. I shall come. I shall be at the corner of the street—the northwest corner, with the little red car, our car; and you will come down to me? Say yes. Only one word. I am waiting to hear it. I shall not wait much longer, my dear—my dear ——"

(Continued on Page 138)

"Rather Curious Things Went on There. Meetings Behind Locked Doors, Very Late, Very Long, With the Low-Voiced Talk Often Hushed"

The Great American Scandal

Youth and Felony—By Richard Washburn Child

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

ANOTHER said to me, "I hear a great deal these days about the claims for license made by youth, but I am not inclined to believe that youth is any worse than it was when I was a girl. Among the young is more candor, more frankness, more freedom, more courage, that is all."

It is not all; there is more crime.

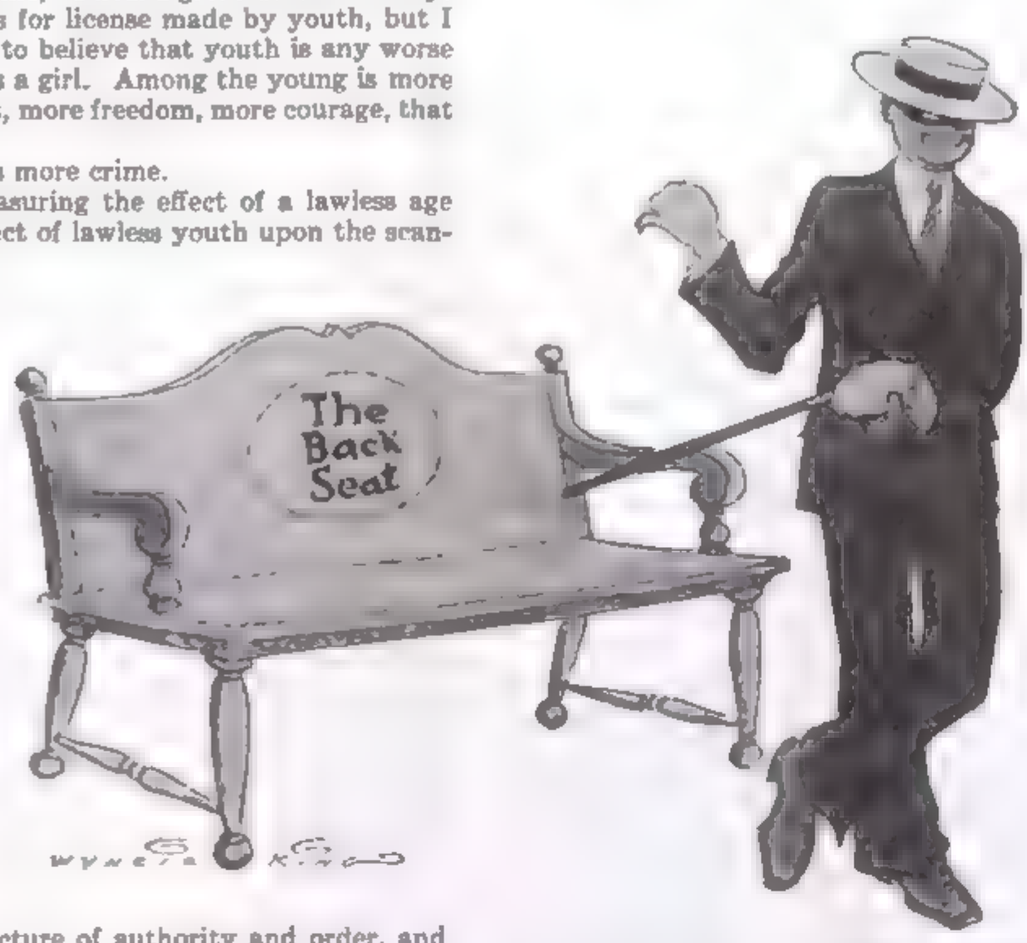
Whether we are measuring the effect of a lawless age upon youth, or the effect of lawless youth upon the scandalous lawbreaking record in America, here, at least in crime, we have some measure of statistical information.

For a moment we may forget the attire and the vanities, the subjects of conversation of boys and girls, the hip flask and the automobile, the late hours and the early cynicism, hardness and boredom.

A wide investigation into our crime tide, which has disclosed to me that the failure of law-abiding spirit may menace our whole structure of authority and order, and also our stalwart national character, has revealed a much more important fact. It is this: Youth is the outstanding contributor to our last ten years of increasing felony and law defiance. Every man and woman in America, certainly every parent in America, may give heed to that fact. It is a direct challenge to the American home and to the forces of law and order.

The subject of youth and the extraordinary revelation of youth's part in our crime situation came to me as a by-product. I knew that youth and a new spirit of irresponsibility would figure in my investigation, but I was unprepared for the flood of information I have received and am still continuing to receive about the relation of youth to the building in America of what a foreign investigator has recently called "Your criminals' paradise." My astonishment is great at the sincerity, the vehemence, the conviction of judges, wardens, prosecutors, police chiefs, patrolmen, detectives, old professional criminals with whom I have talked, and with citizens who are writing me from various corners of the United States. Their voice is one voice. It says: "The old criminal is outdone; today the criminal population, which probably numbers in excess of 1,000,000, is made up, in large part, of girls and boys."

A judge of long experience with criminals in the Great Lake zone says that 75 or 80 per cent of offenders and felons are under twenty-five years of age.



"The Old Criminal Is Outdone; Today the Criminal Population, Which Probably Numbers in Excess of 1,000,000, Is Made Up, in Large Part, of Girls and Boys"

The Era of Unrestrained Youth

AN EX-WARDEN of Sing Sing Prison, in New York, points out that even after allowance is made for leniency shown to the young, more than half the prisoners are twenty-four or younger. One prison official after another testifies, with a look of alarm in his eyes, "Great Scott! We know it. We've been watching it. They're getting younger and younger every day."

A famous New York prosecutor believed that a chief of police in one of our Eastern seaboard cities had exaggerated. Said this district attorney to me, "I can't believe that 80 per cent of the offenders are under twenty-five, but certainly nearly half are between seventeen and twenty-two years—let us say that eight out of ten are in their teens or their twenties."

At one time five out of seven awaiting execution in an Eastern death house were under twenty-one.

I asked the police chief in one large metropolis what this new part of youth in crime meant.

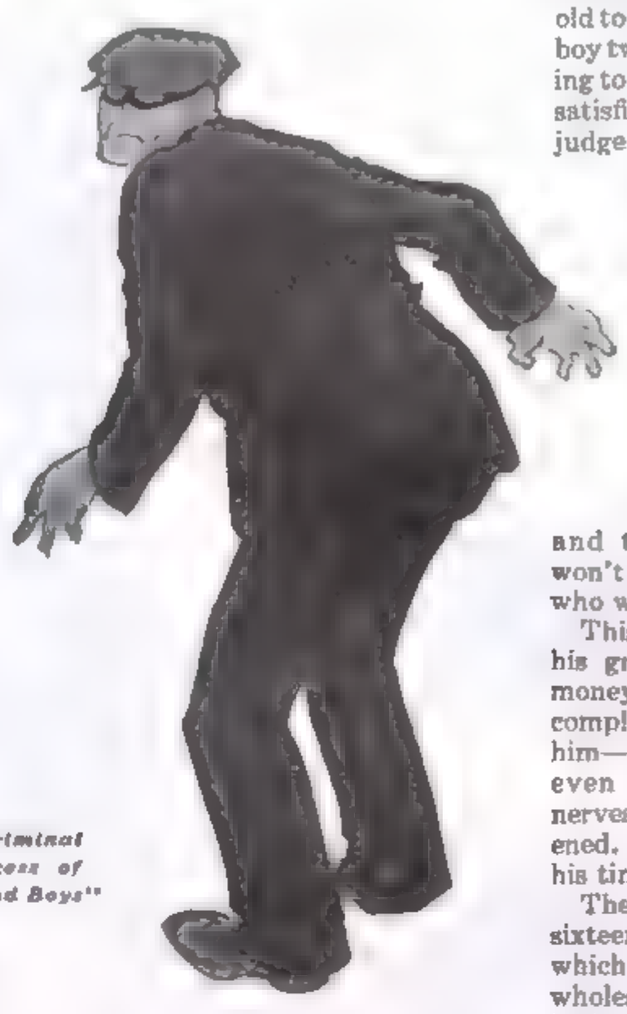
"Well," said he, "figure it yourself. If the present population of prisons is 200,000, and five or six times that number make up the total active criminal population of the country, that is like an old orchard of apple trees still bearing. But if youth is going to jump in at the rate they are coming, in ten years we will have doubled or trebled our criminal forces. Can we double and treble the power of the law—policing, courts and institutions? No. We are losing the fight with crime and the new youth."

I have a letter before me from the president of a Western state university which says, "The percentage of youth is startling in your figures, but it has always been the same, has it not?"

Not at all the same! For instance, one of Governor Silzer's recent conferences on crime prevention in New Jersey incidentally brought out for the purposes of my answer this astonishing fact: In fifteen years the average age of prisoners in penitentiaries has been reduced ten years. That is, if in 1910 the average age in a state penitentiary was thirty-six, it is now twenty-six; and that average includes boys such as I have seen, seventeen and eighteen years old, marching in various prison parades not for minor offenses, but for killing and for sophisticated participation in hold-up, burglary, pay-roll robbery and other crimes of serious violence or degeneracy.

In Brooklyn, New York, the number of boys and girls between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five convicted in 1924 increased 10 per cent over the number convicted the year before. Almost every law-enforcement authority in the United States is cognizant of a new era in our crime tide—it is the era of unrestrained youth. And this, all observers tell me, is characterized by case after case in which the boy or girl, even those from classes of society which furnish luxury and educational opportunities, is characterized by a peculiar hardness and a lack of emotion. I listen with profound respect to the sociologists and psychiatrists who find poverty and mental deficiency and bad environment and lack of education responsible; but what accounts for the acts of the boys and girls who have good inheritance and all the advantages?

"They have been drunk on thrills and excitement," said one detective to me as we shut a detention-jail door on a brass-faced lad of sixteen. "Drunker and drunker. And now even what that boy faces tonight doesn't give him a kick."



In a town in Pennsylvania, on May 18, 1925, a judge sentenced a boy fifteen years old to the electric chair. The boy twirled his hat, had nothing to say, remained in a self-satisfied calm. It was the judge whose voice shook. He was sorry that the law gave him no tether of leniency! A few minutes afterward the boy was in his cell playing jazz on a phonograph. A newspaper reporter said he heard the lad announce that he was not afraid to die "in the hot seat," and that anyway, "they won't get me; I've got friends who will save me."

This boy had murdered his grandmother to obtain money for his pleasures. A complete assurance was in him—he knew others got off even when caught. His nerves, perhaps, were hardened. He was in step with his times!

There was another boy just sixteen. He drove the truck which had taken part in eight wholesale merchandise robberies in a large city.

He said: "Just wait till our lawyer gets going on this. They can't scare me. Our crowd has the system, that's all. I won't talk any more. It was a circus anyhow."

That boy was the son of a family whose income is over $6000 a year; they were planning to send him to college.

Adventurers in Sensations

IN THE dimly lit corridors of the detention cells in an Illinois police station I stopped to talk with six boys aged nine to sixteen, behind the bars for gambling. They were all well dressed. On one was found a revolver. The one next in age to the oldest told me in answer to my questions that it was "ally to bring us here for playing craps."

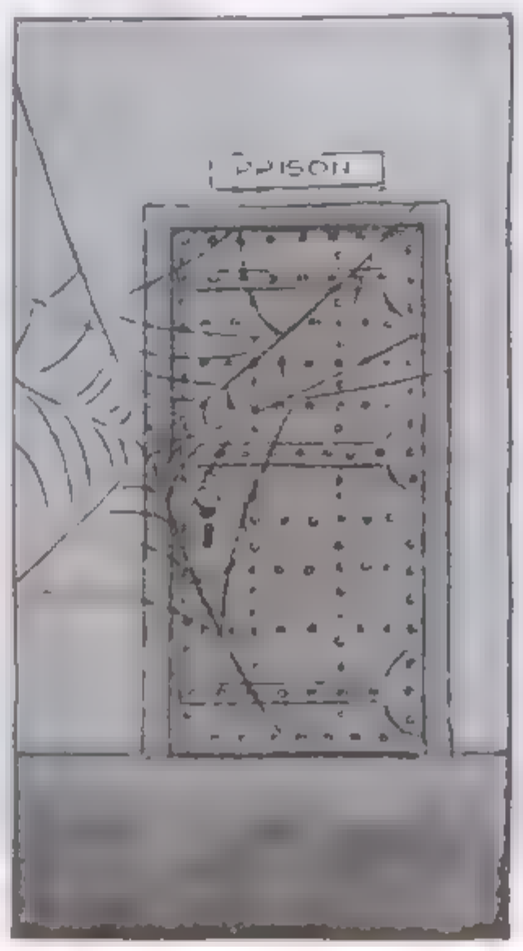
"They will turn us out when my mother and father come home tonight," he said. "And if they didn't, we wouldn't get anything. The whole thing is a bluff."

One finds everywhere the tendency of unrestrained youth to adventure with every sensation. A report made last year by a Federal grand jury at El Paso, Texas, says:

"It has come to our observation that boys between the ages of twelve and fifteen years are being taught the use of narcotic drugs; that these boys, once in the grip of the vice, sell the clothes their parents provide for them, steal and indulge in petty crimes for the purpose of obtaining funds to satisfy their cravings. We find that one boy has stated to officers of the law that he has about twenty companions of his own age who are drug users. Another disclosed that there are forty of his child companions using narcotics. Peddlers of drugs are giving them away to some children to create addicts, thus enlarging the demand."

There used to be a great deal of emphasis put upon poverty and heredity in accounting for the criminal tendency. The old story was that the youth stole a crust of bread, went to a reformatory and was there corrupted by older inmates and so became a criminal. There was a day, not long ago, when it was thought that mental deficiency accounted for the boy and girl who went wrong.

"That is old stuff," said a magistrate to me; and my preliminary survey of correctional institutions for boys bears him out. In one of them the data cards of some 700 young lawbreakers indicate that not one out of twenty committed



his offense because of poverty which constricted his legitimate appetites. In these institutions the mental examinations conducted by official psychiatrists showed an intelligence standard not lower, but higher, than that of a group of public-school attendants of the same ages!

A certain group of boys and girls, all from families of some affluence, had been stealing automobiles, using them for a day or an evening, and leaving them at a remote spot. I took pains to interrogate one of the offenders after he had been discharged. He said that he owned a car himself and had no desire to steal one, but that the offense was serious enough to offer a thrill.

"It is just like bootlegging would be," he said. "It is an adventure. I'd like to bootleg just to see what it is like."

"But this leaving an automobile a long way from home, besides being illegal, is just a mean trick on the owner," said I.

"I suppose so," he said with a shrug of his shoulders. "I don't think of the owner; but it is fun to beat the law, and easy too. And if I can't beat it, I'd get off anyway. It is the game!"

This spirit, rather than mental delinquencies and hard-luck, accounts for the new and startling part youth is playing in our crime record.

The president of the Chicago Crime Commission has written, as to the progress of this spirit:

"You will find as he increases in his nerve, in prowess, in the glory he takes in being an outlaw, he engages first in bootlegging, or in personal violence or intimidation, but soon turns aside occasionally to hold up a citizen or gets half full of booze and breaks into a house or gets into a quarrel and commits a murder."

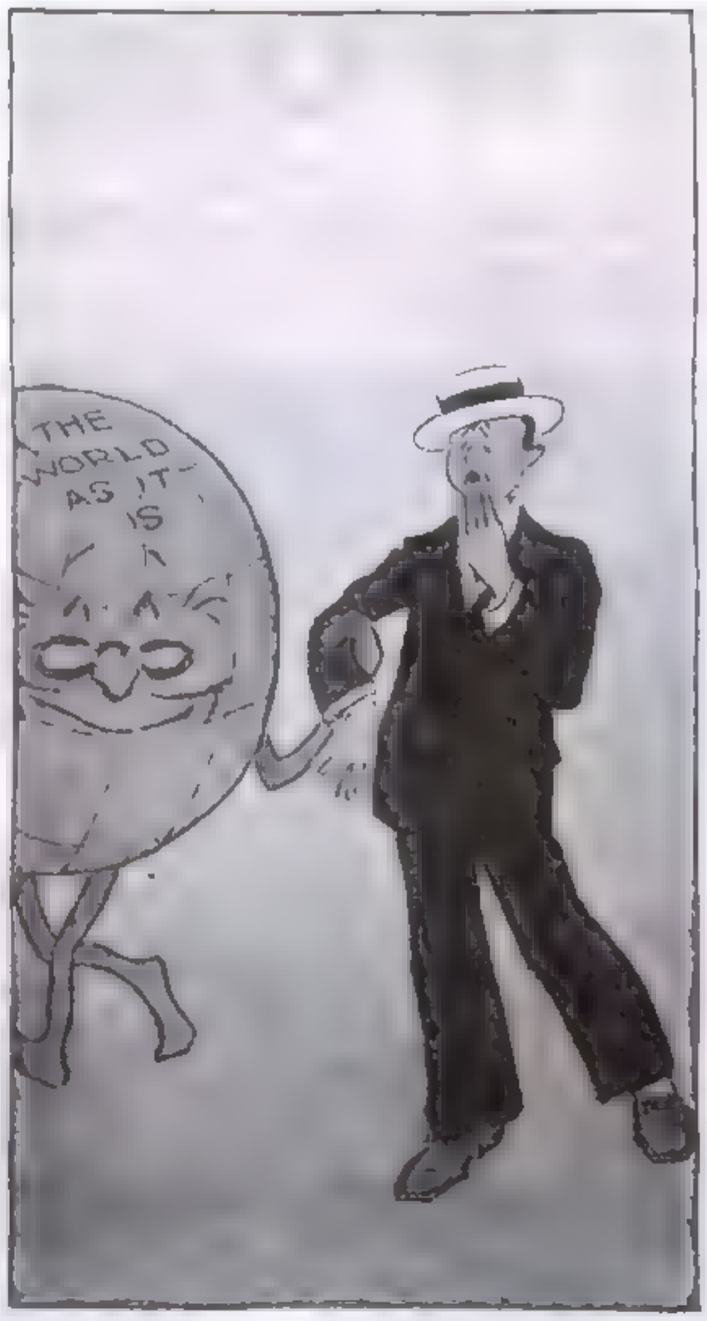
The Primary Cause of Trouble

IF THE degenerating youth proceeds along this path, then for some strange reason we are all astounded! The more sentimental of us exclaim, "Such a character must be produced by abnormality. He is insane." If he has money in quantity, he feeds that idea of abnormality by engaging experts who will use strange, impressive and interesting phrases about mentality and complexes, which will fascinate the public and swell the young criminal's sense of self-importance. If a jury or judge is willing to accept the idea that this sinner is merely a sick person, then every sinner is a sick person and we can close our jails and acquit everyone. But when this spoiled youth or pampered girl is acquitted or saved from punishment, a hundred, or thirty thousand, or a million other boys and girls note the fact, sometimes quite unconsciously, that the law is a kind of old fool, too feeble or too easily folderoled to use a heavy hand.

"Youth gets one idea today," said a police chief to me. "It's this—the law is like a fat old parent who has just enough energy to take a child in its lap, and forbid a lot and scold a little, and then cry a little and pet a lot, but not enough energy to give a spanking."

This new era of youth's contribution to crime is clearly marked by two distinct attitudes. The first is that the rules of the game may be beaten. The second is that they may be beaten with impunity.

With evidence in our crime record to support the fact of these attitudes, I went looking among those who deal with youth in relation to criminality. Some who are trying with all sincerity to solve the problem of modern lawlessness by psychiatry or medicine or education or mere sentimentality, may endeavor to interpret all facts so that these facts will fit their theories of what they call juvenile delinquency. Some others, of a more square-jawed and less modern method, may endeavor to show that the new, more indulgent schools of thought are merely mollycoddlers. Some others are merely humane observers of facts. The most dispassionate and surprising unity of opinion as to the cause of lawlessness in our youth of today comes from the police.



I have been impressed by my experience in talking with the mollycoddling, or sentimental, group and also with the hard-hearted group. I find that a few questions as to the cause of all our trouble brings agreement as to the primary source of the new, risk-taking, irresponsible and degenerating tendency among boys and girls. Even the mollycoddlers are willing to agree with one old police official in Minneapolis, who, in answer to my question as to the cause of the new attitude and behavior of youth, replied, "Talk a thousand years, my friend—there's one reason among them all which stands up like a sore thumb. It's the breaking up of the American home."

He was right. Mental and physical defects may have increased, but it is ridiculous to believe that such defects have increased as fast as juvenile crime. Poverty has diminished, but youthful criminals multiply. Education has been put more and more within the reach of youth, and great steps have been taken in the study of the individual. But youth grows wilder; it is now the capricious lawbreaker. Heredity and breeding by the unfit play a part, but it cannot be thought that this part has grown as fast as youthful criminality has grown.

Split Homes

IT IS good sense therefore to take one's eyes for a moment away from a search inside the boy and girl—a search for defective teeth, defective glands, defective mentality, a bad inheritance and psycho-analysis. These do not account for the new devil-may-care era which produces the young criminal, not only from one but from all classes of society. None of these causes will account for the invasion youth has made upon willfulness, unrestraint and criminal activity. The war does not account for it, since the youth we are talking about has sprung up to the criminal age, of seventeen to twenty-two, since the war ended.

It is the distinct weakening, testified to by a hundred or more intimate observers of youth and felony, of the American home and the obligations of American parenthood.

In an endeavor to check up this opinion I obtained data on the family histories of the inmates of two large correctional institutions for boys and one for girls. The result shows that over 80 per cent of the inmates come from split homes. That is, four-fifths of these young offenders are

(Continued on Page 133)

A Well-Rooted Belief That Misdeeds Go Unpunished, and That Authority is Too Blind or Too Feeble to Call for a Reckoning With Self-Indulgent and Reckless Youth

AS A WOMAN THINKS

By Corra Harris

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

I HAVE written the record of my life in My Book and Heart. It is a veracious record, and, I thought, a thrilling one, full of change, great adventures and tremendous experiences. What surprises me is the number of reviewers who call it the story of a narrow life, dreary and monotonous. I am not complaining, you understand, for I have been praised beyond my merits both as the author and the heroine of the thing. But why do they miss the point? I had neither the sense nor the nobility of character to choose such a life. I went into it as fools rush in where angels fear to tread. I was some kind of valorous runt overtaken by a great fate, an ordinary person with a prose mind and strong instincts for the real and the commonplace.

Yet for more than twenty years I stepped the measures of an epic in living. I was as completely divorced from prosperity, ambition and every worldly consideration as if I had been born in one of the Gospels of the New Testament. I passed through hardships and survived sacrifices that usually make saints, without even enjoying the honorable vanity of my virtues. I lacked even the sanctifying imagination which goes so far toward financing saints. Some infernal wit in me kept a humorous eye upon my noblest performances, which is a trick of vision very diminishing to self-righteousness. I reached spiritual eminences without feeling the need personally of being so embarrassingly near the Almighty; but merely by way of keeping close to my husband, who spent his life trailing the Holy Ghost.

From This We Had Hot Words, and I Flung Myself Upon the Bed and Wept Bitterly

Instead of a narrow life, I have had the greatest sorrows, the greatest joys and astounding rewards. To my mind it has been a miraculous existence, out of all keeping with my quality and abilities. This is not an expression of false modesty, which is a sly method of boasting; it is meant to be an honest acknowledgment of the ways of God. If by any circumstance whatever you get the mind to do His will, and keep it, though the world slips from under your feet, you do win, whether you are an ordinary person or by nature a great soul. What I mean is that His will is not a creed we have made, but it is a law that works out in your favor.

This was my justification for setting down the record contained in My Book and Heart, otherwise the writing of it would have been an outrageous presumption tinged with the shrewdest kind of hypocrisy. Measured by the latitudes and longitudes of the worldly life, it may produce the impression of having been narrow and monotonous to a person with a flat vision, but only because he missed the other dimension of altitudes recorded in the story. I was never at home on one of these altitudes, but I have been quite a way up in the spirit, hoisted usually by a prayer or some terrifying anxiety. You come down, of course, but you are strengthened and refreshed by a wisdom not to be found in the merry-go-round of the worldly life.

I should regard any existence as narrow which missed these ascensions into that realm of experience where all prayers are answered, even if they are not granted, and where the whole mystery of life is accounted for by the gift of faith and courage.

To my mind it is the greater and incomparably more thrilling adventure in living to have discovered by actual experience that the Word of God is the truth and a law which insures peace and a good conscience, and that it also guarantees worldly success if you obey according to your common sense instead of your emotions. I think it is more elevating to know the Scriptures than to have visited every cathedral and art gallery in Europe. It is not where you have been, the books you have learned, nor what you have seen and heard that counts; it is the effect of these experiences upon a man's mind and character. In my opinion it is a risky business getting all your wisdom from the mind of the world. Culture is frequently a form of decadence. You may broaden your experience by all those tests in temperament, sex, science and vice, and still be a fool. And yet I suppose the autobiography of such a person would not produce the impression of a narrow, dreary, monotonous life. It depends upon your sense of values what your opinion of such a record would be.

But there is one thing to be said of every autobiography: The author invariably suppresses the record of his mind in relation to his own life, though he may offer you a system of philosophy by which you may work out your own existence. He will set down his deeds and his feelings. He will not fail to set up his virtues, and he may even confess his sins—though I have observed this: If it is a man writing, he writes of them like Samuel Pepys or Rousseau, without a qualm, in what may be called the chanticleer style; while if a woman writes her confessions she does it with moral retchings, merely, I suppose, to save her face, or to inspire sympathy for her Magdalen performances, which is much more subtly immoral than the other transgressions she has committed. But the reader is never invited inside to watch the processes of the writer's mind.

This is the private manufacturing plant, not so much of what we say and do as it is of what we do not dare to say, and lack the power or opportunity to accomplish. The same thing is true of me as the author of My Book and Heart. From that record it appears that I recited my lines and performed my days with considerable directness and celerity. I concealed the bobbles and wavering uncertainty of my mind. More particularly I left out much of that copy we make in merely thinking, which is really important, because it is a laboratory process of the mind by which we finally arrive at a deed or a conviction.

I was eleven years younger than my husband, being really in the plastic period of adolescence. He was the gentlest of men, but he had a brilliant and mature mind, a queer temple of intellectual loveliness with pure classical lines. He did his thinking as a master architect does his drawing, with delicacy and precision. He was never overbearing, but the elegance, sweetness and sincerity of his mind confounded my younger wits. I supposed that a man who could think like that must be correct in his conclusions, and for something like ten years I surrendered my own mind and left him to do our thinking. Most of it was pious, but always informed with that effulgence of the spirit peculiar to the rarer saints. My impression now is that I became a very good young person, by ear, so to speak, and that I was strangely stupid. The mental background I had acquired from much ravenous reading before my marriage, faded. I forgot Tasso's great poetry and settled down on the hillside of a mountain circuit with Lundy and the Beatitudes. Maybe this was good for me spiritually, but it was diminishing mentally, which, in my opinion, was never meant to be the effect of any Scriptures upon the mind.

Lundy was not a practical man spiritually. I remember distinctly how determined he was to remain poor in spirit that he might become one of those legitimate heirs to the kingdom of heaven. I imitated his poverty here with the same artless sincerity a child imitates an older person, though I could never put much feeling into the idea of being poor in spirit. The effect upon him was that with his nature elegant to the point of fastidiousness, and his scholarly mind, he walked humbly hand in hand with the meanest of his flock, making himself literally one of the least of them.

It was all wrong. I call your attention to the fact that Jesus went up into a mountain and set Him above the multitude before He began that great Sermon on the Mount. And when He finished it and came down the great

multitude followed Him. I do not suppose He was jostled by that crowd. He was apart and far beyond them, and so held Himself there and everywhere else. It will not do to be intimately poor in spirit with people who have no sense of your meaning. If you do they will keep you poorer than the Scriptures require in both spirit and fact.

Lundy was the same way about that Beatitude which recommends those that mourn, for they shall be comforted. We were rich in love and peace and were being as good as it is possible for human beings to live, but he would mourn in spite of everything for his transgressions, any transgression he could remember. He was the most unforgiving man of himself I ever knew.

In this connection I remember the first theological ruction we had after our marriage. He had harked up one of his former sins and was making himself miserable about it. I tried every way to smooth over his transgression, in vain. Finally I lost patience and called his attention to the generous forgiving Gospel he preached to other sinners. Did he believe he preached the truth? Certainly he did, was his reply.

"Well then," I retorted, "why should you malign the goodness of God by imagining you yourself are not forgiven according to the same Gospel?"

This was one of the many clinches we had over these Beatitudes. He said that a man's conscience must be his guide in such matters. He reserved the right to repent of his own sins! He went on to imply that I might be morally obtuse. This was the straw that broke my camel's back. I retorted that I was tired, and I supposed the Lord was tired of the vain repetition of his repentance over some little dead and forgotten transgression. I thought such conduct was morally debilitating. From this we had hot words, and I flung myself upon the bed and wept bitterly.

My belief is that I had some glimmerings even as far back as that of the true meaning of these particular Scriptures. I know now that they are emergency remedies for the soul and not designed to create a perpetual state of mind. The effort to practice them all the time will victimize any man in his relations to his fellow men. I feel better most of the time, but now and then I have known what it is to be poor in spirit before the Lord on the occasion of some defalcation in virtue or patience or courage; but it is not my idea to tell anyone else about it. I do my mourning and hurry on as quickly as possible to the more cheerful part of this Beatitude which says "for they shall be comforted," feeling that I do myself credit by taking the Lord at His word as soon as possible. I have practiced swiftness in acts of faith and found it profitable. If the Bible means anything at all, you have a right to believe it. That is the test of the truth of the Scriptures—believe them, and if they do not come true you have the right to deny them. I have never had the chance to deny a single one, though of course I have lacked the spiritual capacity to try out the whole thing.

But there is that one which says "Blessed are the meek"—meaning teachable—"for they shall inherit the earth." It is not my nature to be teachable, but I have been in such tight quarters all my life that I have been obliged to learn a great deal with meekness. And it is a fact, I have inherited more of the earth than I deserve. To be strictly honest, I have never hungered and thirsted after righteousness to the point of egotism characteristic of some saints. I always had a feeling of modest limitations along this line; but now that I think back to those first years of my married life, it seems to me anguishing and pitiful the way I strove to be good. It was so terribly necessary if I was to keep up with Lundy.

The motive was a trifle crooked, as you will see; but the Lord honored it as He did that woman's faith who had the issue of blood, which was an unintelligent faith. For as I look back now it seems to me that I was pretty well filled with righteousness then according to the other end of that Beatitude. With me, being merciful is not a virtue. It comes too easy for me to have deserved much in return, like some kind of happy weakness of character. Still, I have finally been overwhelmed with mercies. I feel sometimes that I might have used them to a better advantage further back in the years when my needs were very great. But the point I make is that this Scripture was fulfilled. I have even been pure enough in heart at rare intervals to see God. But not often when I was up and shining. Usually it would be when I was passing through some valley of the shadow of great grief. After the pain is over I have always been able to look back and know that sorrows are much more purifying and elevating to the mind than joys.

But when it comes to that verse which says "Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God," it has depended upon the circumstances whether I came out of the scrimmage like such a child. I have known myself to forgo the blessing and refuse to make a peace that left me in the lurch. In that case I hunted up some such Scripture as an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth, and took what satisfaction I could get from that. Never yet have I parted with an eye or a tooth, or turned the other cheek except to my Lord, Who is the only One Who has the right to smite me.

These, of course, are my favorable experiences with the truth of the Bible. I have suffered a-plenty from the unfavorable passages, such as, "Judge not. . . . For with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged." I have had this experience a thousand times. Someone who knows me, or a stranger of whom I have never heard, rises up and passes judgment upon me as if it was a harsh and sacred duty he performed—without ever suspecting, I suppose, that he is measuring to me again unfair and superficial criticisms I have passed on other people. They do have somewhat the advantage in this business, because there are so many more of them than there is of me, and one person cannot spare the time to pass as many adverse judgments as one author endures. Even at that, I fare very well on account of getting so many more favorable judgments than I deserve from the same sources.

What I am trying to prove is this: The Word of God is a prophecy of us in all of our manifestations and it records the laws of life and conduct from which no man can escape. Whether he is a good one or a bad one, he will find his portrait drawn there and a complete prophecy of what his fate will be. It never fails; it always comes true, for the atheist, agnostic or spiritualistic sorcerer no less than for the saint.

Just look yourself up in that Book, and if you know how, you will find yourself predicted and recorded in it down to the very nose of your nature. Set down a list of your virtues and look up the rewards promised in return for these virtues, and you will know for certain what your dividends in living will be if you hold onto your assets. Make a list of your vices and weaknesses. Then, if you have the courage, look up the consequences which follow them as recorded in this Book and you will know long before judgment day what will happen to you even in this present world. "For all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

Even if one does not feel the keen edge of the blade in his breast, he is cut down one way or the other, and knows it, whether anyone else suspects it or not. He may be a rich man and a philanthropist, and he may get a great send-off, with a splendid funeral and a mausoleum set over his grave; but if his fortune was built upon widows' mites and the bread taken from the poor, if he swindled and cheated, if he practiced usury, he went down to his dust a very poor man, and knows it. Because the Word is written in him, and only copied in the Bible.

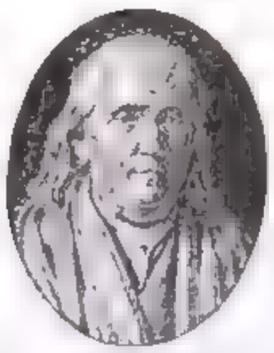
The Baptists are not so far wrong about their notions of predestination and election, though far be it from me to travel my days encompassed about by their doctrines. That would be too nerve racking to the mortal mind. Give me a creed with more elbow room in it for my transient transgressions and more encouragement for believing I have a chance to save my own soul by growing my own virtues according to the Word, which I could not have if I got the notion that I was damned or elected from the foundation of the world.

The place where the makers of these sterner

(Continued on Page 102)

Never Did a Woman Praise Her Husband More Fervently Than I Did for the Next Few Minutes

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U.S.A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

Five Cents the Copy From All Newsdealers. By Subscription: To the United States and Possessions, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Spain and Uruguay, $2.00 the Year. Remit by U. S. Money Order, Express Money Order, Check or by Draft, payable in U. S. Funds.

To Canada—By Subscription, $2.60 the Year. Single Copies, Five Cents—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

To Newfoundland (with Labrador) and other Foreign Countries, exclusive of those mentioned above, by subscription, post paid, $4.00 the Year. Remittances to be by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 29, 1925

Holiday Missionary Work

THE capitals of Europe are now swarming with Americans. A business man strolling along the Boulevard des Italiens or the Corso or Piccadilly is likely to encounter just as many friends as he would on Michigan Boulevard or Fifth Avenue. As Punch points out, even the deaf may distinguish them by their horn-rimmed spectacles. These tired business men have not been long enough away from home to lose the American viewpoint; and so the country may well look to them to undo some of the mischief that has been wrought by the irresponsible talk of expatriates who, often from social or business motives, or from mere willingness to be agreeable at the expense of the truth, have fostered the belief that there is a ten-to-one American sentiment in favor of war-debt cancellation instead of a twenty-to-one sentiment against it, which is much nearer the truth.

Mr. John W. O'Leary, president of the United States Chamber of Commerce, struck the right note when he stood up before an international gathering at Brussels and repudiated the charge that the United States is mercenary and seeks to profit by the misfortunes of Europe. He was right when he told his hearers that the world situation can be relieved not by the avoidance of debts but by their payment. He echoed the sentiments of ninety per cent of the business men of America when he declared that the success of the United States is bound up with the success of the rest of the world and that the first step toward international confidence, on which European restoration must rest, lies in the assurance of all nations that they will meet their financial obligations.

Discussions of war debts will vary in tone according to the country in which they are held. Great Britain funded her obligation to us on terms satisfactory to both nations. She exercised her priceless Anglo-Saxon privilege of grousing during the whole period of the negotiations; but she promised to pay and she is paying. Not only that, but her bankers, despite all the resistance of the pull-backs and of the many powerful and respectable advocates of a managed currency, lately accomplished the mighty feat of bringing the pound sterling back to par. As a result Britain can get whatever credit in America she may need. She can have it when she wants it, as she wants it and at a reasonable rate. Most Americans regard with undisguised respect the achievements which brought about this condition of affairs. Many influential Frenchmen, on the other hand, deny all credit to British integrity and will assure their oversea friends that the funding of the Anglo-American war debt was Britain's daring master stroke of high diplomacy; that it sprang solely from a conviction that American good will might thus be purchased and that it would be worth more than it would cost. The only logical reply to such cynicism is to hope that we may be the objects of half a dozen similar master strokes from other quarters. We are prepared to give receipts for all payments on account, no questions asked, no X rays turned on payers' motives. We shall reverse the old saying and take the deed for the will.

Property Annoyance

NOW that after persistent effort a real beginning has been made in an approach toward comity and uniformity of state inheritance-tax laws there should be a start toward simplifying the statutes that govern property devolution. From long experience the state has learned to throw many safeguards around the process of passing property from decedents to heirs. But the system is hard and unyielding; the injustices which result are very nearly as bad as those that spring from the inheritance-tax laws, and are much more universal.

There are cases where estates take a year or more to pass through the courts. Such delay is often excused on the ground that it gives creditors a chance to put in their claims. In actual practice most such claims are presented in the first few weeks, rarely after two or three months have passed.

One of the worst features of property devolution is the rigid sovereign self-sufficiency of the states. Too often each state claims separate jurisdiction, and will not recognize the proceedings gone through outside its borders. One would suppose that appropriate formalities in the state of domicile would be enough to protect the widow and orphan, but apparently not. Ancillary proceedings take time and pile up expense. Even if the states are unwilling to relinquish jurisdiction, a reasonable uniformity in the statutes would simplify the whole process.

With our government of states we cannot expect and do not desire complete uniformity of legal systems. But the customs and folk ways of people in the different states cannot possibly vary as much as their laws. Though the historic roots may have been unlike, there cannot be today any such differences in social needs that the law in certain states should leave all of certain classes of property of an intestate decedent to the widow, and in other states only one-third of the personalty and a half life interest in the real property.

Such discrepancies are clearly the result of precedent rather than of need. As a result there are too many chinks and gaps, too many dark corners in the laws, with consequent delays, quibbling and small, if not great, injustices.

Courage or Foolishness

ALTHOUGH entire libraries have been written about investors as such, we have no really scientific knowledge of the classes into which they fall. Yet anyone who has given the subject the slightest thought recognizes in a rough but substantially accurate fashion a few well-defined types. There is the conservative investor, as greedy for gain as anyone else, but quite too cautious to take a chance. There is the bold, enterprising man who enjoys a dash into new endeavors. There are those who venture with a relish, albeit many good citizens who do not belong there are forced into this group by an unwise community pressure. Only two kinds of men really belong in this group—those who can afford to lose without being handicapped in the race of life and those who because of special knowledge have satisfied themselves after careful investigation that the element of risk is not so real or large as it appears to persons who have not the requisite information. If one can both afford to lose and has also satisfied himself that the probabilities are against loss, he is an ideal member of the venturesome group of investors.

But career after career has been checked by the necessity of having fresh financial starts. Men frequently lose their all and start over again. Meet a young man who casually remarks that he has knocked around a bit, and the chances are at least one out of three that he means he has dissipated in an unwise business investment the five or ten thousand dollars he inherited from his grandmother or aunt. The courage to begin life over again is admirable, but the foolhardiness which made it necessary is not.

The despair of the honest broker or banker is the person who asks for eight or ten or twelve per cent income and perfect safety. The only sensible attitude is a negative one—that is, not to expect big results. If you don't expect big returns, you won't go after them unless you can afford to lose. Then if they do chance to drop into your lap you are that much to the good.

Except where sheer chance operates, the laws of money work against those who are struggling for a foothold. The capitalist invests ten thousand dollars here and there; he loses one or two investments and gains enormously on another. The younger man with a wife and baby and sixty dollars a week is foolhardy to attempt such a game. These are natural laws which cannot be repealed. But the sixty-dollar-a-week chap may gradually build a foundation of safe investments. His time for higher flights will come. No aviator flies without a field to start from as well as one to land upon. Don't go after big returns unless there is a reserve to begin with and to fall back upon.

Fluent and Copious Speech

THE conviction that "there were giants in the earth in those days" goes back at least as far as the sixth chapter of Genesis, perhaps to Eden, and it will persist until Gabriel blows. Like romance, the heroic always has just been carried off on its shield. Already the class of '25 is grumbling, no doubt, at the scurvy fate that brought them on the scene just too late for such an epic as the World War. So soon does Time get out his gilding pots.

The Congress of the United States is the shining mark of this folk myth. The Sixty-ninth Congress, like all its predecessors of this generation, may expect the customary head-shaking over the persistent deterioration of its personnel and the usual harkings back to the days of Webster, Clay, Calhoun and Douglas. There is just enough truth in this comparison to make it plausible. Unquestionably, in this relatively complex industrial age, business, science and the arts are attracting brains that would have gone in for a political career in a day when opportunity was more restricted and a tripping eight-day tongue was esteemed the gods' special benediction; a day when an audience hung upon the last interminable period of the sounding Seward and felt cheated with Lincoln's magnificent brevity.

There is plenty of mediocrity in the present Congress, and sufficient mendacity, no doubt; but so has there been in all. Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, who sat thirty years in the Senate and two in the House, said of the Twentieth Congress:

"The list of members presents an immense array of talent; and in its long succession of respectable names many will be noted as having obtained national reputations, others destined to attain that distinction, while many more in the first class of useful and respectable members remained without renown for want of that faculty which Nature seems most capriciously to have scattered among the children of men—the faculty of fluent and copious speech; giving it to some of great judgment, denying it to others of equal or still greater judgment, and lavishing it upon some of no judgment at all. The national eyes are fixed upon the first of these classes, the men of judgment and copious speech; and even those in the third class obtain national notoriety; while the men in the second class, those of judgment and few words, are extremely valued and respected in the bodies to which they belong."

Oratory being sensitive, like commodities, to the law of supply and demand, there are fewer coloraturas in Congress now than there were in the Twentieth Congress, but there still are men of judgment and few words in Washington; and if silvery tongues do not command the old premium, there are compensations.

ONE MAN'S LIFE

By HERBERT QUICK

ILLUSTRATED BY HERBERT JOHNSON

ONE of the really scholarly and profound lawyers then practicing in Mason City was Mr. John Cliggitt, who had been the partner of Capt. George R. Miller in his lifetime. Captain Miller was the father of my good friends, Tom B. and Reverdy J. Miller, and I suppose they spoke a good word for me to Mr. Cliggitt, as did my dear friend, Duncan Rule, then clerk of the courts, who had studied under Mr. Cliggitt and was merely awaiting the expiration of his term of office to assume a partnership in the firm of Cliggitt & Rule. So when I went to Mr. Cliggitt to ask the favor of a place in his office and the benefit of his guidance in my studies, I found him ready to receive me.

He was a remarkable man. When I went into his office for my first interview he was sitting at a desk half covered with books, in a hard, straight-backed chair, with its legs drawn forward so that it stood on its two hind feet. This was his characteristic attitude when studying. He had a theory, as I discovered, that a man engaged in legal investigation should not be too comfortable in his chair. He was what we used to call a textbook lawyer; that is, he placed great value on commentaries and legal principles as against reports of actual decisions. Therefore he had the best textbook library in that part of the state.

"There are two points of view," said he, looking me over seriously with his large brown eyes, "as to the best course of study for a man trying to learn the law. One is the old-fashioned system of studying the commentaries on the law written by the great legal lights of the profession, and mastering its basic principles. The other is to emphasize the cases which have been decided by men who as a rule don't average as great legal lights, but happen to sit on the benches of our courts of last resort. Some of our law schools are adopting the case-law course of study. I do not believe in it. Therefore I think you had better begin, as I did, with Blackstone. After you have gone through that, we'll see."

John Cliggitt took his law mighty seriously. I must have been a source of some annoyance to him, for my tendency was to make a joke of everything. He had his sense of humor; but when I looked over the titles of his textbooks and laughed at such titles as Ram on Facts and Rorer on Railroads, he did not respond. Who was I to make a jest of such things?

Captain Miller, his former partner, had been for a long time an invalid, and had brought into the office a great easy-chair. One day Mr. Cliggitt came in and found me comfortably ensconced in this chair, reading Blackstone. He gently suggested that such sybaritism was antagonistic to the stern pursuit of the basic principles of the law.

"The law," he said, "is a jealous mistress. And when you're studying it such things as easy-chairs and sofas tend to a mental torpor."

I therefore avoided the easy-chair when John was present. He caught me in it several times, however, in spite of my vigilance; and one day I came in and found that this rival of the jealous mistress had been removed. All the chairs left were such as to banish mental torpor or to merge it in physical numbness. Our office, you see, was a workshop, and not a modern legal salon of padded chairs and sofas.

I read Kent's Commentaries after going through Blackstone. This was to give me a view of American law written much in the Blackstonian manner. I think it was Chitty who said that Blackstone made the law easy. As I waded through the law of real property in Blackstone, and tried to understand executory devises, vested and contingent remainders and shifting and springing uses, I wondered what it could have been before his time. Blackstone, to be sure, had certain difficult things to express; but his style of expression is one which lays great burdens on his readers. He moved onward from phrase to phrase, from clause to clause and from proposition to proposition, relying on the memorized mastery of each before the next was attacked, hinging each momentous conclusion on the preceding ones, seemingly quite careless as to whether his victims turned over the page enlightened or completely befogged. I had thought until recently that no modern writer had ever attained the power of mystification possessed by Blackstone, especially in his treatment of the law of real property as it stood in England in his day. But I have now found his equal. It is the man who wrote the instructions sent out with the income-tax blanks for the Bureau of Internal Revenue of the Treasury Department for 1925.

(Continued on Page 76)

"Your Honor," Said Mr. Todd, Dropping His Voice in Horror, "This is an Outrage! This Man Thinks We Out Here in Falls Township are Fools"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Name, Please

I READ in the papers that someone has run
From New York to the Coast; did he do it for fun?
Had the weather upset him?
No! Someone had bet him
Ten thousand dollars it couldn't be done.

Now little I care if he could or he couldn't;
I think of no forcible reason he shouldn't
Keep running forever;
I wonder, however,
Who is the fellow who wagered he wouldn't?

Some, to win wagers, will jump into nets
From skyscraper summits, or turn somersets
A week without resting;
(And now I'm requesting
The name of the goofer who covers the bets.)

Some o'er the continent push baby carriages,
Others in parachutes celebrate marriages—
But who is the friend
Who takes the short end?
Tell him I'll buy him a dinner at Claridge's.

I don't want to do any stunts, be it known,
But I think that that nit-witted sportsman alone
Might be cajoled
Into buying some old
But perfectly beautiful oil stock I own.

—Morris Bishop.

DRAWN BY WYNCIE KING

How the Next Murderer Could Pay His Lawyer's Fee

Cheap at the Price

"THIS is the finest vacation I've had in years," said Grover Cleveland Smith, president of the First, Second and Third National Bank of Jonesville, as he drew a check in favor of a dude ranch in Wyoming. "My wife's been roughing it out West now for a month and it certainly has done me lots of good. I used to think all these popular summer resorts and camps were high; but considering what I've got out of it this summer, they're really cheap.

"My two daughters are at a horseback camp in the Adirondacks. It's cost me about fifteen hundred dollars for the pair, not counting the arnica and witch-hazel. One of the boys is taking a cruise in the Pacific to complete his education and the other one is in Europe to begin his. My wife's mother, who makes her home with us for most of the year, is fishing for muskies in Canada. She's eighty-seven years old and can read my signature on a check without glasses.

"So I've had a nice restful summer here in Jonesville, and it has been mighty cheap. It hasn't cost me much over a hundred dollars a day, in addition to the family's transportation."

—McCready Huston.

Rimes for Mary

I—THE WOGGA

A BIG ole Wogga with splodgy paws
Is nice to have in the house, because
It barks and even at times will bite
If burglars come in the house at night.

II—THE GIANT WHIFFENSPOOF

The tea cart is a Whiffenspoof,
A big old Giant Whiffenspoof,
That rolls on rubber tires along the mat,
And what's a Whiffenspoof?—Oh, dear,
The tea cart's one; I made that clear,
And it's a GIANT Whiffenspoof, at that!

(Continued on Page 58)

DRAWN BY DONALD MCKEE

The Redcarrier's Elopement

DRAWN BY PAUL ARNOLD

Alone at Last

ONE TASTE—
AND THIS IS THE TOMATO SOUP YOU WILL ALWAYS HAVE!

It cannot be described, but it *can* be tasted. You will know at the very first sip that you have tasted tomato soup exactly as you want and like it. And after your first plateful, tomato soup will always mean to you a certain delicious flavor that you have never tasted except in Campbell's.

This is only a natural result when you consider the study, the care, the experience, the resources that have been used by Campbell's in producing "the world's most famous soup."

Every spoonful reveals Perfection!

Cream of Tomato

Heat the contents of can of Campbell's Tomato Soup to the boiling point in a saucepan after adding a pinch of baking soda. Then heat SEPARATELY an equal quantity of milk or cream. Stir the hot soup INTO the hot milk or cream but do not boil. Serve immediately

21 kinds 12 cents a can

RIVERS TO CROSS

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

XXVI

NIGEL PRAED—NigelPraed! Oh, man, can't you bring yourself to come to?"

So earnest was the appeal that, even against an inclination to lapse into oblivion, I made an effort to revive myself. The best I could manage was a futile movement of the hands which got me nowhere.

"Come now, that's fine," said the voice. "Half a minute."

A deliciously cool trickle of water ran through my hair and down my spine. It awakened the deadened nerve centers and broke the spell of unconsciousness. Very painfully I opened my eyes. There was a candle in the room, and by its light I saw Nancy Vansiter. She was kneeling on the floor beside the rough couch upon which I lay. Before me an uncurtained window showed a square of star-mottled sky. The room, save for a rough table, the couch and the stool, was innocent of furniture. The air had about it the rare flavor of mountains. It was thin, crisp, electrical. For a long while I lay blinking stupidly before convincing myself I was really awake. At last I struggled to an elbow and stared at Nancy.

"It is me. I'm real enough," she said, "and so are you."

I asked for some water and she held the jug to my mouth. My throat burned like a furnace and there was a throbbing at the back of my head that hurt damnably.

"You'll be all right in a minute," she said.

"Yes," I nodded; "but what are you doing here?"

She shook her head hopelessly and replied, "Do you think you could stand?"

"Have a try."

It needed all my determination and a good deal of help from Nancy to get me across the room. As the door opened a rush of wind blew into our faces. The fumes of the drug cleared from my head as though by magic.

"Look," said Nancy, "does this mean anything to you?"

I followed the direction of her gesture and gasped. We were standing on a shelf of rock high up on a mountainside. Melting away beneath us were hills, pleated valleys, and beyond all the half circle of the Atlantic. Where land and sea met, a tiny pencil of light shone and vanished at regular intervals.

"That's the revolving harbor light," said I.

"Yes, but where are we?"

Rising precipitously behind us, a tall rugged peak was silhouetted against the night sky.

"Wait a bit."

I took a step forward, but Nancy checked me.

"Don't! The ground is all loose—cinders or something. It falls sheer. I've looked. There's no way down."

"There must be; we got up."

She pointed at the precipice.

"Down there on a rope—let down from above."

With sudden suspicion I asked, "How do you know?"

"It's the way I came—and the way you must have, Nigel Praed. It's an easy climb up the peak on the far side."

"Nancy, what are you here for?"

"I was hoping you'd elucidate that problem."

"But you ought to be on board the Mariana."

"You've said it!"

I Made an Effort to Revive Myself. The Best I Could Manage Was a Futile Movement of the Hands Which Got Me Nowhere. "Come Now, That's Fine," Said the Voice. "Half a Minute"

The moon was dipping into the sea. Something in the sight startled me. I had seen the moon set the night of the ball at Government House at about 1:30 A.M. This night it would be a little later. I judged it was about seven o'clock when the tea had been brought to me in the old Palazzo. Surely it was impossible that I should have been conveyed all this distance in the few hours between then and now.

"What's the day of the week?" I asked.

"Thursday."

"Then I've been drugged and insensible for thirty-odd hours."

"You've been here since nine tonight," she said. "I heard them bring you in, but I was locked in the other room. If I hadn't gone kind of wild and tried the handle after they'd gone I might never have known you'd arrived."

"Then when did you come?"

"There wasn't much coming about it. I was fetched in a sack like a bag of beans."

"Are you serious?"

"I'll say I am!"

"Have you had anything to eat?"

"Chocolate and plenty of water."

The word "chocolate" revived a sudden memory of the newspaper which had been dropped through the grating of my cell.

"I've got it!" I exclaimed. "We're in the Rest House on the peak of Amontado."

The effect of my words was startling. Nancy stood away from me with blazing eyes.

"So you do know," she cried, "and pretending not to was part of the game!"

"The game?" I repeated.

"Sure, Nigel Praed. I suppose being drugged was a fake too, eh?—a sympathy getter."

"What are you talking about, Nancy?"

"Guess you can cut that Nancy stuff right out. If you wanted to keep this little trip so quiet, it's a pity you got talking to that newspaper reporter before starting out. I thought you were a white man and I thought you were in love with Philida Prothero. Looks like you stand in a fair way to getting pushed off that cliff, my friend."

The charge was so entirely unexpected that I could find no words to refute it. Nancy Vansiter went on with unabated fury:

"I'll say this is the crudest piece of kidnaping ever heard of! What's the notion? Did you fancy I'd imagine I'd been snatched by brigands and that you were going to play Providence after pretending to be a prisoner yourself? Did you figure my intelligence was too mean to see through a plot like that? Nigel Praed, you're going to hear some things about yourself, and after that we'll see what the American consul has to say about it."

"Nancy," I said, "since the night of the ball at Government House I've been shut up in a cellar of the old Palazzo. There I was drugged before I was brought here."

"It sounds likely, doesn't it?" she retorted. "Just the sort of thing that might happen."

I said nothing, and in the silence that followed I think she regretted the bitterness of her tone. When next she spoke her words had lost their edge.

"Maybe I'm doing you an injustice, but if I wasn't fetched here to your order, what am I here for anyway?"

I rubbed my forehead hopelessly.

"I don't know. I don't even know why you are still on the island."

"That part is simple. I changed my mind at the eleventh hour—sent down to the ship for a suitcase and booked a room at the Esterella. I'd a hunch this place might prove interesting." She threw up her head with a hard laugh. "It certainly has."

"Yes," I began, "but how ——"

"—— did this quandary arise? Out of the blue. I was taking a walk on the slopes back of the town. Someone told me it was the thing to do round about the sunset hour." Once again she laughed. "I'll tell the world it isn't!"

"What happened?"

"Why, you know those rush-covered two-wheelers." I nodded. "One of those comes along, stops, and out jumps a couple of drug-store cowboys with a sack for poor Nancy. You can't put up much of a show with a sack all round you. After that we drove for hours. Then I was transferred, sack and all, to the back of a mule. I'm going to say I got tired of breathing through hemp."

"The swine!" said I. "The utter swine!"

Nancy Vansiter made a despairing gesture.

"But what's at the back of it, Nigel Praed? What do they hope for, wrapping up an American citizen in a sack and dropping her down a mountainside?" I said nothing. "And what's the answer? You're a man of ideas."

"Nancy," I said, "you remember the affair at Government House in which you took part?"

"That Brazilian woman?"

"Yes."

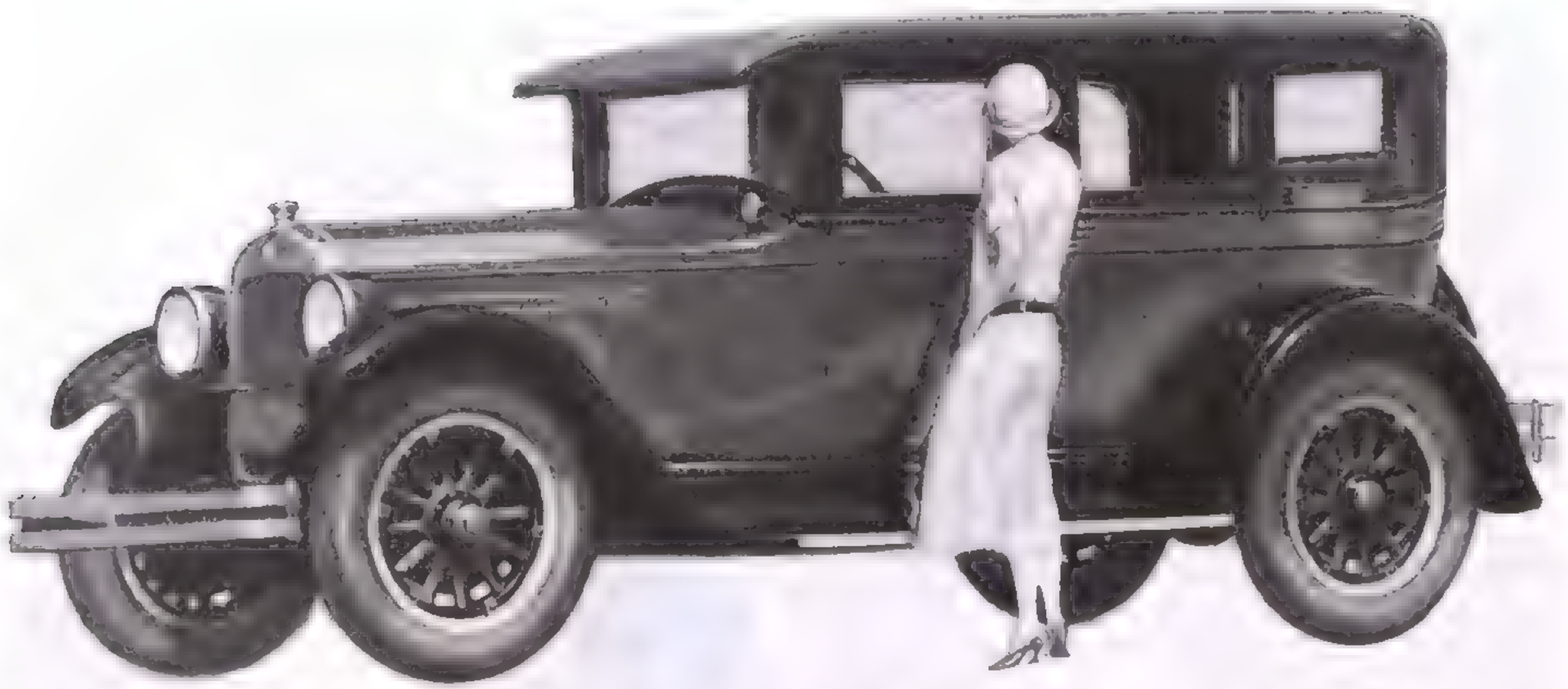
"Sure! It's not so long ago."

"Thanks to you, the plot went wrong."

"I see a streak of light," said Nancy slowly. "You think this may be a second shot at the same mark?"

"They have no reason to be grateful to you, Nancy."

(Continued on Page 28)



Why Hupmobile Leads All the Straight Eights

HERE, OWNERS themselves
TELL YOU why, in
THEIR OPINIONS, the
HUPMOBILE quickly became
THE LARGEST-selling
STRAIGHT EIGHT in
THE WORLD.

MR. A—DROVE an Eight
BETWEEN THE city
AND HIS home
IN THE country
(24 MILES through traffic
AND OVER the hills)
EVERY DAY for three weeks.

THEN HE wrote
THE LETTER from which
THIS IS quoted:—

"Your eight is a performing marvel * * * * * * in pick-up, I can jerk the hat off a passenger's head if he isn't watching my getaway."

A FEW days later
THE SAME man said:—

"My driving range is 40 to 55 miles an hour. That's where I want sweetness. I can't stand a motor that sounds too busy or works too hard at those speeds. The Hupmobile Eight is smoother at 55 than any other car I know at 15."

* * *

IT WAS the president
OF A prominent Cleveland
COMPANY TALKING—
A MAN who can afford
ANY CAR he wants.

"Yesterday I turned my Eight Coupe over to my wife," he said. "It was her first experience with it. Last night she said, 'I never want to drive a big, heavy car again. I never knew before how delightful it is to handle a car of the easy control, the silent power and the easy riding of the Hupmobile.'"

"Her report was flattering to my good judgment; but my daughter's reaction didn't cheer me quite so much. 'Father,' she said, 'I want just one thing for my birthday—a Hupmobile Eight just like yours—a new one.'"

* * *

SOME FOLKS like one thing
IN A car; some another.
C—LIKES safety.
HE'S A cautious driver.
AND NOW he has
A NEW hobby.
HIS FRIEND Brauns
TOLD ABOUT it.

"Have you ridden with Vic since he got his Hupmobile Eight?" he asked. "The man's crazy on brakes. His favorite trick now is to dash up behind a truck at 30 miles an hour and put on his brakes when he's five or six feet from a crash. He put my nose against the windshield twice yesterday. Never apologizes. Does it because he's so happy over your hydraulic brakes."

YOU MIGHT think C—
CARRIES HIS enthusiasm
TO EXTREMES; but
OF COURSE we do build
HUPMOBILE EIGHT brakes
TO GIVE just that confidence.

* * *

GEORGE E—is a
HOBBYIST ON comfort.
HE LOVES to tour.
IN FACT,
WHENEVER HE needs a rest,
HE GOES on a jaunt
OF SEVERAL hundred miles
ALL BY himself,
OR PERHAPS with
A CRONY who likes
FISHING OR golf.
LAST WINTER he drove
ALL THROUGH the South
IN A $4,000 car.

"The Hupmobile Eight is a wonder," he told a friend recently.

"It's the car I've been looking for since 1910. My next long tour will be made in my Hupp. Easiest riding car I ever was in."

* * *

WE HAVE always tried
TO MAKE the Hupmobile
A VALUED friend
OF ITS owners.
AND HAVE succeeded
PRETTY WELL.
IN FACT,
THAT'S THE thing
OF WHICH we're proudest
IN HUPMOBILE'S success.

BUT IT is the Eight
THAT AWAKENS the
REAL AFFECTION which
COMES TO so few cars.

YOU, TOO, without
A DOUBT, will feel
A FRIENDLY glow toward
HUPMOBILE AFTER your
FIRST RIDE in an Eight.

* * *

The names and addresses of the owners quoted above will be sent to anyone upon request to the Hupp Motor Car Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

* * *

Sedan, Now $2195; Coupe, Two or Four-Passenger, Now $2095. Touring Car, Now $1795; Roadster, Now $1795; Dickey-Seat Roadster, Now $1895. F. O. B Detroit, tax to be added.

GET ACQUAINTED WITH
YOUR HUPMOBILE DEALER
HE IS A GOOD MAN TO KNOW

HUPMOBILE EIGHT

(Continued from Page 26)

"You think we're going to be rescued—found here together, Nigel Praed, like a pair of runaways?"

Her solution of the problem was too probable to deny.

She was silent a moment, thoughtfully biting her lower lip and every now and then looking at me with a queer new awkwardness. At last—"That man Boas—he's fond of Philida, eh?"

I jerked my head in assent.

"And this is to put you wrong with her?"

"Among other things."

"He's an elaborate thinker, that man, but not over-strong on psychology. Philida's not the sort to believe ——"

"No," said I, "but ——"

"Just so—others would. Especially as ——"

"Well?"

"There was talk back there at Ponta Rico. A woman asked me when we were announcing our engagement."

"Oh, yes," I said. "They are thorough enough."

A surge of bitterness swept over me.

"I could have killed that man two nights ago. I had my hands round his throat. I wish to God I'd done it. Nancy, I'll never forgive myself getting you into this mess."

"Oh, shucks!" said she. "Where's your responsibility?"

My responsibility was plain enough—dazzlingly plain. In a very short time Nancy and I would be found together in this place from which there was no escape, and we should tell a story to our rescuers so fantastic and improbable that not one in a thousand would believe it. And after that tongues would wag cheerfully to the tune of a new scandal. I could imagine Mrs. Nunez-Hunter dealing with that part of the business. Nancy's reputation would be a tattered thing when she had finished handling it:

"My dear, she came over from the Continent especially to be with him. It's so obvious. Oh, dear, yes! And they were together at Hardelot."

Nor would it end there. The mud they threw would stick. By leaving the island Nancy would not escape it. It would follow her round and precede her wherever she might go. Cynics declare that since the war reputations are unfashionable. A few nights before, I had seen Nancy Vansiter nod at the stars and I knew very well that there were stars in the clean open spaces of her mind.

She was sitting now with her face in cupped hands, a serious expression on her mouth and her brows down. Becoming aware that I was watching her, she forced a laugh and spontaneously put a hand into one of mine.

"Say, don't look so glum," she pleaded. "The blame's on me. I ought to have caught the ship. They have got us where they want us, but the hand isn't played out yet. And anyway, what's it matter?"

She was facing it with the bravery I knew she possessed, but underneath the disregarding air was a clear enough picture of what to expect.

"Look here, Nancy ——" I began.

But with a gesture almost angry she stopped me.

"Say nothing, please. I know quite well what's at the back of your mind and I want it to stay there. There's no call to worry about me. You've plenty to do looking after the girl you're in love with without wearing knight's armor on my account."

"You don't understand," I said. "These people will work this business to the very utmost."

"I guess I understand well enough," she answered in a voice that was warm as sunshine. "And I like you for what you were thinking a minute back. You belong to the rescue class, Nigel Praed, and I wouldn't have you different. But don't you see?—you can't have a fight of this size without casualties."

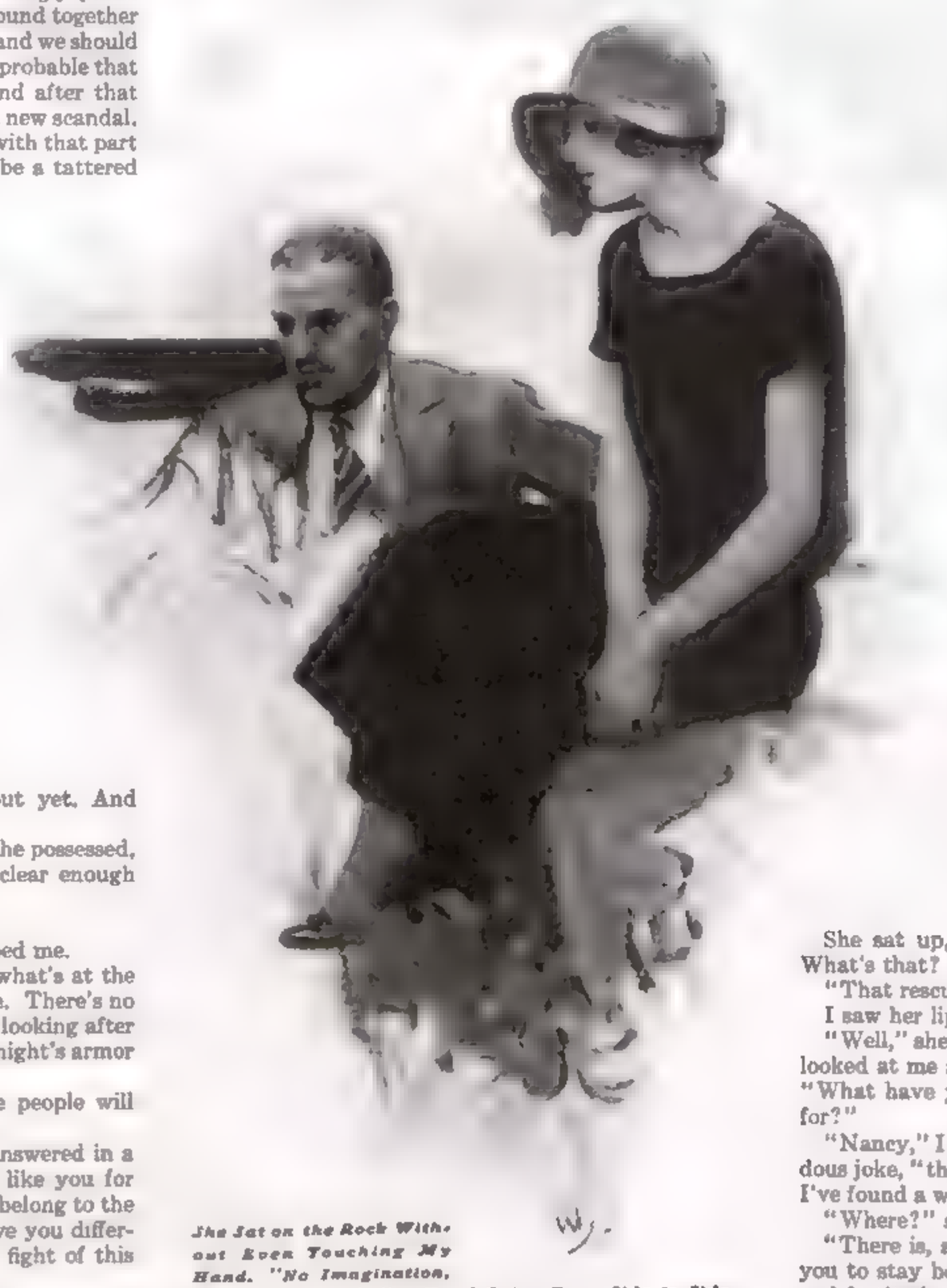
"Nancy," I said, "I suppose you're the best sportsman that ever breathed mountain air, but ——"

"—— but the rest is understood," she interrupted. "Good night." With a wave of the hand she left me and went into the house.

XXVII

WITH the setting of the moon the night had become very dark. I waited until dawn before prospecting the curved shelf of rock upon which we had been lowered. In length it was perhaps a hundred yards; in width, no more than twenty. Above towered the peak of Amontado, sheer, save where here and there the rock had split into seams filled with dusty pumice which crumbled in the hand like flour. It was down the largest of these Nancy and I had been lowered. A broken rope dangled about twenty feet above my head, which doubtless had been put there on instructions from Boas. He had an affection for artistic details. It was obvious our descent would have to be explained. If one could reach that rope a way of escape was open, but the soft drifting pumice provided no sort of foothold. It fell and fell and fell.

After a dozen efforts I gave up trying and turned my attention to the cliff below, walking along the edge from one end to the other and inspecting every inch of the way. The eastern extremity offered a fine view of the mountain, sloping into a valley that was still veiled in mists. A rough track swept up from the valley and vanished out of sight behind the overhang of the cliff. From this point there was no way of escape. The most experienced climber could have made nothing of that rock face either up or down. I returned to the western extremity. Here the ground was crumbly and weak, and not caring to trust my standing weight, I lay down and peered over the edge. There was a fall of about twelve feet, then a tilt outward at an acute angle against the main face of the precipice.

The tilt was not more than a few feet wide. Viewed from above, it looked like a vertical line chalked upon a wall. The surface appeared to consist of finely ground pumice and mountain dust, smoothed by winds. For perhaps three hundred feet it sloped, fanning out at the base, like sand in an hourglass, upon a barren slant of rock that was once a lava stream. Presumably this odd formation had been caused by a cleavage in the rock, when the shelf upon which the Rest House stood had broken away from the mountainside as the result of a volcanic upheaval.

She Sat on the Rock Without Even Touching My Hand. "No Imagination, Nigel," She Said, Her Head Going From Side to Side

Regarded as a possible avenue of escape, one could hardly conceive one less calculated to encourage hopes of success. Assuming one managed to reach the head of the slide, the chances were a hundred to one against keeping a center line and avoiding being shot over the edge. Nor was that the only danger. So acute was the angle that a heavy body attempting to toboggan down it would incur such terrific friction as surely to set itself on fire. I once knew a man whose elbows were burned to the bone on an ice slip.

My discovery was interesting but unpromising, and in anything but a desperate predicament I would not have given it a second thought. Looking back, I do not for a moment believe I reasoned out clearly the line of action I meant to take. I was confronted by a choice of two evils and I had to remember that the result of that choice did not affect me alone. Nancy Vansiter had become involved in a trouble that was not of her making and with magnificent pluck had determined to meet it. She meant to grin and be a martyr. She had made up her mind about that and gone to sleep. That was her point of view, and doubtless she was satisfied with it, because in their unshakable deliberations in regard to personal codes and ethics, there is no sacrifice a woman will not gladly make.

But what she had failed to realize was the lengths to which a man will go to extricate himself from accepting sacrifices of such magnitude. In cold analysis, I believe I funked the situation with a whole-hearted lack of moral courage that blinded me for the while to a sense of physical danger. Obstinacy, too, may have had something to do with it, for quite apart from the consequences to Nancy, I could not endure the thought of being worsted in the game—trapped and exposed to ridicule. At any cost I had to have a shot at getting my own back.

My mind was made up. Backing away from the edge, I returned to the Rest House and tiptoed inside. Nancy was still asleep, her head on a crooked arm, a serious smile on her bright young mouth. I had never seen a fresher, cleaner face. It told a tale of a healthy body and a healthy mind—clean all through. A queer superstition put the thought in my head that to touch her as she lay sleeping would be an amulet against danger. Stooping, I kissed a stray curl across her forehead, then moved into the adjoining room.

Picking up a packing case which I had seen there, I carried it as far away from the house as possible. With a little effort I wrenched apart the short planks from which it was made. Two of these I tied to my forearms with strips torn from a large silk handkerchief, two more to the soles of my shoes, with ends projecting beyond the toes to act as brakes. I used my laces to make them fast. Another couple I fastened over my thighs as a protection for the knees. The lid of the box, which was about three feet long, I preserved in its original form. It was a stout lid, strengthened with battens and possessing two rope handles about twenty inches apart.

It was the best I could hope to achieve with the materials at my disposal. Nothing now remained but to make the attempt. Before doing so I moved along the shelf toward the eastern extremity. I moved cautiously, and glad I am I had the foresight to do so. The Rest House and the western end of the shelf were out of sight from the mountain slope, but the eastern end was in full view. Coming up the slope, not more than a mile away, was a party of men and mules. At the distance it was hard to identify anyone with certainty, but from the way the foremost figure walked, I was sure it was Kenedy. Behind him was another whom I took to be Hugh Chalice. Boas I could not see, but I had not expected him. He was too inspired for that.

For another minute I watched them; then, keeping well out of sight, returned to the Rest House.

"Nancy!" I called. "Nancy, they're coming!"

She sat up, rubbing her eyes, and exclaimed, "Yes? What's that? Who's coming?"

"That rescue party."

I saw her lip quiver ever so little.

"Well," she said, "it's no more than we expected." She looked at me and her forehead creased into puzzled lines. "What have you dressed yourself up like a timber yard for?"

"Nancy," I said, speaking fast and as if it were a tremendous joke, "those friends of ours are going to draw a blank. I've found a way out of this difficulty."

"Where?" she demanded. "There isn't one."

"There is, and I'll show it to you in a minute. I want you to stay behind and meet the rescuers with gratitude and fortitude. I'll leave you to manage a yarn as to how you got here, with this suggestion—I don't think the truth would be believed."

"And if they ask after you?"

"Look blank."

"That part's simple, but what's this bunk about a quick way out?"

"Come along and I'll show you."

Her hand fastened on my arm.

"Nigel Praed," she said, "if you're figuring on a piece of mad altruism ——"

"Nothing of the kind. It's easy as pie."

"I'm not trusting you," she warned me, "but lead on."

I pointed to the left.

"As far as you can go."

She led the way suspiciously.

"Down on your hands and knees—crawl and look over."

She obeyed, and wormed her way to the edge. She was not more than a fifth of a second grasping what I meant to do.

"No!" she cried sharply. "No!"

(Continued on Page 30)

Now! Duotone in Duco

A new expression of beauty - -

A FLASH on the highway—a better looking motor car drives by. Your eye is compelled by its beauty. It is one of the Better Buicks.

Finished in Duotone in Duco, the Better Buick delights all eyes. It establishes the new vogue in motor car dress as surely as Buick's new 75 horsepower performance further widens Buick's margin of road supremacy.

And the soft, rich lustre of the Duotone in Duco colors is as permanent as it is striking —a lasting, long-lived finish that resists time and weather.

The Better Buick supersedes all previous standards of appearance, comfort, luxury, usefulness, reliability and performance.

And when you see or drive the Better Buick, you too will agree that *again* Buick has built a better automobile.

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY
Flint ~ *Division of General Motors Corporation* ~ Michigan
Canadian Factories: McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, *Oshawa, Ontario*
Branches in all Principal Cities—Dealers Everywhere
Pioneer Builders of Valve-in-Head Motor Cars

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

in the *Better* BUICK

(Continued from Page 28)

But she was too late. Keeping close to the cliff face, I jumped and landed with a soft thud on the loose powdery soil. There was a fraction of grace before my feet began to slip—an infinitesimal speck of time, but long enough for me to throw my weight forward and tip chest downward on the box lid.

I doubt if one man in a thousand will believe the statement that during that crazy adventure I never felt a particle of fear. I had been frightened enough before I took the leap; but once started, all dread was gone. Indeed, I believe I felt more intensely alive then than ever before.

The going was terrifically fast—faster than I had imagined it could be, mad seconds surcharged and packed with impressions of lightning-quick actions. On the foreground of my mind was a determination to dig in with my left toe and keep myself from shooting into the void that yawned to the right. Nancy told me afterward that three times I was half over the edge, but each time contrived to regain the center of the track. For my own part, I was too occupied and exhilarated to have anything but the vaguest knowledge of what was happening to me.

The surface of the slide was cambered, which increased the risk of a fall by 50 per cent. The brakes I had fitted to my shoes only lasted a second or two. As the laces which held them snapped I felt myself plunge downward like a shot from a gun. The ground rushed up to meet me so fast that my eyes lost all ability to judge the distance. I saw a little rock swell as though by magic to the size of a cottage. It was right in my path and would inevitably break me into pieces. Yet before full apprehension of the danger was upon me I had acted, rolling my body sideways, missing it by half a foot and spinning over and over, this way, that way, somersaulting and at last coming to rest, blinded with dust, the breath knocked out of my body, on a ramp of loose earth at the foot of the slide.

I do not know how long I lay there gasping for that first inspiration of air so agonizing to obtain. I felt I must suffocate if the vacuum in my lungs would not give way. In jerks and spasms breath came back to me and I sat up. I was not a moment too soon, for as I did so I saw a very small Nancy rise to her feet and stand rocking like a diver on the crumbling edge of the precipice.

My first breath bellowed out of me with a cry of, "Get back—back!"

She heard me and sat down very suddenly like a mechanical doll; a hundredweight of loose earth and rubble broke away beneath her feet like a puff of smoke.

It was a bad moment, and sweat was pouring down my face as I struggled to a kneeling position and straightened up. I had come out of the adventure surprisingly well. The wooden skids had fulfilled their task nobly. Not a bone was broken. From head to foot I was in working order. A little shaken, perhaps, a shade the worse for wear; but otherwise good for going. My clothes had suffered a bit and the toes of my shoes had almost vanished; but that, so far as I could tell, was the full inventory of my misfortunes. With a sense of rather amazed gratitude, I lifted an arm and waved to Nancy. She did not return the greeting. Her hands were pressed over her eyes, and even at the distance I could see she was crying. I suppose it was reaction after a trying experience, but I wondered a little that she took it that way

Obviously this was not the moment to work out feminine complexes. My job was to get off the landscape as quickly as possible. I felt a bit queer as I stumbled down the rough hillside to seek the shelter of a forest of gnarled cork trees and pines that clothed the lower slope. Here, safe from observation, I sat down and lit one of the cigarettes given me by my jailers two days before. I had figured out a clear plan of action, but before leaving the vicinity I meant to be sure that Nancy was all right.

She had moved from the precipice edge and was standing by the door of the Rest House, her head leaning against a panel. She stayed so without movement until suddenly aroused by a faint halloo. Looking up, I saw the figures of the rescuers sharp against the pale blue of the morning sky. There were half a dozen figures, but only three came down the seam on a rope—Kenedy, Hugh Chalice and another I recognized instantly as the man Levis who had bid against me at the auction.

Nancy ran to meet them and I saw her making gestures of explanation. Kenedy put a question and Nancy shook her head. Kenedy's attitude was vividly expressive of disappointment. After that Levis detached himself from the group, and moving toward the house looked through both windows. Not satisfied, he went inside and came out a minute or two later. He was clearly in great perplexity of mind. He wandered here and there, casting about for a place in which a man might be concealed.

His head for heights was none too good; the nervous way he peered over the cliff was comic. Evidently he assumed I must have fallen or jumped over, and for a long while he was occupied with the cheerful task of looking for my dead body on the rocks below. Never was a search more thorough. From east to west he crawled, minutely examining every inch of the ground. At the spot from which I had made my jump to the vertical slide, he rose, dusted his knees and shook his head. I was not altogether surprised that he suspected nothing in that direction. A man who is subject to vertigo rarely possesses mountain sense and fails to see the practicability of even simple climbs.

Despairing of finding a solution to the mystery, he returned to the group, puzzled and crestfallen.

I waited until I had seen Nancy hoisted up on the rope, then, under shelter of the trees, struck south in the direction of Ponta Rico.

XXVIII

I MAY claim to possess a freakish memory for maps. Although I had never visited this part of the island, I had spent many hours studying a large ordnance survey of Ponta Rico, and its features were almost as familiar to me as the fingers of my hands.

She Was Standing by the Door of the Rest House, Her Head Leaning Against a Panel

The point I aimed to reach was a junction between a road which skirted the northern slopes of Amontado and a bridle path which ran beneath the precipitous southern side of the mountain.

It was along the north road the rescue party had come and in due course would return. The cut I had taken would bring me to a point in that road a great deal sooner than they could hope to reach it. I argued that in all probability they would have left cars or horses at the spot whence they had started to climb the mountain; but even so, the distance they would have to travel was very much longer than the route I had taken.

I had no intention of waiting for them at the union between the road and the valley. I wanted to reach there first and then push on down the steep rocky ravine through which the road ran to a spot where it was traversed by a valley from the east. Here I proposed to conceal myself until they came into view and then casually walk down to meet them.

There was grave doubt as to whether I should reach the eastern valley in time, but the plan was sound enough to merit a substantial effort being made. If it succeeded, even the most suspicious would find it hard to believe I had spent the night on Amontado. It would finally clear away any impression that Nancy and I had been together

With a chuckle of delight I remembered the paragraph that had been published about me in the newspaper In the circumstances it looked like being of greater service than harm. I had gone prospecting and had chosen as my ground the rough uninhabited eastern area of the island, where a man might wander for weeks and meet no one. Boas had made me a gift of an alibi. Full of enthusiasm, I broke into a double.

For the first mile or so the ground was uneven and harsh with stones, but presently I came to green slopes starred with periwinkles and a purple horn-shaped flower with prickly leaves, the name of which I do not know. This was grazing land. Mountain goats fled at my approach and grave-eyed cattle with slow swinging jaws raised their heads and watched me go by.

Beyond were the vineyards, protected from the winds by rush palisades and lines of tall cypresses looking like toy trees stolen from a child's nursery. For a mile and a half I ran under the lee of the palisade before breaking through into the terraced vineyards on the other side. Here progress was hindered by the loose plowed soil, the espaliers of the vines and sharp little slopes from terrace to terrace. It was like going down a gigantic flight of steps with too short a pair of legs. I had, moreover, to keep a sharp lookout for early workers. Luck favored me and I reached the grassy ride at the foot of the valley without meeting a soul. Beside the path was a bubbling stream, and I was glad enough to take a long draught of water and bathe my face and hands. I must have presented an awful spectacle. There was three days' growth on my chin and my hair hadn't seen a comb since the night of the ball at Government House. This was the first time I had realized I was unshaved and the thought depressed me beyond expression. An unshaved man is of all objects the most suspicious. The holes in my clothes might pass unnoticed, since they were mostly under the back of my coat; but the musical-box effect would inevitably destroy the impression I desired to create in the minds of the rescue party of an unruffled individual casually meeting a few friends on a country road.

There was no time, however, to waste in lament. Getting to my feet, I started off at a steady run. The grassy ride twisted this way and that with the curve of the valley. I had covered perhaps a mile when I met a horse. He was an amiable horse that appeared glad to see me and was not in the least offended when I swung myself to his back and urged him along at a canter. I should have realized that where there is a horse there is a house. Rounding the next bend, I came upon a typical peasant's cottage. The slopes to left and right were too steep to attempt to skirt round it; moreover, I was abreast of the cottage as I turned the corner.

The only alternative was to gallop past and hope to escape observation. But in this, luck was against me. The horse, willing enough up to this point, stopped abruptly before the open door and whinnied. My efforts to induce him to proceed were without avail. He had gone as far as he meant to go and neither exhortations nor the drumming of heels shook his resolve.

It struck me as odd that no one came out to see what all the row was about. A few fowls ran in and out of the open door, but of human beings there were none. Cautiously I approached and peeped through a windowpane. The fowls clucked and scampered, but otherwise the cottage was deserted.

Is the law very severe, I wonder, upon a man who enters the house of a stranger and has a shave at his expense? The pain I suffered in the absence of soap wherewith to soften my beard, and in the use of a razor that was blunt as a graft, would perhaps have been regarded as penalty enough. Agonizing though it was, I lost no time over the business and went my way rejoicing. As an act of grace I left a florin beneath the cracked mirror, which no doubt created in the mind of the cottager a firm belief in miracles.

Twenty minutes later I reached the fork roads. I had made good time, having covered six miles in something under an hour and a quarter. That I was ahead of the rescue party I had no doubt, but there was still a fair stretch of country before me, and if they were in cars I could not afford to linger.

I did not waste much time over the last two miles. I went through that ravine at a terrific pelt. As it turned out, I might have spared myself the effort, for I reached my objective with half an hour to spare before the first car, with Hugh Chalice at the wheel and Nancy at his side, ran out into the open space where the valleys met.

Nancy's face, when I stepped into the road, was the most complete register of amazement I have ever seen. Luckily Chalice was looking at me or he must have suspected something. For a moment I was afraid she would cry out or go off into hysterics, but she got a grip on herself.

"Hullo, Praed!" exclaimed Chalice. "Where on earth did you spring from?"

I nodded over my shoulder.

"Down this valley from the east. Pretty tough country too." Then, turning to Nancy—"You are up and about bright and early. I thought you were on your way back to England."

She gave a catchy little laugh.

"I've been having adventures."

Hugh Chalice chipped in.

"A nice scare she's given us! Whole island's been in an uproar!"

"How's that?"

He was launching into a recital of Nancy's disappearance, when the other cars rolled up. Out of the first sprang Kenedy, his emotion at high tide.

"Shut up!" I said. "I want to hear what has been happening to Miss Vansiter." Under the discreet shelter of the car I planted a kick on his shin.

(Continued on Page 50)

SWIFT

—a food service

THE craftsman's pride in turning out a fine product is strikingly in evidence among Swift workers

1 Years of experience guide these men in the selection of the hams. Only hams having the finest and most evenly textured meat and the proper proportions of fat and lean are chosen for Swift's Premium Hams

2 In great oaken casks the hams are cured in a sweet pickle. Swift & Company's laboratory determines exactly the proportion of salt and sugar in the pickle

3 Just as in the old farm smoke-houses the hams are then smoked over hard-wood fires

4 After smoking, each ham is inspected and its condition from bone to rind assured. The Premium brand is allowed to remain only on the hams which pass inspection

5 After final inspection each Premium Ham is encased in a sanitary parchment wrapper which insures its reaching you in perfect condition

MANY weeks are required to produce a Swift's Premium Ham. Here, experts who will not tolerate short-cuts at sacrifice of quality, serve you with the most exacting care.

Old-fashioned handicraft methods are retained wherever experience has proved that they produce best results.

The scientist, however, has made these methods more sure. The laboratory has banished guess-work. The exact formula has replaced the rule-o'-thumb.

The result is *uniform* excellence of quality such as was never possible with the old haphazard processes. Waste is reduced to the minimum.

This is typical of how Swift & Company, with its highly specialized organization, is able to contribute toward higher quality in the food you buy.

Swift & Company

Founded 1868

Owned by more than 47,000 shareholders

e S. & Co.

CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL
GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED
OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH
DAMP CLOTH

$100 Reward!

There is only one "Congoleum." It is manufactured by Congoleum-Nairn Inc., and identified by a Gold Seal pasted on the surface of every pattern. All "Seconds" are identified by a red label.

As the sale or representation of any other make of floor-covering as "Congoleum" is a violation of the law, we will pay $100 to any person who will secure evidence that will lead to the conviction of anyone guilty of this practice.

If you want the genuine ask for it by the registered trade-mark name "Congoleum" and look for the Gold Seal on the goods you buy.

The pretty pattern shown above is No. 379 . . . a popular all-over floral design of gray, blue and brown.

So cheerful and so spick and span—thanks to the Congoleum Rug!

The attractiveness of every kitchen depends largely on the floor-covering. That is one of the reasons why Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs are so popular. Their patterns are so beautiful and varied.

On the floor of this cheery kitchen is shown one of the pretty all-over floral effects. If you should prefer a conventional pattern you can select from a number of neat tile and mosaic reproductions. And for the dining, living and bedrooms there are many Oriental and other elaborate motifs. You can find a Congoleum design suitable for any room.

Exceptional Quality

And you're sure of getting full value for your money when you choose a Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rug. All the materials are carefully selected—every step in the process of manufacture closely inspected. Result: a waterproof, rot-proof floor-covering with a wearing surface that retains its beauty through long service. And each rug carries the Gold Seal guarantee—"Satisfaction or Your Money Back."

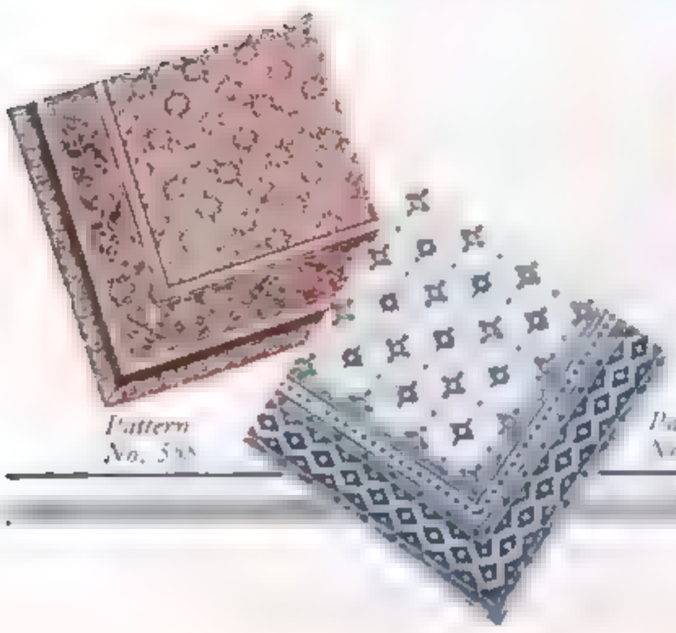
Congoleum *Gold Seal* Rugs save you any amount of work—their smooth, firm surface is so easy to clean. Moreover, they lie flat without any fastening.

Very Inexpensive and Durable

With all these advantages Congoleum Rugs are very inexpensive. Their low cost and extreme durability make them the most economical floor-covering you can buy. They are made in many different sizes—from small mats to room-size rugs.

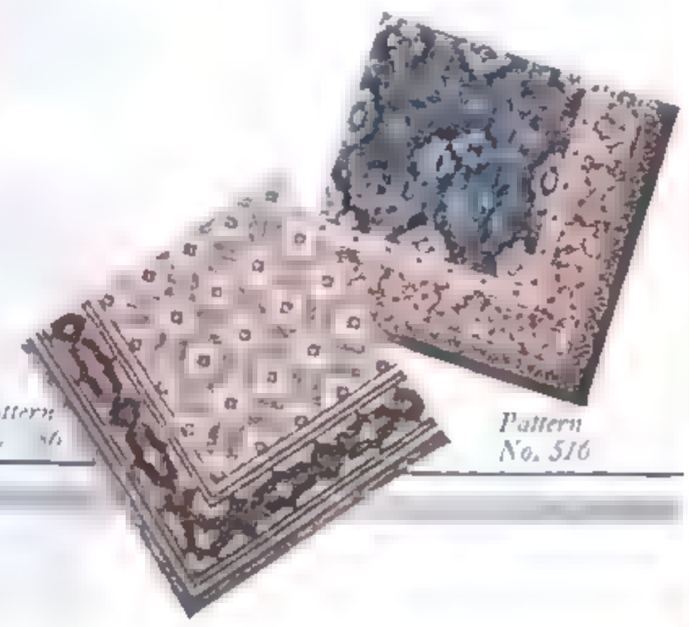
CONGOLEUM-NAIRN INC.

Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago Kansas City San Francisco
Atlanta Minneapolis Dallas Pittsburgh New Orleans
Cleveland London Paris Rio de Janeiro
In Canada—Congoleum Canada Limited, Montreal



CONGOLEUM
GOLD SEAL RUGS

—Look for the Gold Seal—



Pattern No. 516

ON THE INSIDE

By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

That Was All for a Moment. The Two Women Seemed to Have Fallen Into Their Own Thoughts

THE train was due to start. It was a fast night train, one of those important ones around whose entrances porters show especial interest, hurrying to and fro with sweating brows and bodies piled aslant with luggage, eying new patrons even as they settle with old ones. People of consequence took this train, to minimize the time which might be spent hurrying between dusk and dawn from one great metropolis to another, dining and sleeping through the magic of journey. But they were not so easy to pick out as one might imagine, these people of consequence. Even the instinct of the porters fumbled and they let the tired-looking little man carry his own suitcase, as was his habit; though if they had known it he would be met by a uniformed chauffeur at the other end of the journey and driven off to luxury, while the dentist on a holiday, about whose luggage and golf sticks they lingered, would be lucky if he had enough money left for a taxi to his boarding house. The women were equally confusing, for the clothes of journeys are tricky, and the fashionable buyer, the debutante and the pretty school-teacher may blur for a moment in the railway station. But even in that shifting crowd one could make no mistake about the young woman in the beige suit deep bordered with fox, with the marvelously artificial boutonnière of violets. She was lovely, she was fortunate and, more than that, she was going in the direction she desired, for there was eagerness in her face and a kind of happy restlessness. People turned to look at her and to wonder for a moment who she was and to what she was going, and again and again the thought of romance came to them, sometimes happily and sometimes drearily.

Two men, sitting in the sanctity of a gray-and-black compartment, with their door already shut, noted her from their window.

"Know who that is?" asked one of them.

"The girl in brown?" the other countered, just as if the eyes of both men had not met on that slim figure.

"Yes."

"No. Who is it?"

"It's Mrs. Mackay, from Cosmopolis."

"From your own town, eh? Friend of yours?"

"I don't know whether she is or not," answered the senator; and added with seeming irrelevance, "She's a widow."

"That's fair enough sometimes."

"She's not only a widow, she's a politician, Drummond."

Drummond laughed mightily. He was a large fat gentleman with a matching laugh.

"Politician," he said—"politician. We've fallen on strange ways, Ward, when an outfit like that can be called a politician."

The porter opened the door deferentially.

"You ring in here, gennulmen?"

"Cracked ice," said Drummond, "and some charged water. Or would you rather have plain ice water, Ward?"

"Charged," answered Ward briefly. He turned to the window again, but Patsy had passed out of sight and the long train gathered itself together in a shivering jerk and slid out of the station.

"I wonder if she's on this train," he speculated. "I'd like to make friends with that lady."

"You're not serious about her politics?"

"Sure I am. I tell you she's put over some of the most amazing things you ever saw. She's one of that bunch of women who got the present governor elected. She built up a following in the national campaign and they say she's hung on to it. She's got a lot of friends and money—pretty close to the bunch on Capitol Hill, and I hear she raised a big row in this last mayoralty election. I wasn't around, but she seems to have ditched a fellow who was running for mayor with an awful bang because she found he wasn't playing her kind of ball. It's stage stuff, of course, but I wonder who advises her. That's the thing that I want to know."

"She doesn't think it out by herself then, senator?" asked the other man, grinning.

"Of course she doesn't. Someone's telling her what to do. When Joe Mackay was alive you never heard a peep out of her. He held her in, I think. She used to go around socially and all that, but I suppose she didn't even know who was President. Then Joe died and she tore loose. She's very well acquainted with the Capitol Hill outfit. I hear that Granger's back of her."

"That ought to suit you."

The scholarly looking little man who was senator did not answer immediately and Drummond did not press his question. He knew politics too well not to know the intricacies of loyalties and the way they blew hot and cold. The porter came back with a heavy bowl of cracked ice, two plain tumblers and some charged water, and Drummond prepared a couple of drinks reflectively.

"Granger?" Ward asked, returning at length to the point raised; "yes, he's back of me all right. But I confess I can't quite get this Mrs. Mackay. I don't see what she's after. She's got too much money for any small job to tempt her and she must have something in mind."

"Better get her on your band wagon. She wants publicity probably. These women go crazy over that."

"I don't have to be reëlected for five years. And by that time I'm through. I'm getting out of politics."

"Into what?"

"Private life," said Ward. "Private life absolutely."

They both knew the utter untruth of that as well as the convention of keeping away from truth. Cabinet positions were not gossiped about even between such good friends as Ward and Drummond. For loyalties changed and administrations came and went and one's deepest ambitions should be as verbally secret as the tomb, even though they might be exposed in every action.

"Shall we eat in here?" asked Drummond. "We might get a boy to bring us a card."

Ward hesitated.

"No," he said; "it's stuffy in here. Let's go through to the diner."

They went slowly through the cars, Senator Ward ahead with an eye out for valuable constituents who might be lurking in the Pullmans, and the congressman, who came from a country district which did not patronize extra-fare trains, without so much regard for passengers. Clutching the panels of the vestibule they came through to the screened door of the dining car, and there by special act of fate was Senator Ward's opportunity.

"We're all full in here now, madam," the steward was saying to Patsy Mackay. "If you'll wait for a few minutes in the next car, I'll call you."

He said it without special deference, being rather used and impervious to well-dressed ladies, who were often frugal with tips, no matter how lovely their costumes. Then seeing the senator, his eye lit up.

"Full up, Ned?" asked Senator Ward.

Mrs. Mackay recognized the senator as he did her. There was a moment of rather jerky but cordial greeting, and an introduction of Drummond.

"Just a moment, senator, now," said the steward, "I'll fix you right up."

"You fix this lady right up," amended Senator Ward. "Or perhaps you can find a table for all three of us, if that's agreeable to Mrs. Mackay."

"Quite," said Patsy; "it's heavenly to be rescued. Women traveling alone on this train have no chance, I find. I'm rapidly getting an inferiority complex."

What the steward did was a mystery. Whom he hurried away, how he coaxed some patron to change his table was a matter known only to his own skill. But surprisingly, they had waited scarcely three minutes when he reappeared, announcing that the table was ready, and ushered them through to it with the title senator dripping frequently from his lips.

"Would you mind telling me," asked Patsy, "just how you get that kind of service? Is it just being in politics?"

"I never get it," said Drummond, with his fat chuckle. "It's a gift with the senator. His own."

Ward ordered the dinner, tempering his own taste to Patsy's. It was obvious to Patsy that he wanted very much to be her host, and she was gracious enough to allow it without clamoring. She was frankly glad of their company. This last evening was exciting, going back to Cosmopolis and to Tony, and she was too keyed up to want to spend it alone. As for the gentlemen, regarding her approvingly as she slipped off her coat, revealing the tan woolen dress beneath with the little row of probably authentic pearls at her neck, they, too, were frankly pleased. Patsy always got on well with older men. She made them noticeable but not conspicuous, and it was always a delight to them to get so much attention from a charming woman without running any risks of scandal or compromise. They asked her about herself, and she gave them a spirited account of Palm Beach, where she had spent the winter months.

"At Palm Beach," said Patsy, "there is no government. Just a benevolent oligarchy of hotel keepers. I liked it. No politics. Sometimes a sinner released from some investigation in Washington comes down and rests on the beach and is photographed for his crimes. It's great fun to watch him."

"And do you hear the story of the crime?"

Patsy shook her head. "Never accurately. Women don't. They don't get real inside stuff. They save the picture pages of politics for the women."

"I thought the women were the ones who got the inside stuff first," Drummond said jokingly.

"No," said Patsy. "I stopped at Washington for the great international meeting, and that's one thing that whips all those women to rage. They know well enough that they're not allowed to sit in at the secret councils. They know that they're welcome at the big dinners and can come in for the speeches and the compliments on their tender graces. But in the hotel rooms, in 220 or 1230, or wherever the things are decided and the orders hail from, they're neither expected nor allowed. They're not on the inside."

The men laughed with a quick exchange of glances at that surprising accuracy. But they didn't pursue the point. Instead Drummond switched it.

"And what did the convention do? What was it about?"

Patsy looked at her strawberries as if trying to sum it up or remember.

"Decency and progress," she said slowly, "and no more wars. Though that last can be included in the first."

"I heard," said the senator, "that it was very inspiring. I should have liked to attend if I had not been so busy."

Patsy's ingenuous eyes rested on him admiringly.

"Things must keep you busy. And you've five more years in the Senate."

"Well, I can rest in peace after that."

"But I thought you wanted to get in the cabinet then, or have an ambassadorship," remarked Patsy.

Drummond chuckled aloud. It was such a perfect example of the sort of thing that was not said, and as it wasn't at his expense he could enjoy it. What a story on Ward! Did Ward want to be in the cabinet! Did he!

Ward looked around quickly. Patsy's voice had not only delightful tones but good carrying power.

"I?" he said in amazement. "Oh, that's most absurd. I assure you, Mrs. Mackay, my real ambition is to have a chance to develop a certain two-hundred-acre farm of mine out near Mashook. Your husband had a tract out there, didn't he?"

"Yes, he did. He sold it later. I don't see why you wouldn't like to be in the cabinet, Senator Ward."

Drummond chuckled on, perfectly comprehending the joke, which was that it would have been all right to discuss this with Ward if he wasn't moving heaven and earth to qualify for a cabinet job when he could see his opportunity.

"Those appointments," said Senator Ward, "are of course things you can't discuss. But I haven't any ambitions in that line, I assure you."

Patsy grinned impishly at Mr. Drummond.

"Have I by any chance stumbled on some inside stuff?" she said, and the worthy congressman burst into a roar of mirth at that.

Patsy let go. She had no intention of becoming a nuisance to her host. She questioned him thereafter on more domestic things.

"Was your wife in Washington?"

"Yes. She likes it there. She's home for the summer now, of course. She went West a month ago."

His whole face changed at the mention of his wife's name, becoming somehow more sensitive. Patsy knew why. She knew the story of Ward's divorce and she guessed what he must have gone through in domestic and political battles to keep his head up and get the woman he wanted. She wondered about Mrs. Ward, too, never having seen her. People said such cruel things after a divorce like that.

"I hope I may meet her this summer," said Patsy with her pleasantest Capitol Hill manner.

Senator Ward lit up like a happy boy.

"It would be delightful for Mrs. Ward," he said eagerly, and Patsy mused secretly on the power which could change Senator Ward's repressed professor's face into something alive and exposed.

Then the waiter with his long curving gestures put the little frilled finger bowls in their brass jackets before them, Senator Ward tipped him into obsequiousness and remembered the steward, and Patsy, slim and erect and still with that ineradicable look of secret joy, let them escort her out of the dining car.

Back in their own compartment the two men looked at each other queerly. Drummond still chuckled, but he did not rub in Patsy's questions.

"How does she stay a widow?" he asked. "Tell me that."

"Oh, it's not much over a year since Joe Mackay died," said Ward. "He was all right, too, Joe Mackay was. Nothing against him at all. He minded his own business and played the game. I suppose she will remarry eventually. I did hear some talk about a young fellow here—one of these overseas veterans. I guess from what I hear that he has political ambitions too. But they're trimming his wings. Too aggressive. I don't know that there's anything to the talk about him and Mrs. Mackay. She's got a nice little bunch of money, you know."

"She sure looked it," said Drummond briefly.

The train pulled importantly into its destination the next morning, and two impatient figures left their automobiles

(Continued on Page 109)

Mrs. Ward Gave the Apparition in Green Georgette One Quick Frightened Glance and Then She Saw Who It Was

For those good bran muffins

The same delicious flavor that makes Post's Bran Flakes the most popular health cereal in the world is also imparted to muffins when Post's Bran Flakes is used in baking. Serve them often as an "Ounce of Prevention."

Try this recipe. You will be delighted with the result. Out of the oven will come piping hot, golden muffins, lighter and fluffier than any you have ever seen before.

A RECIPE FOR BRAN MUFFINS

2 eggs	½ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons sugar	1½ cups Post's Bran Flakes
¾ cup flour	⅔ cup milk
1½ teaspoons baking powder	2 tablespoons butter or other fat

Beat eggs and add sugar. Sift flour, baking powder and salt together and add Post's Bran Flakes. Add to egg mixture alternately with milk, beating well. Stir in the melted butter. Drop the batter into well-oiled muffin pans filling each about two-thirds full. Bake for about 25 minutes in a moderately hot oven (425°F.). This makes 9 to 12 muffins.

Nobody has to be a martyr to eat Post's Bran Flakes. You'll like it! It is bran in its most delicious form.

It supplies the intestine with needed bulk to aid the body in eliminating digestive waste and provides the system with such highly necessary food elements as phosphorus, iron, carbohydrates, protein, and the essential Vitamin B.

Stop taking habit-forming drug laxatives. Start eating Post's Bran Flakes every day as an "Ounce of Prevention."

Served from the package with milk or cream, it makes an appetizing breakfast cereal. It is tempting with fruits. It is the ideal bran ingredient for cooking.

Get in the habit of eating Post's Bran Flakes in one form or another every day as an "Ounce of Prevention" and see how much better you feel.

WRITE FOR AN "OUNCE OF PREVENTION"

—Let us send you a free trial package of Post's Bran Flakes and our booklet showing different ways of serving Bran. Postum Cereal Company, Inc., Dept. 8-29, Battle Creek, Michigan. Makers of Post Health Products: Post Toasties (Double-Thick Corn Flakes), Post's Bran Flakes, Postum Cereal, Instant Postum and Grape-Nuts. If you live in Canada, address Canadian Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., 45 Front St., E., Toronto, Ont.

everybody every day eat

POST'S BRAN FLAKES

as an ounce of prevention

© P. C. Co., 1935

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

One Woman's Record

MANY a seasoned man of affairs has experienced a distinct jolt in his first personal meeting with Uncle Sam's collector of internal revenue for the Chicago district—this irrespective of the state of his tax conscience—for this high position is held by a slender, graceful young woman of almost girlish appearance.

There is something rather breath-taking in the task of reconciling this distinctly feminine personality with responsibility for the collection and custodianship of $200,000,000 a year. And it is still more difficult to picture this slight, soft-spoken and socially gracious young woman as sitting on the lid of a reservoir containing 2,000,000 gallons of the purest whisky in captivity under the Eighteenth Amendment. But Mrs. Mabel Gilmore Reinecke's record as a custodian seems to be 100 per cent test.

Under the supervision of this slight and well-poised young woman are 540 employes, about half of them women. The office for which she is responsible handles nearly twice as many Federal income-tax returns as any other internal-revenue office in the United States.

Her liking for business cost her a college education. She was in high school when she encountered a new piece of equipment in the form of a typewriter. It fascinated her and she mastered the keyboard quickly. On leaving high school she amazed her family by declaring, "I like business and a business college looks good to me." Consequently she attended the institution of her choice in this field. She was graduated at the time when a band of courageous citizens dreamed that Prof. Charles E. Merriman could be elected mayor of Chicago. James Gilmore, her father, was appointed ward committeeman in the Merriman reform organization.

Suddenly Mabel Gilmore seized her new typewriter. "Dad," she announced, "I'm going to help you organize the ward. 'Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of their party.'"

Professor Merriman was defeated; but in 1912 he was able to pass on to the Progressive Party a rather choice hand-picked political organization of which James Gilmore and his daughter were active units.

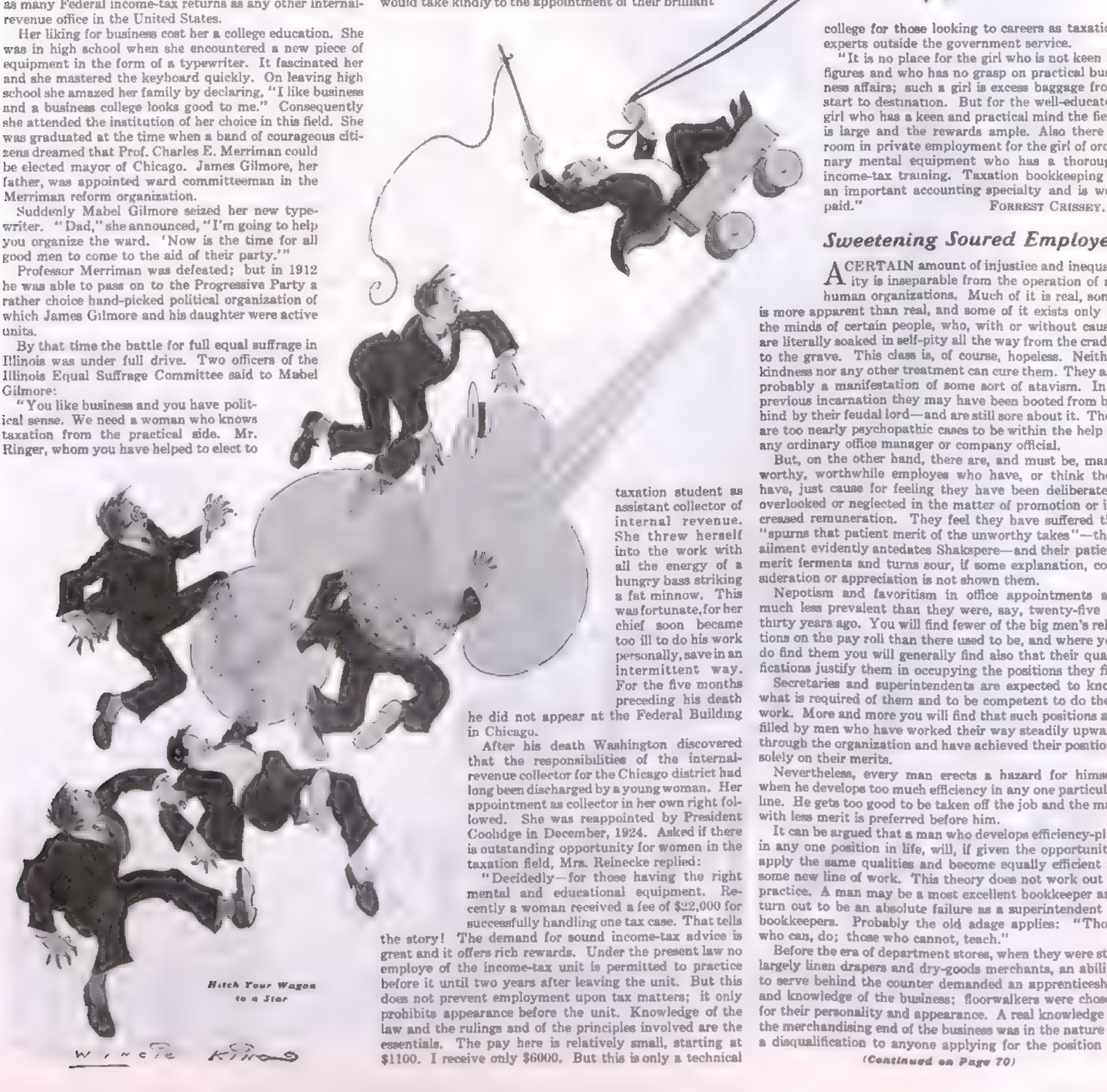
By that time the battle for full equal suffrage in Illinois was under full drive. Two officers of the Illinois Equal Suffrage Committee said to Mabel Gilmore:

"You like business and you have political sense. We need a woman who knows taxation from the practical side. Mr. Ringer, whom you have helped to elect to the board of assessors, will appoint you on his staff. Will you accept?"

She instantly accepted and began hearing personal-property and real-estate assessment cases. The tact, knowledge and judgment which she displayed in this work created comment.

When the United States went into the World War, Samuel Insull, chairman of the Illinois State Council of Defense, drafted her for the organization of big war meetings. Later she was again drafted, by Will Hays, to help in the Harding campaign. She became secretary of the Republican Woman's National Executive Committee and campaigned west of the Missouri. In seven Western states governors were holding up ratification of equal suffrage. She talked with them and ratification followed.

After Mr. Harding's election Mrs. Reinecke decided to return to tax work. At that time a new tax code for Illinois was under consideration, and the problems of income taxation challenged her. The United States senators from Illinois decided that the women of their state would take kindly to the appointment of their brilliant taxation student as assistant collector of internal revenue. She threw herself into the work with all the energy of a hungry bass striking a fat minnow. This was fortunate, for her chief soon became too ill to do his work personally, save in an intermittent way. For the five months preceding his death he did not appear at the Federal Building in Chicago.



Hitch Your Wagon to a Star

After his death Washington discovered that the responsibilities of the internal-revenue collector for the Chicago district had long been discharged by a young woman. Her appointment as collector in her own right followed. She was reappointed by President Coolidge in December, 1924. Asked if there is outstanding opportunity for women in the taxation field, Mrs. Reinecke replied:

"Decidedly—for those having the right mental and educational equipment. Recently a woman received a fee of $22,000 for successfully handling one tax case. That tells the story! The demand for sound income-tax advice is great and it offers rich rewards. Under the present law no employe of the income-tax unit is permitted to practice before it until two years after leaving the unit. But this does not prevent employment upon tax matters; it only prohibits appearance before the unit. Knowledge of the law and the rulings and of the principles involved are the essentials. The pay here is relatively small, starting at $1100. I receive only $6000. But this is only a technical college for those looking to careers as taxation experts outside the government service.

"It is no place for the girl who is not keen at figures and who has no grasp on practical business affairs; such a girl is excess baggage from start to destination. But for the well-educated girl who has a keen and practical mind the field is large and the rewards ample. Also there is room in private employment for the girl of ordinary mental equipment who has a thorough income-tax training. Taxation bookkeeping is an important accounting specialty and is well paid."

FORREST CRISSEY.

Sweetening Soured Employes

A CERTAIN amount of injustice and inequality is inseparable from the operation of all human organizations. Much of it is real, some is more apparent than real, and some of it exists only in the minds of certain people, who, with or without cause, are literally soaked in self-pity all the way from the cradle to the grave. This class is, of course, hopeless. Neither kindness nor any other treatment can cure them. They are probably a manifestation of some sort of atavism. In a previous incarnation they may have been booted from behind by their feudal lord—and are still sore about it. They are too nearly psychopathic cases to be within the help of any ordinary office manager or company official.

But, on the other hand, there are, and must be, many worthy, worthwhile employes who have, or think they have, just cause for feeling they have been deliberately overlooked or neglected in the matter of promotion or increased remuneration. They feel they have suffered the "spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes"—that ailment evidently antedates Shakspere—and their patient merit ferments and turns sour, if some explanation, consideration or appreciation is not shown them.

Nepotism and favoritism in office appointments are much less prevalent than they were, say, twenty-five or thirty years ago. You will find fewer of the big men's relations on the pay roll than there used to be, and where you do find them you will generally find also that their qualifications justify them in occupying the positions they fill.

Secretaries and superintendents are expected to know what is required of them and to be competent to do their work. More and more you will find that such positions are filled by men who have worked their way steadily upward through the organization and have achieved their positions solely on their merits.

Nevertheless, every man erects a hazard for himself when he develops too much efficiency in any one particular line. He gets too good to be taken off the job and the man with less merit is preferred before him.

It can be argued that a man who develops efficiency-plus in any one position in life, will, if given the opportunity, apply the same qualities and become equally efficient at some new line of work. This theory does not work out in practice. A man may be a most excellent bookkeeper and turn out to be an absolute failure as a superintendent of bookkeepers. Probably the old adage applies: "Those who can, do; those who cannot, teach."

Before the era of department stores, when they were still largely linen drapers and dry-goods merchants, an ability to serve behind the counter demanded an apprenticeship and knowledge of the business; floorwalkers were chosen for their personality and appearance. A real knowledge of the merchandising end of the business was in the nature of a disqualification to anyone applying for the position of

(Continued on Page 70)

UNITED STATES TIRES ARE GOOD TIRES

HERE is a message of great importance to those who have never experienced the superior comfort of riding on genuine low air pressure tires.

TODAY car owners want to know just two things about balloon tires—their ability to give *greater comfort,* and ability to give *long wear.*

In too many instances one characteristic is found without the other.

That is, many balloon tires must be run *too hard for comfort,* in order to save them from excessive wear.

Or if the tires are run soft enough to give full balloon cushioning, they wear too rapidly.

In U. S. Royal Balloons this trouble has been entirely avoided by two outstanding achievements in tire building.

Achievements which make it possible to run U. S. Royal Balloons at *true* low air pressures with absolute safety to the tires.

The new flat "**Low-Pressure Tread**" distributes the weight evenly over a much larger tread surface than a round tread balloon. The wear is slow and even.

Latex-treated Web Cord construction gives this famous tire that exceptional combination of strength and flexibility which permits perfect balloon cushioning.

As a result of these U. S. Rubber Company developments, U. S. Royal Balloons have been established as "the Balloon Tire Principle at its Best."

United States Rubber Company
Trade Mark

U.S. Royal True Low Pressure Balloons

Built of Latex-treated Web Cord

Why drive a shabby car ?

A Nitro-Valspar Finish stands unusual punishment!

DAY after day of hard-driving rain, blistering sun, terrific engine heat, spattered grease, gasoline or tar cannot dull or spot Nitro-Valspar. Grinding sand or mud will still leave it smiling. Not even boiling water from the radiator will affect it.

Nitro-Valspar is *different* from any other automobile finish. It is more than a lacquer, more than a varnish. It has a beauty and durability nobody even dreamed of a few years ago.

Small wonder that more and more manufacturers of fine cars are adopting Nitro-Valspar!

Your auto painter has the equipment to give your car a *permanent* Nitro-Valspar finish. Your choice of sixteen popular colors, in three finishes: *Natural*, a soft satin-like finish; *Polished*, a bright, high sheen as durable as it is beautiful; *Varnished*, amazingly brilliant with a mirror-like lustre.

Nitro-Valspar dries with lightning rapidity. A few short days—not weeks—will see your car in and out of the paint shop, completely transformed.

VALENTINE'S AUTOMOBILE FINISHES

Nitro-Valspar — Valentine's Varnishes — Valspar-Enamels

MANUFACTURED ONLY BY

VALENTINE & COMPANY

Largest Manufacturers of High Grade Varnishes in the World—Established 1832

New York—456 Fourth Ave. Chicago—343 South Dearborn St. Boston—49 Purchase St.

Detroit—10-254 General Motors Building W. P. Fuller & Co., Pacific Coast

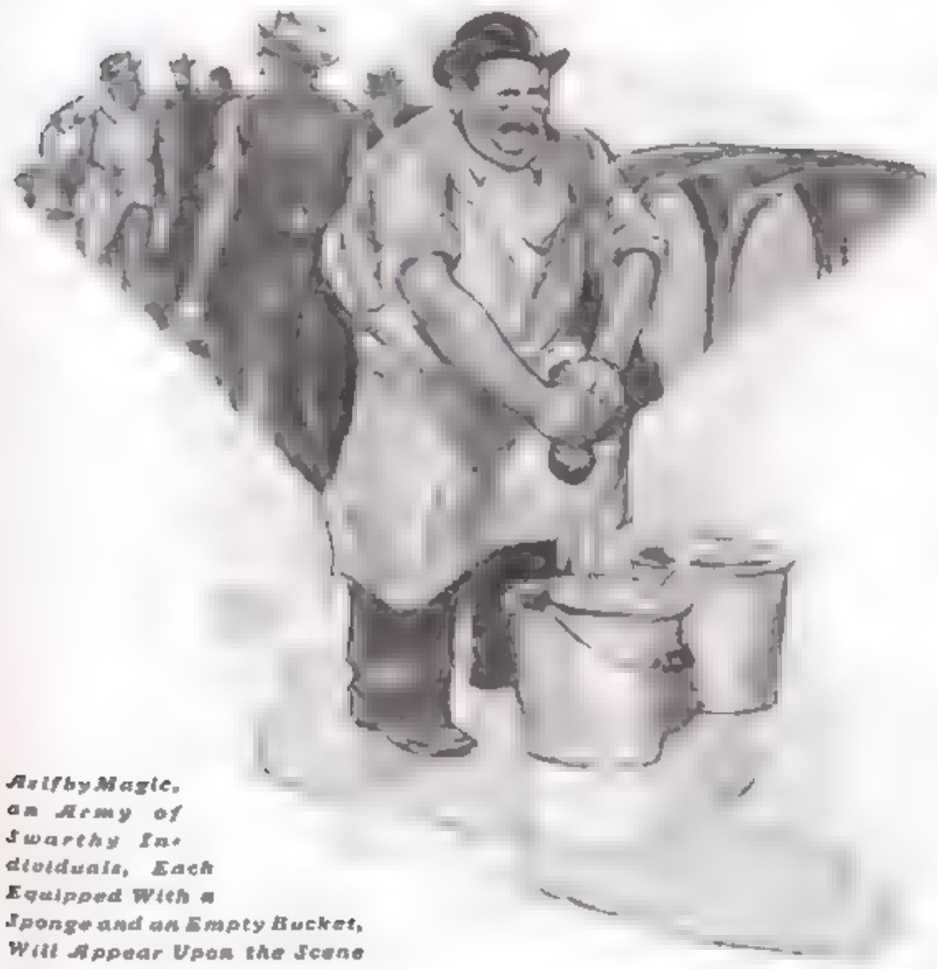
Nitro-VALSPAR

The Valentine Nitrocellulose Lacquer

WHO GETS IT?

By S. TEE BEE

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY ROHN



As if by Magic, an Army of Swarthy Individuals, Each Equipped With a Sponge and an Empty Bucket, Will Appear Upon the Scene

FOREIGN and domestic steamship companies suffer a loss of approximately forty-five million dollars a year through pilferage in the port of New York. Who gets it?

There are several elements on the water front that are in a large measure responsible for the biggest part of this loss. The most outstanding of these elements are, first, gangsters; second, stick-up men; third, and perhaps the most important, junkies and dock rats. Junkies and dock rats work hand in hand. They are partners, the dock rats being the junkies' plenipotentiaries on shore.

Some time ago I was commissioned to investigate the junk-boat fleet; its strength, its personnel, its side-line industry, its methods of operation. At that time there were about forty-seven licensed junk boats in the harbor, including the Jersey shore. To get a fair idea of the fleet's strength and scope of operation I spent five hours one afternoon in a swift motorboat while patrolling a stretch of water covering the bulkheads of sixty piers. During this time I counted thirty-seven junk boats—at least, so they were marked—shooting in and out among the sixty piers under observation. That night between darkness and dawn, when junkies are not allowed to operate their boats, I covered the bulkheads of the same sixty piers and counted thirty-three small boats sneaking into and out from the slips between them. There are nearly four hundred piers in the port of New York, and it would therefore seem that, if a proportionate number of small boats visited the various other sections of the water front during those hours, there must be several hundred unlicensed junkies doing a thriving business in the harbor.

The Gangs Along the Water Front

GANGSTERS, who go to work as longshoremen on the docks so as to come in touch with their real business, are more than plentiful in every section of the water front. These gangsters are bold, collectively speaking, resourceful, and capable of operating anything from a hand truck to a locomotive on shore, and from a junk boat to a tug and lighters on water. They have established lines of demarcation to a nicety. Each unit rules supreme in its allotted territory. The notorious Gopher Gang and the equally well-known Hudson Dusters hold absolute sway on the Manhattan side of the North River. The East River section of the New York side is controlled by the Gas House Gang and the Yorkville Pointers. Crossing over to Brooklyn we find the Red Hook Gang dominating the stretch of water front from the Brooklyn Bridge, including Atlantic and Erie Basins, to Gowanus Bay. The Dago Pirates, who formerly laid claim to a part of this valuable territory, have recently, through a peace treaty forced on them by the energetic Red Hook Gang, relinquished all rights to this section and, through a happy consolidation with the Bay Ridge Hoofers, acquired title in fee simple to the South Brooklyn water front proper. So we have from the Brooklyn Bridge to Long Island City on the Brooklyn side of the river, a section that is not considered so very desirable from a gangster's viewpoint, excepting a few piers in Greenpoint. These, however, are well taken care of by the local Greenpoint Gang, sometimes called The Mewers.

Let us take a Mediterranean cargo, consisting mostly of nuts, dates, figs, grapes, raisins, cheese, olives, olive oil, and glance at it while it is being discharged at a pier on the New York water front. We will assume that the ship which brings the cargo is the only one docked at the pier where the unloading takes place. Perhaps in that case there will be in the neighborhood of two hundred men working on the pier and on the ship—longshoremen, shenangoes, utility men, coopers, checkers, watchmen, bosses; everyone busy doing his little bit. Things are moving. The average man, not accustomed to the hurly-burly of the water front, coming in on the pier at such a time would probably think that he had wandered into a semimadhouse.

Taking Toll of the Breakage

ROUGH, tough, hard-fisted men manhandling freight, pushing hand trucks, rolling barrels, dragging bales or bags here and there through winding pathways and driveways formed by piled-up cargo. Trucks, large and small, motor and horse, trying to force themselves through clogged passages to pick up their loads in various sections on the pier, knocking down cases, crates, bags, casks; sometimes breaking them, crashing them, splashing them. Lusty-lunged bosses bellow orders, give signals: Winches rumble, hoisting cables screech, booms groan. Heavy drafts of freight are jerkily yanked out of the hold of the ship, each draft sometimes slamming against the inside of the hatch coaming, breaking a container or two, or a dozen, and deposited on the dock immediately in front of the respective hatches whence they came. Broken containers are set to one side, later to be taken to the nearest hospital, as a dump for broken cargo is termed. The rest of the draft is handtrucked to the particular space on the pier set aside for the reception of its kind, where it remains until it is put on trucks or lighters to be conveyed to its owner or consignee.

Figs, dates, nuts, grapes, raisins, cheese, lying loose all over the pier temptingly ready for anyone to claim. Watchmen hobbling here and there, chasing dock rats and exchanging compliments and classical oratory with any lumber-tongued shenango or longshoreman who might try to pocket a few of the goodies for his table or to sell to a swarthy grocer up the street, busting their lungs yelling, "Cooper! Cooper! Hurry up! Cases, crates busted."

Four or five coopers on the entire pier. All busy elsewhere. Ten, fifteen, twenty minutes passes. The contents of the broken containers slip away little by little, every minute. Very few watchmen have more than two eyes. Some bring both of them on the job. A few leave one or more at home. Finally a cooper comes. He swings his little hatchet. The magic trick is done. He hurries off to answer another save-our-soul call. In five or ten minutes there will be, in many instances, just as many broken containers in that particular section as there were before he came. Repeat, repeat. On a cargo of this kind coopers are nearly always way behind with their work. It is impossible for them to keep up with the race. This gives plenty of time and opportunity to those who feel inclined to muss up their pockets, the insides of their shirts and the linings of their coats.

Fourteen of the Missing Cans of Olive Oil Tumbled Out

The dock rat does not necessarily confine his entire activity to this class of cargo, but sometimes he is very much in evidence. He appears in great numbers out of nowhere, it would seem. His cousin, the galley scavenger—who, by the way, is considered a strict specialist in his particular line—will also shine. These two types of water-front parasites generally gain entrance to a pier by sneaking in with the rush when the longshoremen go to work in the morning and after the lunch hour. But should they be unable, through other engagements, to keep these appointments they crawl into covered trucks standing outside of a pier waiting to get in; or they will mix in with shenangoes waiting outside to be called to load trucks and lighters, and walk in with them when such calls come, provided, of course, the gateman happens to have his head turned in a suitable direction.

These dock rats and galley scavengers often stay on a pier for hours at a time, sometimes for days and nights, without being observed, by hiding among the cargo and other places of concealment, and thus await their chance to turn a trick. A pier is a pretty big structure. Piers vary in size from five hundred to a thousand feet in length and from fifty to three hundred feet in width. At night there may be anywhere from one to ten watchmen on a pier, depending largely upon the amount of cargo there is, and its value. The average is about three, perhaps more. The routine of a watchman on a pier at night is generally wearisome, depressing. He must be a man of an exceptionally strong mind to overcome it. Should it be a warm night a watchman might become drowsy in the early hours of the morning; he might doze; it is easy to do so. He does sometimes. Nature calls for it; he is subject to her laws. Should it be a cold night a shivering watchman might take a crazy notion to treat himself to a shin roast in an office on the pier he is on. Perhaps we all would if we were in his place. It is, indeed, rather difficult to conjecture what will happen when a lonely watchman is planted up against a hot stove or a sizzling radiator on a frosty night, say three o'clock in the morning.

It is during such moments of tranquillity that Mr. Dock Rat gets busy. He has been hiding and waiting for this chance maybe for more than forty-eight hours. Well, what does Mr. Dock Rat do? All small doors leading out on either stringpiece of a pier are bolted on the inside. They open noiselessly. Mr. Dock Rat slides back the bolt on the door he has spotted as being the nearest to the loot he has selected for removal. The door opens; not a sound, stillness, quietness of the dead. He crawls out on the stringpiece. He signals his master. The boat in which he is will be waiting in the slip or underneath the pier. He maneuvers his craft into position and climbs up on the stringpiece. Whispered conference. The loot is brought out through the open door and, by means of a rope, lowered into the waiting pirate boat. They are off!

Loading a Pirate Craft

IN DAYTIME, as a rule, a pirate craft is loaded under cover of a house-built lighter. Say, for instance, one of these lighters, of which the superstructure is built similar to that of a box car, a bit higher and larger, having about five times as much floor space, and with side doors, is being loaded. There will be a skid connecting the lighter with a pier over which hand trucks are pushed. In nine cases out of ten, especially in good weather, the offshore side door of the lighter is opened to let in air and light. This door remains open until both ends of the lighter have been filled with freight. Then it is closed so as to permit cargo to be loaded in the center. So while the door on the offshore side of the lighter is open Mr. Dock Rat or his pal, the galley scavenger, looks for and finds a hand truck and works himself in as a loader among the shenangoes who are loading the lighter.

The checker checking the goods usually stands somewhere on the pier in the immediate vicinity, close enough to be able to see and check whatever is being loaded. Sure enough, he sees Mr. Dock Rat coming with his load, and checks it, thinking, of course, that Mr. Dock Rat is one of the shenangoes regularly engaged to do the loading. Hardly anyone can tell the difference between a dock rat and a shenango by their physical appearance. Most assuredly the shenangoes know just exactly what Mr. Dock Rat is up to; but it is none of their business. According to water-front ethics it would be a hideous crime to

interfere. On the other hand, some of them might go a little bit out of their way to push the thing along. They do sometimes.

And so Mr. Dock Rat has his load on the lighter. What then? His boss, the pirate chief, will be standing by in his boat a few fathoms from the offshore side of the lighter, pretending to be tinkering with the engine or doing some other kind of stalling. At an opportune moment, when, we will say, the captain of the lighter leaves his cabin and strolls up the dock to get a bucket of water, Mr. Dock Rat gives the signal and the greasy-faced master of the pirate boat shoots his craft alongside the offshore side, under the door of the lighter. The swag is lowered into the boat in a jiffy, a piece of canvas pulled over it, and away.

This kind of theft, when the goods have been checked off a pier, falls on the owner or on the consignee unless the cargo on the lighter is being transferred to another terminal, in which case the agent or the steamship company responsible for its safety until it has been delivered and signed for must stand the loss. Sometimes a lighter captain is held responsible for shortage incurred this way. Occasionally he loses his job because of it. Some lighter captains take the trouble to check their loads. A few lighterage companies keep special men for this purpose.

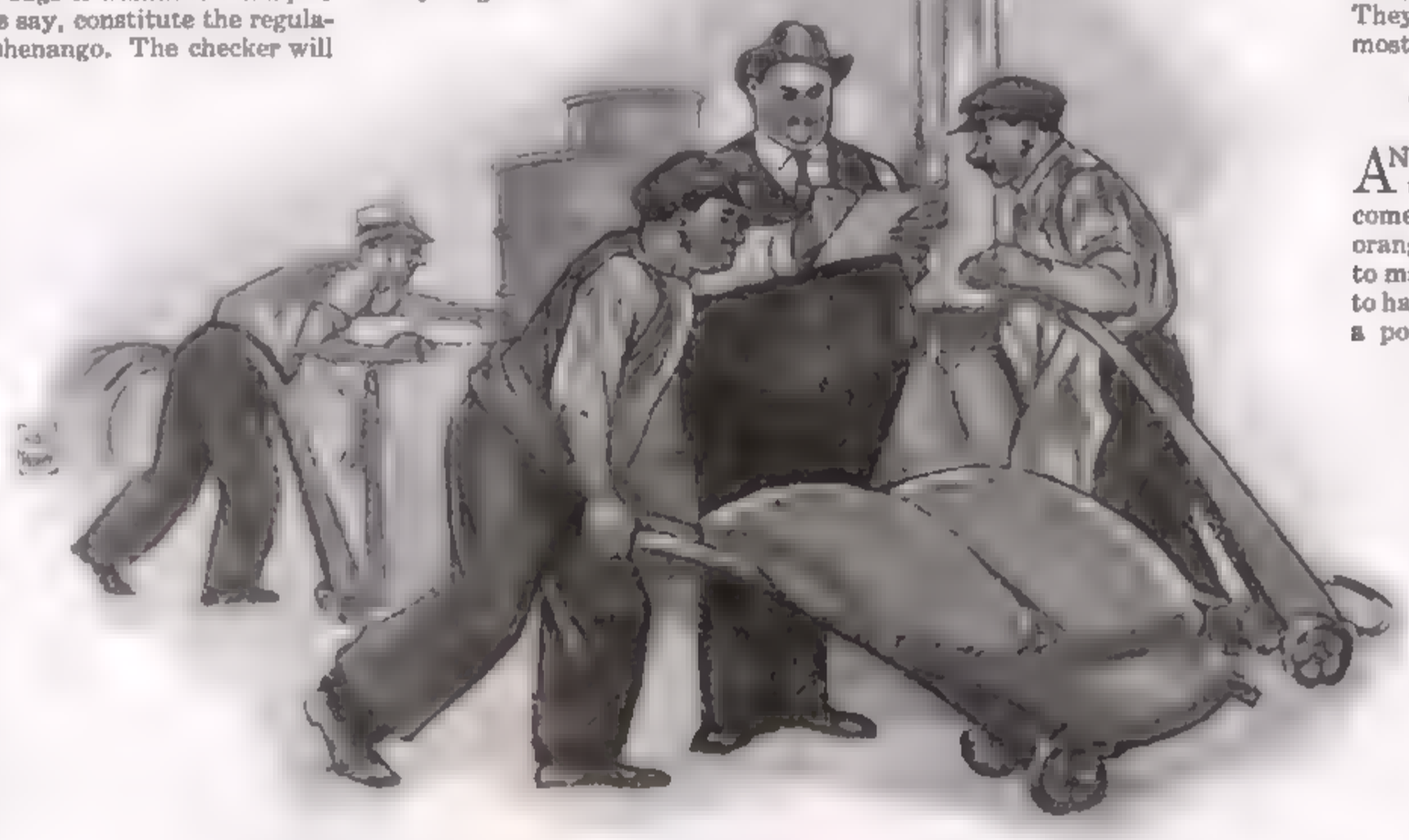
Then again, there might be some lighter captains who would not object to a few extra cases or bags being put on board his scow. It is comparatively easy to do so. A checker checking a lighter may be the most careful man in town, yet a few containers might sometimes slip by him. We will suppose he is checking bags of walnuts from a pier to a lighter. Three bags, let us say, constitute the regulation hand-truck load of each shenango. The checker will naturally check each trip of each shenango as three bags. Mostly he checks by the trip. Now if any of the shenangoes loading the lighter has a deal on in walnuts, or in anything else that is being loaded, he is very apt to make several trips with four or five bags of walnuts on his truck. If the checker catches him at it, it is simply a mistake, no harm done. This may not be general, but it has happened, and it does happen. Of course there will be watchmen on the job. But a watchman is assigned to a certain section, perhaps two hundred feet of the pier's length and the entire width. In this space there will be at least fifty dock workers roaming about, and it would be next to impossible for any one watchman to keep an eye on all of them at the same time. Watchmen are hardly ever kept on lighters when they are being loaded.

Again, there might be a few gangsters working as longshoremen on a pier when this kind of cargo comes out of the hold of a ship. These gentlemen very seldom stoop to retail business. Wholesale only. Not so very long ago a few members of the Red Hook Gang made ardent overtures for the friendship of a truck driver while his truck was standing outside a pier waiting its turn to get in. It was a bit chilly. Shiver weather. They knew where the real stuff could be had in a near-by speak-easy. Would he have a shot? He would. So with the shivering and thirsty truck driver as their guest they presented themselves before a hole in a door and were, of course, admitted. They are swift workers. Things moved fast. Presently they had him sitting on a chair, his legs spread, his head hanging in a southwesterly direction, chin resting on his chest, the usual posture. They went through his pockets and confiscated his credentials. Leaving two of their members there to take care of him should he come out of his stupor too soon, the others went back to his truck, drove it in on the pier, presented the stolen credentials, loaded up, cleared the customs and the delivery clerk and thus got away clean with several thousand dollars' worth of cheese, olives and olive oil. But it must be said to their credit that they very rarely bother with this kind of cargo. Too bulky. They are after rich booty in small packages.

All Set for a Big Haul

THE best grade of olive oil that comes here is very expensive. It is generally shipped in cans, one quart to five gallons. The smaller cans are easily carried in properly made pockets. The delivery clerk of a pier found, after every bit of cargo had been cleared off the pier, that he was short two hundred and forty-one gallon cans of olive oil. A search of the pier was made and every possible place of concealment nosed into. Poor luck. The delivery clerk was about to give it up when he noticed a fire barrel oozing over with water, the flooring of the dock being wet all round it. He thought this strange. He told one of the utility men to turn it over. Fourteen of the missing cans of olive oil tumbled out besides the rest of the water in the barrel. The other fire barrels on the dock were then ordered frisked, so to speak, and all together they yielded more than a hundred cans.

However, the biggest quantity, but not the best quality, of olive oil comes in hogsheads. When these big barrels are hoisted out of the hold of a ship they very frequently, to say the least, slam recklessly against the inside of a hatch coaming and thus frequently spring leaks. These leaks may not be noticed immediately and the hogsheads are rolled to the particular section of a pier set aside for their storage. Presently there will appear a beautiful lake of olive oil—five, ten, twenty, fifty hogsheads might be leaking, oozing. Almost instantly, as if by magic, an army of swarthy individuals, each equipped with a sponge and an empty bucket, will appear upon the scene. No, it would hardly be fair to the public to pour the oil back into the hogsheads after they have been recoopered. If caught at it there might be a fine to pay and many hogsheads of olive oil condemned. These swarthy sponge squeezers are not connected with the pier. They are water-front grocers, restaurant keepers and delicatessen men. These worthies will also purchase figs, dates, grapes, nuts, cheese, and so on, from anyone who is able to undersell the market price.



He Sees Mr. Dock Rat Coming With His Load, and Checks It

A nosey agency watchman—and a good agency watchman is generally nosey—stood watching the cargo in his section one day. His olfactory apparatus must have been rather acute. He sniffed cheese. It was a powerful scent. Where could it come from? He knew of no cheese in his cargo. He sniffed again. It was a live trail. He hooked on. It brought him, or drew him, to a few coats that were hanging up against the side of the pier close to where he was standing. The coats appeared bulky. He investigated. He visualized promotion. Here was his chance to demonstrate to his chief that he possessed the necessary qualifications for a quick jump from a pestered dock watchman to a grade-A detective, a real sleuth; to rig up in evening clothes and mix with swells; to eat in big hotels and ride in taxis; to send in classy reports and run his expense account up to fifty-nine dollars and have the chief cut it down to thirty cents. He not only made a thorough frisk of all the coats he could find hanging up in his immediate vicinity, but he took it upon himself to go over the entire pier and surreptitiously frisk every coat he saw hung up. He found sixty-one loaded garments.

Proudly, and rightly so, he reported his big find to the pier superintendent. That dignitary ordered all the queer coats confiscated. With the assistance of a few other watchmen and several clerks, our hero, the watchman-sleuth, gathered in all the telltale coats and laid them on a large table in the superintendent's office. Each coat was carefully examined, and fifty-seven of them were found to have especially made pockets for lugging freight. In the pockets of all of them there were from one to several hunks of cheese, figs, dates and walnuts. Every hunk of cheese was put on the scales and the total weight was one hundred and fifty-eight pounds. The pieces of cheese were put back into the pockets from which they had been taken.

The superintendent, being a just man and a strict disciplinarian, communicated with the precinct police station and elucidated his troubles. The sergeant at the desk, scenting a big haul, dispatched to the pier, a few minutes before quitting time, three plain-clothes men and five uniformed policemen. At five o'clock the longshoremen knocked off for the day. Up the pier trooped hundreds of longshoremen, among them sixty-one grinning and coatless ones. At the gate the cops corralled the scantily clad contingent and invited them into the superintendent's office to fit on their coats. What coats? They refused to consider the invitation. Though there were snow on the ground and ice on the river they stoutly maintained that they had come on the pier that morning without being encumbered with such ridiculous impedimenta as coats. The idea! The cops reported back to their sergeant empty-handed, and the superintendent added sixty-one coats to his wardrobe.

At night, when a cargo of this kind is on a pier, the gateman and other watchmen looking after it discover that they have suddenly acquired a lot of friends along the water front. These self-styled friends come in phalanxes smiling, grinning; give the glad hand and offer tokens. They generally carry an empty bag, or something just as good, under their coats. They are considered as real pests by most watchmen along the water front.

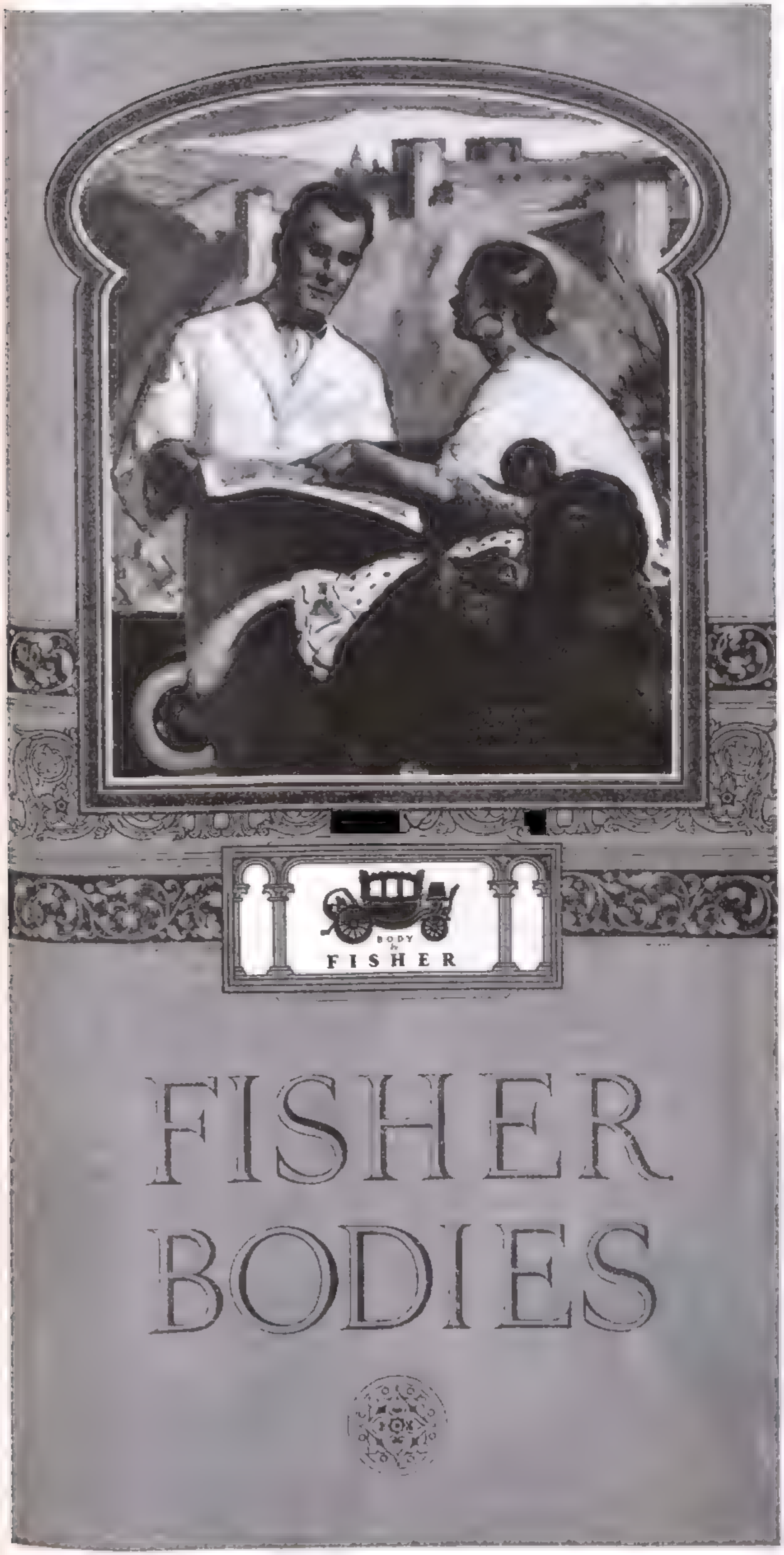
The Art of Recoopering

AN EAST INDIAN cargo—mostly tea, jute, rubber, burlap, shellac—comes in. Of course tea, especially orange pekoe before the blenders start to manhandle it, is an agreeable article to have in the house. A pocketful here, a pocketful there. Perhaps fifty, a hundred, five hundred cases of tea will be reefed. A little out of this, a little out of that. Half a case, a whole case is gone. Partly empty cases are recoopered. Empty cases are partly filled from those that have had the least taken out of them and then they are all recoopered. If a truck driver signs for them, accepts them, as original cases, well and good; his boss stands the loss. But if he is a careful truck driver, a man who looks out for the interest of his employer, he will insist upon signing for them according to their weight, or refuse to take them, in which case the agent or the steamship company responsible for the cargo stands the loss. A slick cooper is indeed a valuable individual on the docks. If he can recooper a case, or any other container, so as to make it appear in its original state he can fix his own price ticket. It is a very difficult piece of work to do. An old-time truck driver is a tough old bird, and hard to deceive. He knows the docks, the tricks as well as he knows his motors or his horses. Some, of course, are careless, or worse, but they are comparatively few.

Shellac is very valuable. In the raw state in which it comes it is worth more than a dollar a pound. An entire cargo of it would be worth millions of dollars. It is shipped in heavy burlap bags, each bag weighing more than one hundred and twenty-five pounds. It can be disposed of easily, hence every shady character along the water front is hot after it. Of course it is closely watched, but nevertheless some of it disappears now and again.

A light laundry truck came to pick up the soiled linen on a ship that was berthed at a pier on which five hundred bags of shellac were piled. The driver, leaving his truck at the foot of the gangway to the ship, went on board, collected some of the laundry, packed in sacks, threw it over the ship's railing to the dock and proceeded to gather up the rest. Close to the opening in the side of the pier where the gangway led to the ship the five hundred bags of shellac were tiered. A shenango shouted to the watchman watching the shellac that a man had fallen off the stringpiece into the water. The watchman, being human, rushed up the gangway to the ship to get a life preserver, the while bellowing to the ship's watchmen to get busy with ropes and ladders and whatever else might be necessary to keep a poor man from a watery grave. While this faked-up excitement was at its height several shenangoes threw eight bags of shellac into the laundry truck, covered them up with the soiled laundry the driver of the truck had

(Continued on Page 149)



WHEN you hear it said that the Fisher Body Corporation is the world's largest body builder, please remember that its product is under contract to a few motor car manufacturers.

Recall who these few are, and you will at once realize why Fisher bodies are far more famed for leadership in quality, than for the greater number of bodies produced.

Automobiles with Bodies by Fisher represent every price class, but of all of them one general statement is undeniably true:

Cars with Fisher bodies are, without exception, known to the American public, and all over the world, as unmistakably the leaders in their various classes.

The fact that they *are* so recognized creates the huge demand for them; and, as a direct result, makes the Fisher Body Corporation the largest builder of motor car bodies.

It would be an amazing coincidence, if Fisher bodies "just happened" to be used by those motor car makers who have achieved pronounced and conspicuous success in their various fields—but chance has had nothing to do with it.

The same high standards which placed Fisher body users in positions of outstanding leadership, led them to select Fisher bodies in the first place.

On the other hand, the Fisher Body Corporation could not be serving these successful manufacturers today, did it not know that their cars are substantial, long-lived products, worthy of the Fisher bodies which so importantly increase their value and desirability.

Look for the emblem—Body by Fisher.

FISHER BODY CORPORATION
CLEVELAND DETROIT ST. LOUIS
WALKERVILLE, ONT

LITERARY DARK HORSES

By Robert Gordon Anderson

DECORATION BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

WANDERING through London, aimlessly and without a guide, one day a few summers ago, I passed the doddering, straw-and-sable-hued gables of old Staple Inn, crossed over Holborn, strolled up Brooke Street, and there by chance looking up, saw the nondescript house in which Thomas Chatterton died in poverty.

Later I came to Aldersgate, where John Milton once lived and to a printer in which historic neighborhood he brought his proofs of Paradise Lost, sold for five pounds down and for fifteen more promised in equal installments.

Then, just before twilight, I entered the Temple inclosure and, hard by the buff walls of the old Norman church, stained with the soot and grime of the centuries, stumbled on a seemingly deserted headstone, with the simple inscription: "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith."

Poor Goldsmith, who if he sometimes knew the light heart, more often knew the light purse and poverty and pain.

And instantly and in almost grotesque contrast there came to my mind the picture of one of our modern novelists—a jovial soul, splashing, fully dressed, in the fountain of a European city, and telling the world, meanwhile, "I'm Aphrodite! I'm Aphrodite!"

Also, about this time, one of our younger and very popular story-tellers told me with glee of an accident the night before, when in his roadster, speeding ahead at fifty miles an hour, he had, on a bad turn, driven plumb into a pond, with the thermometer at zero. And the guest on the seat beside him was the chief editor of his publishers!

Surely, I thought to myself, the old bread-cheese-and-garret days have gone. For it certainly presupposes not only a fine disregard for material things and freedom from care but success and security—when a writer can drive a high-powered car, ruin a good dinner coat, and duck one's publisher. The modern knight of the pen can know little of either poverty or pain to be so light-hearted.

Literary Rewards of the Past

CHATTERTON, Milton, Goldsmith never did such things. They couldn't afford it. And to go back to that small sum paid for Paradise Lost, one of the great poems of the centuries, let us look at the time Milton spent on it, as well as the actual financial returns, keeping in mind the fact that poetry was not an unpopular form of literature in that day. He began it in 1640 in Aldersgate Street, near what is now Maidenhead Court, ruminated on it through the years in his successive residences at Jewin Street and Artillery Walk, finishing it there in about 1663 or 1664, then took the completed manuscript to Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire, in '65. On the 27th of April, 1667, he signed his contract with a printer, Samuel Simmons by name, who is thereby immortal, for you can see the old document still, almost any afternoon, at the British Museum. And undoubtedly, considering the conditions of the times, this publisher, Simmons, was just in his terms of five pounds down, five pounds after the sale of 1300 copies; five pounds after 2600 copies had been passed; and five pounds more when the sales had reached a total of 3900. In a year and one-half, the first 1300 had been sold; but though money went farther in those days than now, it did not go quite so far as we sometimes think. To realize this, one has but to turn to the following entries in the diary of Samuel Pepys, which were set down during the years when Paradise Lost was being conceived and delivered:

"Oct. 31, 1663: I paid 3 pounds for a periwig."

"Mar. 20, 1663: 15 shillings for a pair of silk stockings; the same sum for a belt."

"June 9, 1668: an Oxford guide 1 pound, 2 shillings, 6 pence; barber 2 shillings six; book 4 shillings; guide to All Souls College 5 shillings; boy 1 shilling; strawberries 1 shilling 2d.; dinner for selves and servants 1 pound 6 pence."

And on April 27, 1667, the very day Milton signed the contract: "This afternoon I got in some coal at 23 shillings the chaldron; good news since during the war people have been forced to give 40 s., 50 s., and 3 pounds."

And Samuel earned his income from an official post in the navy department, not from his literary labors, and withal was a thrifty man.

Of course Sir Walter invested considerable in real estate on the Tweed, and Dickens in Gadshill and gold watch chains, but they were exceptions in their day, and far more fortunate than any of their fellows. Now there is a whole army of writers wrestling, like bankers, with income-tax sheets, though there is, too—as we explained in the preceding article—an even larger army still traveling a fairly rough road. But now we are dealing with the successful. And the average of earnings of those not so successful, too, is far higher than in the old days, even when we reckon in the proportionate purchasing powers of moneys then and now. And, too, the modern writer has the satisfaction of an independence the old worthies never knew. Too often they had to depend for meat and drink, room and board, for very existence on some sybaritic duke or earl unless they took to the garret. For that matter, the conditions, too, applied sometimes to publishers. Aldus, one of the first of all the guild and founder of the historic Aldine Press, had as angel the Duchess of Milan, who sold her pearls to back his enterprise.

Now the chief reason for the fortunes which it is sometimes possible for authors to earn these days is not so much a larger general book sale as the increase in outlets and by-product channels—the films, newspaper syndicates, and particularly the magazines. And if one wishes to appraise justly the work of contemporary writers—though no such attempt is being made in this article—a distinction should be drawn between literary and purely commercial success. The writer unreeling merely informing or entertaining copy, without distinction of characterization or style, can gain more of riches, and sometimes of celebrity, than the careful craftsman who turns out with infinite pains and artistry but one finished novel a year. And anyone can without difficulty recall a number of fine talents now hugely successful through writing fiction of the lighter and more sensational sort, who will never write again as they did when comparatively poor.

This statement, however, should not be considered as reflecting on the better magazines, which frequently contain literature of a very high order; as witness, for instance, Galsworthy's Indian Summer, Crothers' Essays, Dana Burnet's Gayheart, to mention only a few; and more recently, the charming From an Old House, by Hergesheimer, and Ben Ames Williams' The Rational Hind.

And here, lest the game should prove too discouraging to the beginner with talent, it may be truly said that few, if any, of those successful on either the cash or the credit side, or both, leaped into fame at an instant's notice. They had to knock long and hard—had by work and sweat, in the good old Anglo-Saxon, to win their ultimate rewards. There is seldom any other rule, and if you cite an instance, it is the proverbial exception. Even some of those who may be considered to have arrived have still to supplement their incomes by work in allied callings, as the gifted Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch by lecturing at Cambridge, and Philip Gibbs by journalism.

Entries in the Best-Selling Race

NOT so long ago I had a chat with a man who has recently won considerable success with his pen. He has a yacht, takes frequent vacations to Europe, and has the most charming of houses on our hill. It was in a delightful old orchard near his study that he chatted of past hard times, "under the rose" and the stars. For the greater part of his life he, too, had eked out his royalties by work he did not like to do.

"Do you know," he said, "that for years after we were married, my wife and I were so tied down by household cares and the youngsters that we never went out—just sat up there in our first little house on the top of that hill. Why, we celebrated our wedding anniversaries by dressing up, she in a gown left from her trousseau, I in my dress suit, not trotted out since the wedding. We lighted the candles, set the phonograph going, and ate our dinner in an imagined state, fancying we were dining out under crystal chandeliers to orchestral music."

It may also prove interesting and encouraging to the new writer to learn that the publisher, as a rule, prefers a successful dark horse to a successful favorite in the best-selling race. In the first place, there is not so much initial expense in the handling of the former, for the established author asks a heavy advance and a royalty—we are now speaking more particularly of novels—running as high as 20 and, in some rare cases, 25 per cent. Then, too, he is likely to demand an elaborate advertising campaign. Altogether, the publisher will net almost twice as much from a dark horse that sells a hundred thousand as from a favorite who is such because he has before been in the best-selling class. Recently a publisher complained rather bitterly to me because from a sixty-thousand sale of a popular author he had netted less than ten thousand dollars, when he had sent to that author twenty-four thousand in checks for herself.

Another and more purely sporting reason for this preference for the dark horse is the pleasure the publisher secretly derives from watching him start way back in the ruck, first pass a handful of his competitors, then others, and gathering speed and momentum get up with the leaders by September, and at Christmas gallop in ahead of a tremendous field—say, of eighteen hundred others, all told—and that means a pretty hard race.

Now there is a slight difference of opinion between author and publisher as to the real secret of this success. Not to mix our figures too confusingly, the publisher often fancies himself the locomotive whose power draws along the author as so much dead freight; while on the other hand the author considers that he furnishes the steam, and the publisher is the dead freight. Perhaps the wiser and safer way is to consider them as

(Continued on Page 46)

How the Red Rose fought the White in Nashville years ago

Any one who knows the traditions of the South can tell you about it—how back in the days of real old-time political campaigns, two brothers fought each other for the governorship of Tennessee.

"The War of the Roses," they called it—that friendly battle between Robert and Alfred Taylor, two favorite sons of old Dixie. With the red rose as their emblem, "Alf" and the Republicans took their stand. But it was the white rose that brought "Bob" and the Democrats to victory.

How they welcomed the brothers that day in Nashville, before the close of the contest! An account says: "The town was agog with excitement. All day long the crowds cheered and shouted through the streets. Everyone took sides, and wore either the white rose or the red."

"Fiddling Bob," as they called him, was the favorite and—"that night," as the account continues, "the Democrats formed a giant parade. At the head they placed an open carriage, garlanded with white roses, and drawn by four white horses."

In this gay equipage, bowing right and left to the cheering throng, the governor-to-be was escorted to the final celebration—a great reception at the Maxwell House.

It was fitting to honor him there. For at that celebrated old hotel, the great folk of the South held their stately balls and banquets; and there the beaux and belles of old Dixie met for their gay masques and revels. Among the distinguished men and women who stopped there are many names we read in history.

How the Maxwell House earned its fame

In all the South, there was not another such hotel. "The food," as one noted visitor said, "was worth travelling a thousand miles for." And such coffee!

Just this one special blend was served at the Maxwell House. How the guests loved to linger over fragrant cups of it, enjoying to the full its rich, mellow flavor!

Wherever they went, they spread its fame. In distant sections of the country, those who best appreciate good living have heard of Maxwell House Coffee and have been eager to secure it for their own tables.

The same man who perfected it years ago, Joel Cheek himself, still supervises with his associates its blending and roasting. And today, this same coffee that won such fame in the old South years ago, is on sale in sealed tins at all better grocery stores.

Have it for breakfast tomorrow. Enjoy its delicate fragrance and full, mellow flavor. See how the very first taste will delight your husband. Ask your grocer today for one of the blue tins of Maxwell House Coffee.

CHEEK-NEAL COFFEE COMPANY
Nashville Houston Jacksonville Richmond
New York Los Angeles

Also Maxwell House Tea

MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

"Good to the last drop"

TODAY—*America's largest selling, high grade coffee*

No. 25 of the Graham Brothers Series on "American Industries"

1 TON CHASSIS $1095
1½ TON CHASSIS 1280
MBM LOW CHASSIS 1345
F. O. B. Detroit
CABS AND BODIES FOR [illegible]

GRAHAM

SOLD BY DODGE BROTHERS
DEALERS EVERYWHERE

GRAHAM BROTHERS DETROIT

Graham Brothers Stand ard Screen Canopy Truck

Good Government

Sixty-seven thousand corporations, linked inseparably under a single head, comprise the mightiest industry in the world.

The corporations are States, Counties, Cities and Towns.

It is the Industry of American Government.

History affords no parallel to its achievements. Our army and navy, our post office and fire and police departments, our courts, schools, parks, highways, sewerage systems and water supplies are incomparable symbols of courage and skill.

Following the admirable example of their Chief Executive, officials everywhere are striving conscientiously for greater economy. Entrusted with seven and a half billions of public funds, they appreciate the need of realizing the utmost from every dollar.

Pursuit of this commendable ideal brings them naturally, forcefully and *inevitably* to Graham Brothers Trucks. These sturdy vehicles have *proved* their right to a place in any program that contemplates *better results at lower costs.*

GRAHAM BROTHERS
Detroit — Evansville — Stockton
A DIVISION OF DODGE BROTHERS, INC
GRAHAM BROTHERS (CANADA) LIMITED—TORONTO, ONTARIO

BROTHERS TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 42)

complements of each other and necessary parts of a whole; engine and cars, horse and equipage, or, if you prefer, horse and jockey, the complete turnout, neither being of much use without the other, as far as the great public of readers is concerned.

Let us see from figures, which sometimes can be both interesting and romantic, how the publisher usually fares.

In the preceding article we reckoned the author's return from an average novel selling 1600 copies as $320; with expenses deducted, as $185.97. On that same book the publisher, manufacturing 3000 copies, has paid $750 for electrotype plates, $780 for printing and binding, $220 for advertising, $100 for a jacket design, and $320 to the author for royalties—a total of $2170, not counting even a reasonable overhead, while his receipts have been, roughly, $1920. He therefore has sustained a loss of $250, which is not helped much by a sale of the 1400 copies left over, as waste paper. Of course, many volumes on his list do not show up so badly, but there are too many that do. If money is to be made he gets it from the outstanding successes, from the returns of which must be first deducted such losses as those just mentioned.

In the case of a best-seller, the author reaching the hundred-thousand mark will net anywhere from $29,250 up to $40,000, according to the royalty rate. The publisher with a first cost of $2170, to which must be added $10,000 for advertising and, say, $24,000 for manufacture at a lower rate because of quantity—with $35,000 on an average for royalties, has an expense of $71,170. His receipts are about $116,000 for the hundred-thousand sale. His gross net therefore before deducting something for overhead is $44,830, which would be glorious if such books only bobbed up several times in the year.

However, the average author is usually in a poorer estate. His book does not sell well and it is his one poor ewe lamb, while the publisher has a whole flock of sheep from whom he can hope to shear at least one golden fleece.

For there is a sort of equalizing process in the best-selling game for the publisher if not for the author. They all have them, these best-sellers.

Even the newer houses have a chance. A concern formed in 1924 drew a very popular book the first three months out, and only the other day the youthful partner of another house, started in the same year, told me they had totaled $100,000 in the first twelve months of their existence, and now, in their second year, are going at the rate of $150,000; and this quite without luck, for they had on their lists no one of the top six, simply worthy substantial books that had a sound sale. This in itself should encourage trained men who have any idea of entering the business, even on a comparatively small capital.

But now, how, being human, is a publisher going to tell about his stable? The author, of course, having been divinely inspired, is sure—all too sure, about the mount; but the publisher, who has seen too many go wind-broke or spavined the first month out, is more cynical. And he has, in the case of a new arrival, absolutely no form sheet; nor is there any chance for a speed trial before the actual race. What, therefore, can he do to groom him?

Dressing Up a Book

THE book has been, as we have seen in the first article, passed on by nine experts of the office staff and firm, seven of whom thought its chances were good. But, then, they have often felt so before, only to see their hopes dissolve into thin air. And all too often have they by word of print and through salesmen persuaded the booksellers to buy many copies of books that did not dissolve into thin air, but remained in piles that became dusty and historic columns.

Still, there are many ways of attracting attention to a book in which a publisher believes—first through appeal to the eye, then through more subtle methods.

As for the first, there was that little volume which, almost of hip-pocket size, and very unassuming in appearance, came from England under the title Mirrors of Downing Street. The American publishers increased its size and type, improved its paper, added many illustrations. And this appearance of the American edition, though it could not be said to have made, certainly increased, the sale, and gave the book the right start. And it was duplicated later in form and success by Mirrors of Washington. The physical make-up, the visual appeal, of these twins to which the publishers gave much thought, had, I think, a great deal to do with their success.

The device of the color illustration for the jacket or wrap was tried very early in the century; first, I think, by the brilliant but all too short-lived firm of Stone & Kimball, in Chicago, then later perfected by the head of another Midwestern concern. This legitimate trick helped to bring on the early success of some of those then on that publisher's list.

Posters and ingenious designs cut out of cardboard, too, had their day, and will probably always be more or less effective. And successive stages brought the appearance of the blurb, or descriptive paragraph, on the jacket, the picture of the author and a little sketch of his career on the back. Later an enterprising house conceived the idea of tinting the tops a bright orange or vermilion; others followed suit with battleship gray, lavender and heliotrope; from which it may be seen that publishers are trying to think up a new one each minute.

Telling indorsements from celebrities are eagerly sought after by the publicity man; and these, if secured, may be used on the jacket of the book and in the advertising columns. Slogans are invented and, if happy, are used in almost every bit of copy possible.

Editors, too, do their part; and if at luncheon, first night or over the bridge or poker table they can persuade legitimately well-known critics or cliques to read certain books, the books in question may be admired and mentioned frequently in columns that have a wide circle of readers in New York and which are often syndicated in cities throughout the country.

Wooing the Bookseller's Favor

MOST of all, perhaps, does an editor welcome the comment on a book from the pulpit. That is manna, from heaven direct, and has helped such books as Winston Churchill's The Inside of the Cup and Kidd's Science of Power almost as much as a matinée audience of clergymen helps a morality play.

And there is ever constant competition between the various publishers for the bookseller's favor. He is as shy as a maiden, and as such to be wooed with guile by the publishing swain. And, too, the former is in a strategic position, meeting face to face as he does, the ultimate consumer. Now he may be attracted to the publications of a certain house because of their merit, and also because of the financial terms, though these do not vary so much. And constant pressure is brought to bear upon him, sometimes through copies of novels sent in advance of publication for him to sample, by means of circulars and dynamic sales letters or the persuasive eloquence of salesmen trained for the purpose and filled full of enthusiasm by the publicity and editorial staffs in the offices back home. Clever tricks, too, are resorted to; and one booksellers' convention was astounded by the appearance, at the annual banquet, of an array of waiters carrying canes that looked like sheaves of swords. However, the publisher donating these came in peace, not war, for on each cane was found a silver band reading, "Prod for the Prodigal Judge!"

But the oldest and most effective of tactics is the securing of many displays in the bookseller's window and on his counter, and the interesting of the bookseller to such an extent that he will talk up the book to the favored customers he has reserved for himself; and also suggest to his clerks that they do likewise. And this interest may bring a rich harvest, for there are many shrewd men in that trade who are always thinking up ingenious and original ways of marketing the books they believe in, among their clienteles.

Altogether, the publisher has done all in his power to give the book a proper launching, although, of course, you cannot expect him to give largely of his time and money to books that do not seem to have much chance. And now what happens?

The outcome depends partly on the effectiveness of the publisher's preparations, partly on chance, on merit, and very largely on the book's possession of some quality that will be forever indefinable, that vitality and life which for the sake of a better term let us call appeal. If it has that quality, then will follow that mouth-to-mouth advertising, which in this profession is of all things the most desired.

And strangely enough, the reviews are not always responsible for this. Frequently they have nothing at all to do with starting it. A book can be damned up and down the land, and sell amazingly.

That has happened to Harold Bell Wright. But with him I think many reviewers have overlooked his narrative gift. He has not, perhaps, a fine sense of characterization, nor do his stories quite square with life; but he has the trick of enlisting among millions of readers sympathy for his characters no matter how simply drawn, and also of inveigling his readers into following the fortunes of these characters until the tale is told

And, again, distinction must be made between books that have those qualities called literary and those that are merely entertaining. Of course the latter is an elusive term, for what holds some readers will not hold others, and, after all, the best literature is that which inspires respect among those sensitive to the finer values and yet is robust enough to hold great numbers of untrained readers.

And even for the best things, reviewers, being human, must have their blind spots. At its debut Wharton's Ethan Frome was not believed by many reviewers to be the fine thing they later confessed it to be. And Achmed Abdullah, the novelist and playwright, tells me he once examined in Germany a file of reviews of Goethe's Faust by contemporary critics. And how they did patronize poor Goethe when they did not roast him!

So a review may praise a book and yet not influence greatly its sale. If the review conducts effectively the writer's emotion, if its enthusiasm is contagious, it will be of much help. But it may wax enthusiastic and marshal all the superlatives in the dictionary without swelling the total. A well-known publisher, who has published many original things in an original way, cited to me an instance of a full front-page review, and one highly commendatory, appearing in a leading paper. The book was on his list and, to check the results, at the end of the Monday following the appearance of the review he called at every bookstore in New York. He found that there had not been a single copy sold.

Even a unanimity of praise from a hundred papers may not put a book over—that is, into big figures, if the reviews somehow do not strike the happy note. Their appreciation may unconsciously be like that of "He's good to his mother," said of some rather worthy fellow, which will not help him much in his business. From which it must not be deduced that the reviewer has no influence. Taking it down through the years, his is great.

From a purely commercial viewpoint, however, the news story is more immediately effective. The publicity attached to the foibles and eccentricities of that very clever woman, Margot Asquith, reacted quite favorably on her royalties; and there are other far less pleasant, sometimes even morbid cases of books leaping into success via the route of the headline, as any bookseller can recall.

But whatever the cause or combination of causes that brings success to an author, it is fascinating to watch his course, his rise, sometimes overnight, from poverty to fame; though it must be remembered you see just the results, which look miraculous, and know nothing of the long process of growth and nurturing which preceded the apparently sudden bloom.

There is that almost classic example of David Harum, for instance. Here credit should go almost in equal parts to author and publisher. For when Edward Noyes Westcott sent this, his first manuscript, to D. Appleton & Co. it had already been refused by a round dozen publishers. For verification see letters of rejection still on file in several offices. Furthermore, considerable grooming had first to be done. In the original script the inimitable horse-trading incident and the equally original Deacon occupied subordinate places. Under the wise Mr. Hitchcock's direction these were played up, with the result—a homely but appealing book that sold three-quarters of a million before many years were past, and in addition had the honor of being quoted in Congress and Parliament.

High Lights in Publishing History

MUCH of Harold Bell Wright's success, too, he owed to a publisher, or rather a middleman who suddenly turned publisher. Twenty-odd years ago E. W. Reynolds chanced on a manuscript of an itinerant landscape painter named Wright who was also pastor of a little church of the small sect called Disciples. Now Reynolds himself had a sympathy for this new author, based, undoubtedly, on the possession of qualities they had in common, particularly that high moral fervor, also evident in most of the latter's manuscripts, coupled with a like enthusiasm for business. He seemed to sense in the first two novels handed him—That Printer of Udell's and The Shepherd of the Hills—an earnestness, piety and romantic love interest which he was sure would have a wide appeal. So on the jump he went into the publishing business.

Fortunately, in this case, he did not follow the usual selling policy of publishers, but reached out with a gallant gesture over the heads of the circle of regular book buyers, which totals only about one per cent of our population, to the untold numbers who rarely read any book but the Bible and mail-order catalogues. And by means of vast numbers of catalogues, advertisements in media not usually patronized by publishers, and by wide-awake salesmen, he carried this news he believed in—that another John Bunyan had been born—carried it like some modern Paul Revere to every Midwestern village and farm. And before many years had flown he had realized a total sale of four millions of all this story-teller's books combined. And Wright was able to give up the pulpit and studio. It was one of the most astounding feats in publishing history.

But later Wright himself was outdistanced by two new dark horses—the piebald and hectic Sheik, and the more gently dispositioned and paced If Winter Comes. In justice to the respective publishers it should be stated that each showed some vision here and backed their judgments with vigorous campaigning and skillful jockeyship. But in the main it was their own speed and the breeze of mouth-to-mouth advertising that brought these long-shots home.

Properly here, for it happened so many years ago, one may speak of Looking Backward, by Edward Bellamy, which at first absolutely refused to move and at the barrier appeared all too thoroughly to illustrate its name. Then an enterprising department store purchased the remainder of the first edition and tumbled them into the window at

(Continued on Page 118)

Sedan
$1025

Inevitable Success because of

Greater Beauty - - -
Finer Performance
Lower Price!

Not one - - But All Three

With one swift sure stride, Oldsmobile attains a position of commanding importance. Here is greater beauty and finer performance—an impressive achievement that becomes doubly so with the drastic reduction of Oldsmobile prices! In fairness to yourself, your pocket book and your sense of satisfaction—arrange now to see and drive this new Oldsmobile.

Touring $875; Coach $950; Sedan $1025. Prices f. o. b. Lansing, plus tax.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, LANSING, MICHIGAN
OLDS MOTOR WORKS OF CANADA, LIMITED, OSHAWA, ONTARIO

OLDSMOBILE SIX

Product of GENERAL MOTORS

OUT-OF-DOORS

True Turkey Tales

TURKEY hunters as a rule are apt to take their craft rather seriously. The stalking of a wild gobbler which has arrived at years of discretion is no joking matter. Anybody can shoot baited turkeys from a blind, but if you go after your turkey in a sportsmanlike way you need considerable skill. Yet in every good turkey country you will probably find hunters and woodsmen who can tell true tales of turkeys taken with ridiculous ease—generally as the result of some queer accident.

A South Carolina planter, riding along a narrow woods road, saw a wild turkey in the road ahead of him. He had no gun, so he instantly put spurs to his horse and dashed ahead at full speed. The turkey raced forward, then spread its wings and flew, but before it could gain much momentum the planter was almost abreast of it. The thick woods on either side and the branches arching overhead prevented the bird from turning aside or rising beyond the rider's reach. At some risk to his neck, he snatched it out of the air, and later his family enjoyed a turkey dinner.

Another planter in the same general region obtained a fine wild gobbler even more easily. He was riding through a pine wood when the big bird flushed ahead of him. The trees stood very close together and the gobbler made the mistake of heading for the thickest part of the forest. He was whizzing along at high speed amid the tree trunks when the astonished planter saw him drop to the ground stone dead. He had killed himself upon a projecting snag of a pine limb.

If you live in a good turkey country and are willing to take considerable trouble you may be able to capture a wild gobbler alive and infuse some wild blood into your domestic stock. An enterprising citizen who lives near Cottageville, South Carolina, recently conceived this idea. He began by baiting some wild turkeys near a fallen tree. After they had become accustomed to taking the bait he placed a broken branch close to the bait, covering it with Spanish moss. Still later, when the turkeys had grown accustomed to the moss, he dug a cavity under the log and concealed himself there, extending his arm under the moss. Presently the turkeys came to feed, and when a big gobbler stepped practically into his hand he laid hold of it and held on.

That is one way of getting wild blood with which to improve your domestic stock. The same result is sometimes accomplished with less difficulty. At a historic plantation house about seventeen miles from Charleston a wild gobbler came out of the woods one morning not long ago, fought a terrific battle with the tame gobbler who was boss of the barnyard, vanquished him utterly and proceeded to flirt with the ladies of his harem.

PHOTO BY JOHN KABEL, DAYTON, OHIO

Casting for Bass in Georgian Bay, Canada

Fishermen's Theories

FISHERMEN are great theorists. Even the best of them accumulate almost as many theories as fish. And for every theory which affirms that a certain thing is true there is another theory which affirms the opposite.

It is believed by most surf fishermen that there is little chance of catching channel bass in the surf if a school of porpoises has just passed along the beach in the breakers. The porpoises feed on the bass and these fishermen contend that bass will not linger in water where porpoises are hunting. But there are other fishermen who look at the matter in an entirely different way and construct an entirely different theory.

They declare that the presence of porpoises is a happy omen for the angler. Their idea is that the porpoise herds go where the fish are to be found. Hence, if you see a porpoise herd cruising in the breakers close inshore, you can count on it that there are fish in those breakers. It is a fact that surf bass are sometimes hooked in the very midst of a porpoise pack; but this does not necessarily prove that the porpoises are an aid to the angler.

There are similarly contrasting theories about thunderstorms. Many fishermen say that channel bass will not bite in the surf during or immediately after a thunderstorm. They maintain that the thunder frightens the fish and drives them out into deep water.

Yet there are other anglers who consider that fishing in a thunderstorm is the most fruitful sort of fishing. These are men who have actually caught fish during a thunderstorm. Undoubtedly this proves that fish do sometimes bite during thunderstorms, but it is hardly sufficient basis for the theory that thunderstorm fishing is the most profitable kind.

Surf fishermen are not particularly obstinate, but they have a bulldog grip when it comes to sticking to their pet theories. They are, as a rule, above the average in intelligence; yet often they are singularly blind to the obvious. Every surf fisherman has been on trips when the honors were taken by some rank greenhorn. Generally the reason is very simple.

The greenhorn caught the fish because the greenhorn was a poor hand at casting. There is a certain knack in handling rod and reel in the surf and the beginner is seldom able to cast far. Often he finds it impossible to cast his bait more than thirty or forty feet. The veteran, however, can cast one hundred and fifty, two hundred, or perhaps even three hundred feet; and few veterans can resist the temptation to cast as far as they are able.

That is why it often happens that the greenhorn carries home a fine string of fish while the veterans return empty handed. At certain times and in certain places the channel bass, even the great big ones of thirty or forty pounds, feed very close to the shore. The queer part of it is that the veteran seldom realizes his mistake until too late. He continues to make long casts and to look pityingly at the clumsy helpless greenhorn despite the fact that the latter is getting all the strikes and all the fish.

HERBERT RAVENEL SASS.

Upsetting Nature's Balance

THE English sparrow, a bird unknown to this continent at its discovery, was brought across the Atlantic to annihilate certain forms of destructive insect life; the little bully turned to fighting song birds, large and small, and chose grain as his food. The insects were forgotten in the larger measure of his prosperity over former conditions.

Wild hyacinth was introduced from Asia and Africa and planted on the shores of Southern rivers and swamps to catch and hold the silt of overflows, and thus in time to build up banks which would prevent floods. The plant preferred to live in deep water and in a short time clogged currents and brought worse floods than had ever been known.

To overcome this mistake we imported German carp to eat the tiny sprouts of the hyacinth just as these were shooting out of the mud. The hope was that the carp, being a vegetarian and a scavenger, would find the hyacinth a most delicious ration and in time eradicate the menace to Southern rivers.

But the carp changed his spots, so to speak, and became a cannibal. The eggs and the young of game fish were what he wanted and he went everywhere in search of these more desirable foods. He is now found from the Gulf to the Great Lakes.

At Peoria, Illinois, he is caught by the carload and shipped in ice to feed the carp-loving thousands of our great cities. And in and around the Middle Illinois river country, which was once the best bass region in America, the German carp is boss and does exactly what he pleases. The bass is largely gone.

In Northern Arizona and Southern Utah for the last few years, especially around the Grand Cañon, a special campaign has been waged for the extinction of mountain lions, the theory of this being that the lion, puma or cougar—he is called by all these names—kills from fifty to one hundred grass-eating animals each year, and that by removing him the deer and mountain sheep would increase.

But we reckoned blindly. The lion is now reduced and the deer have grown to such an army that last year measures had to be taken to drive them to grass lands where they could find food. After the lion went, the worst of droughts came and the range was parched and dry; cattle had to be turned into deer country to be kept alive. And the ranchers found the deer in such numbers that cows were being starved. They raised a cry and the state and Federal men and societies moved to drive the deer somewhere where they would be fed by Nature in Nature's way.

This drive has not been successful and dead deer dotted the desert and hills of a vast region in and around the Grand Cañon, east and south, all last year.

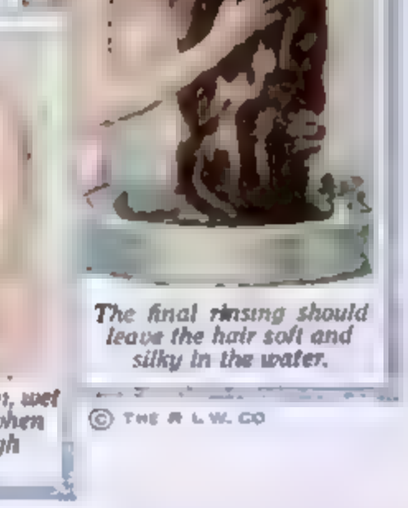
Years ago, in Western Kansas, Nebraska and Eastern Colorado, men brought in racing dogs to run down coyotes. It was great fun and armies of the prairie wolves were killed. This wily animal turned his attention to the mountains and used his wit to outguess man. He has thrived and now is found to be more numerous than he was fifty years ago; and he reaches from the Arctic to the Gulf, from the St. Lawrence to the Sacramento River. With the going of the coyote, jack rabbits became a destructive pest in the region mentioned above.

But it wasn't only the coyote that the rancher and farmer killed. The mink, skunk, weasel, eagle, three species of hawks, badgers and the gray and red fox were almost driven from the country.

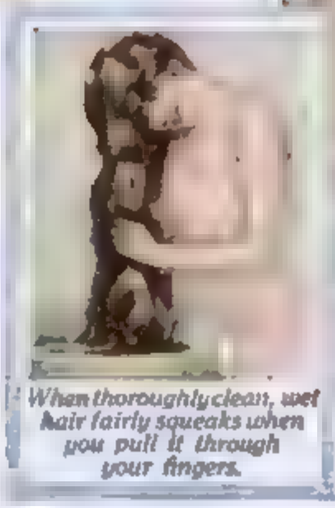
Now each year in and around Fort Morgan, Colorado, a great rabbit drive takes place. Men close up shops to help the rancher. A circle more than a hundred miles wide is established and men with every manner of gun walk slowly toward given centers. Jack rabbits are killed by the hundreds of thousands.

(Continued on Page 115.)

Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips.



The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water.



When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers.

© THE R. L. W. CO

Your Hair Appears Twice as Beautiful—*when Shampooed this way*

Try this quick and simple method which thousands now use.
See the difference it makes in the appearance of your hair.
Note how it gives new life and lustre, how it brings out all the wave and color.
See how soft and silky, bright and glossy your hair will look.

THE alluring thing about beautiful hair isn't the way it is worn.

The real, IRRESISTIBLE CHARM is the life and lustre the hair itself contains.

Fortunately, beautiful hair is no longer a matter of luck.

You, too, can have beautiful hair if you shampoo it properly.

Proper shampooing is what makes it soft and silky. It brings out all the real life and lustre, all the natural wave and color and leaves it fresh-looking, glossy and bright.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of free alkali which is common in ordinary soaps. The free alkali soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why thousands of women, everywhere, now use Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product brings out all the real beauty of the hair and cannot possibly injure. It does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it. If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method.

A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and all through the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, give the hair a good rinsing. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

After the final washing, rinse the hair and scalp in at least two changes of clear, warm water. This is very important.

You will notice the difference in your hair even before it is dry, for it will be delightfully soft and silky.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find your hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it really is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage.

You can get Mulsified cocoanut oil shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Sample FREE upon request.

THE R. L. WATKINS CO.
1000 W. 6th St. CLEVELAND, OHIO

Please send me FREE, a sample of MULSIFIED, all charges paid.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City or Town . . . . . .

RIVERS TO CROSS

(Continued from Page 30)

Hugh Chalice had a gift for narration and told his story with dramatic effect.

"Had a fancy to do a bit of mountaineering, she'll tell you—gets nightbound, then slithers down one of those loose seams where the steps used to be before the landslide in '13. How she didn't break her neck I don't know." He threw up his hands. "Lord, these Americans!"

"But where was this?" I demanded.

"Amontado. We hauled her off a shelf halfway down the side of a precipice."

"Oh, good land!" said Nancy. "Quit all this drama! Anyone'd think I'd died three deaths."

"It beats me to know what she did it for—alone, without a guide."

"How did you guess where to look for her?" I asked.

"A worker in one of the vineyards reported seeing figures by the Old Rest House."

"Figures?" I repeated.

Hugh Chalice laughed.

"He must have been mistaken, for once on that shelf you were fixed for life, or until somebody hauled you off."

"The peasant was very sure there were two people—and one was a man."

The speaker was the dapper Mr. Levis of the auction at the old Palazzo.

"Well, where is he?" I asked sweetly.

"We found no one but this lady."

Hugh Chalice leaned over the side of the car and scowled.

"Strikes me," he said, "you're behaving rather like an ass, Mr.—what is it?—Levis. Miss Vansiter has told us that she went to the mountain alone."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Chalice, she told us that."

The tone was fawning but insolent. I swung round sharply.

"Have you any reason to think otherwise?" He hesitated. "What?" I rapped out the word sharp as a pistol shot.

"No, Mr. Praed, none at all."

The tone was conciliatory.

"Then what are you talking about?"

"Nothing. I only thought it was queer, the peasant making a mistake like that."

"Perhaps if he wasn't subject to making mistakes like that he wouldn't still be a peasant," I said.

"Yes, that's very practical, Mr. Praed."

"Glad you think so. Perhaps you can find me a seat in your car."

"Delighted, Mr. Praed."

I took my place beside him in the last car.

The procession moved on. A wind screen protected us from being overheard by the driver. We had driven some way before Levis ventured a remark.

"It was good fortune meeting you like this, Mr. Praed. There was quite a feeling of alarm at Ponta Rico that you, too, were missing."

"Is that so?"

"Oh, quite a feeling."

"I hardly see why," I replied. "I told the newspaper reporter I might be away for some days."

He looked at me with a faint smile.

"Mr. Praed," he said, "would it surprise you to learn that I was that newspaper reporter?"

"Not at all," said I. "We met on the outskirts of the town after the ball at Government House."

"That meeting never took place, Mr. Praed."

"Didn't it?" I said. "That's strange, since you wrote saying it did take place and I recall the circumstances perfectly."

Levis pursed his thick red lips, then relaxed them into a smile.

"You certainly have some nerve, Mr. Praed; but it occurs to me that even in spite of our alleged meeting there may be some doubt as to your motives in leaving the town. The fact that you appeared on the roadside without provisions of any kind is enough to excite suspicion."

"Oh, but you forget," I returned, "that I only carry chocolate on these expeditions. I would give you a piece if I hadn't finished the last of it this morning."

He flushed angrily and was silent for a moment, nibbling a finger nail and every now and again shooting glances in my direction. Suddenly he blossomed into unexpected frankness.

"How did you get away from that Rest House? It was impossible—couldn't be done."

"Doesn't that prove I was never there?"

"But you were there! You went there in my company."

"I can hardly imagine you would want to brag about that. It wouldn't be very effective, Levis, to say 'This bad fellow didn't actually abduct the girl, but we put him in such a position that people would think he had.' I doubt if anyone would blame me for that."

"You're very smart, Mr. Praed, and very sure of yourself. I suppose next you'll go to Government House and tell them the truth of the whole business."

"I might," I replied, "if I hadn't found a better way of putting a York hitch on your crowd."

"What way?"

It was my turn to smile.

"That's not in the contract, but you might drop a hint to our friend Boas not to leave tobacco pouches lying about."

"Tobacco pouches?"

"He'll understand."

The ingrained Oriental suspicion of the man's nature was roused.

"But suppose he doesn't understand."

"It will simply be a matter of time before he does."

"Time?" he repeated anxiously. "What sort of time?"

"Ah!" said I. "Ah!" And I crossed my wrists as though they were in chains.

Levis shivered.

"This is bluff," he said. "Bluff! You'll have a job to scare us, Mr. Praed. We don't run at a cry of wolf."

"No, but we crawl at the edge of a cliff, eh, Levis?"

He started violently.

"Then you were there—you were!"

I nodded.

"And I wonder if you've any notion what a whelp you looked."

His breath came short between shut teeth.

"All right," he said, "all right. We missed you this time, but don't flatter yourself you can get away with it. We haven't done with you yet."

"You can be very sure of that," I promised, and gripping him by the back of the neck pushed his head down between his knees. "There are your feet, Levis, see 'em?—down there—feet heaven gave you to stand on. Look at 'em and lick 'em, you poor little man who goes on all fours!"

Moving his head from side to side, I blackened his nose against the toes of his boots.

"Let me go!" he squealed. "I can't breathe."

I held him there.

"Go on, crawler, lick 'em! It's cleaner work than your dirty tongue has a right to expect. You were, hoping to blacken a girl's good name, eh? But you've been cheated of the chance. You can taste a bit of blacking on your own account."

His face was smeared from brow to chin and he was gasping for breath when I jerked him back to a sitting position. He cowered from me like a beaten dog. Never in any man's face had I seen such impotent fury and hatred.

"If I had a knife I'd cut your eyes out for that!" he gasped.

"A knife!" I laughed. "It's a banjo you want, my friend."

XXIX

THE town clocks were striking nine when our procession of three cars came down the hill into Ponta Rico. Hugh Chalice dropped Nancy at the Esterella and waved me to join him in the two-seater.

"I'll run you round to the St. George, Praed," he said. "I wanted a word with you, if possible." Somehow he seemed at a loss how to begin. "It's like this, old chap: You're in bad at Government House."

"Well, that's nothing new."

"The old man's pretty wild at your failing to keep that appointment."

"It couldn't be helped."

He shrugged his shoulders.

"That's your pigeon and I dare say you'd a perfectly good reason for going off into the hills at a moment's notice."

"I had to go."

"Still, it would have been tactful to send up a note."

"Chalice," I asked, "is this a tick-off?"

"'Course not; only—only I was rather favoring your show and it was a disappointment to see you let yourself down, especially as ——" He hesitated.

"Well?"

"They're a rotten crowd out here—real scum. If they can put a wrong interpretation on an action they'll do it. Thank God, we shall be able to squash that lying talk anyhow."

"What talk?"

He flushed a bit.

"Miss Vansiter disappearing at the same time."

"So that's what they've been saying!"

"Lot of swine. She's one of the best little sports I've met in years."

"I'll back that estimate. Is there anything else?"

He looked dubious.

"I'm not in the old man's confidence, but I can usually tell which way the wind's blowing. The barometer shows you're in for a gale. I hate saying this, Praed, but I don't think you've an earthly chance of putting your scheme through. There's a devil of a lot of wire pulling going on somewhere." He broke off to ask, "It's all rot, isn't it, about your skrimshanking in the war?"

"Hullo!" said I. "Where does that come from?"

"I heard Boas telling Miss Prothero you resigned your commission in the R. E.'s early in '15 and never rejoined another unit. He hinted at scandal that had been hushed up—said that the King had no further use, and so on."

"Was she impressed?"

"Good Lord, no!"

"Were you?"

"No fear!"

"Then that's all right."

"But it's up to you to put yourself square, old chap. There's another thing."

"Let's have the lot."

"Craven. Craven's one of the best fellows alive and I'd take his estimate of a man as soon as anyone's."

"Well?"

"He's an idea you are not what you seem to be. He's frank as the day about it, because I had the thing out with him and told him it was all rot. But he just shook his head and stuck to his guns. I do wish you'd have a talk with him and try to clear it up."

"Perhaps some day I'll do that," I said. "For the present my hands are pretty full. You've been tremendously friendly, Chalice; in fact you're the one man in this island who's shown me a vestige of decency. I needn't say I'm grateful, but I wonder sometimes why you bother."

Hugh Chalice looked up awkwardly and his eyes drifted out to sea.

"'Tisn't surprising, old chap. Dare say you'll think me all kinds of an ass, but a fellow can't help being fond of a girl even though he knows he hasn't an earthly."

"Philida?"

He nodded.

"Funny, ain't it?"

"It would be funnier if you weren't," said I.

"Oh, that! I mean telling the chap she's fond of. You see, I don't aspire, Praed; but I want her happiness to have a fair show—and it isn't getting it." He broke off and pointed. "Look!"

Along the road came a party of mounted men and women—Philida and Captain Craven, Leland Boas, Mrs. Nunez-Hunter and two men with whom I was unacquainted. With a cry of pleasure, Philida spurred her horse to a trot. Boas, seeing me, did likewise. They arrived at the car simultaneously.

"Well done, Chalice!" said Boas. "So you found the truants, eh?"

"We found Miss Vansiter in the Rest House at Amontado," said Chalice.

"The Rest House!" exclaimed Boas. Then, addressing me—"My dear fellow, how did you get there?"

"I?" I replied. "How do you mean?"

Before he could answer, Hugh Chalice said, "And we happened to meet Praed coming down the Angora Pass three hours later."

A held breath escaped softly through Philida's parted lips. With an irritable gesture, Mrs. Nunez-Hunter brushed imaginary dust from the skirt of her riding habit. Craven, as ever, staring at me thoughtfully, seemed indifferent to the whole affair. The two men with whom I was unacquainted exchanged glances. It was upon Boas that my attention was chiefly centered. He had taken heavy chances in planting Nancy and me on the mountainside. It had been a hazardous move and it had come to nothing. His skin whitened and the muscles at the ends of his mouth twitched with a furious disappointment that took all his control to master. A little burst of talk broke out among the company and in the moment it lasted I whistled the first few bars of the old German Hymn of Hate.

And then a surprising thing happened. From Craven came a sharp exclamation of "Ah-h!" and simultaneously his mare reared up as though struck across the eyes by a whip. Next instant she was galloping up the road with Craven straining at the reins; they rounded the hairpin bend and were lost to view behind a terrace of small villas.

"After him, you chaps!" cried Chalice.

Boas and the two other horsemen broke into a canter.

Philida leaned forward in the saddle long enough to say, "Five o'clock this evening at Atlantic Point."

Hugh Chalice looked at me in astonishment.

"What could have startled the mare like that?"

"Was it the mare or the man?" said I. "And if the man—why?"

Even as I spoke, Craven appeared again in the section of road high above us. The mare was no longer out of control, but was going uphill at a long raking trot. Craven did not look behind him.

"It's a funny business altogether," said Chalice. "Suppose I'd better run you along to the hotel now."

"On second thoughts," I said, "I'll go first to the post office. There's a packet of letters between my shoulders I'd be glad if you'd fish out for me. No, it's not a joke. Thanks." I dropped the packet into my pocket and held out a hand. "Awfully obliged. You've been a better friend than you know."

At the post office I put the packet, with a covering note, in a registered envelope and addressed it to my bankers in Haymarket. Then I returned to the hotel for a bath, a smoke and a piece of sleep.

XXX

THERE is no lovelier spot in Ponta Rico than Atlantic Point. Like a balcony, it overhangs the sea. In the pale distances to the south faint outlines of the main archipelago fret the even curve of the horizon. Upon a natural couch of rock, tapestried

(Continued on Page 55)

CHEVROLET

for Economical Transportation

The Coach $695 F.O.B. Flint, Mich.

The Public Acclaims this the finest Low Priced Coach

Touring	525
Roadster	525
Coupe	675
Sedan	775
Commercial Chassis	425
Express Truck Chassis	550

ALL PRICES F. O. B. FLINT, MICHIGAN

At its new low price the Chevrolet coach is an unusual achievement in automobile value. It is acknowledged the finest of low priced coaches. It is built on the new Chevrolet chassis with construction typical of the highest priced cars. It provides an unusual combination of power, strength, comfort and economy.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

QUALITY AT LOW COST

Millions of mothers are asking

WHAT strenuous lives children live—what dynamic little bodies they have! And how they do "go through" a pair of shoes!

You can't change boys and girls. And wouldn't if you could.

But you can change shoes.

You can buy shoes that defy destructive little feet to do their worst. *Better* shoes. And not only better shoes, but shoes that *cost less*. Shoes that take a big strain off your pocketbook—both by their longer wear and by their lower price:

Endicott-Johnson shoes for boys and girls.

Actually tested on boys and girls

Never before have you seen such shoes for withstanding the grinding, kicking and scrunching which youthful feet inflict! For these shoes are made not just as the designer thinks they should be made, but as we found by actual tests they could be made to give decidedly longer service. And look well too.

We made hundreds of tests. We put all kinds of shoes on all kinds of boys and girls.

Then we turned these youngsters loose!

We watched them, week by week. Studied them. Noted their different tendencies. Observed where each boy or girl was hardest on shoes. Checked up on the kinds of leather, lasts and types of construction that wore best and longest.

We applied the skill and experience of thirty-five years in learning how and where shoes could be improved. Then we improved them.

Endura—Misses and Girls' High Shoes for dress wear. A handsome, shape-holding shoe for Her Young Ladyship. Many other styles for your choosing.

Sterling—Boys' Light Tan Oxford. For dress and general wear. E-J quality throughout. Money-saving price.

Navy Boy—A sturdy dressy boy's wear for school and dress-up. Keep a record of their wear.

Look for the E-J trade-mark. You'll find it on the sole.

No one ever has found, or ever will find, a way to stop boys from kicking tin cans, fences and stone walls.

"Where can we buy boys' and girls' shoes that wear longer and cost less?"

Active feet and concrete pavements are mighty hard on shoes.

Today millions of mothers have learned the economy of buying Endicott-Johnson shoes! We make more than twelve million pairs of boys' and girls' shoes annually.

We tan our own leather, in our own tanneries and in our own special way to give maximum wear—in all sorts of weather. We use the best lasts, methods and machinery known to the industry.

Wear is built into these shoes piece by piece, step by step.

The soles are tough. Linings strong. Extra heavy thread is used in the stitching. Foundations are right—repairs, when they must be made, can be made well and economically.

Finally, we put into Endicott-Johnson shoes the earnestness of 17,000 trained workers. These E-J Workers are an unusual organization—an industrial democracy. They are our *partners*. They share with us the responsibilities of the business; we share with them the rewards. Obviously, they are interested in producing *better* shoes; giving you values that will assure your permanent preference for Endicott-Johnson shoes.

These things have a tremendous interest to mothers and fathers who know that "buying shoes for children" is no joke. You can buy Endicott-Johnson shoes for boys and girls for as little as $2.50 to $3.50 (smaller sizes $1.50 to $2), according to size and grade. And handsome shoes they are—as stylish as they are comfortable and durable.

There are scores of styles from which to choose—for school, dress and play. You pay only $5 for the finest grades we make.

You save money on Endicott-Johnson shoes.

Figure it out—what it means to you in your annual shoe budget . . . to be able to make two pairs outlast at least three ordinary pairs.

Mark the day you buy them

Prove to your own satisfaction that Endicott-Johnson shoes are indeed "*Better shoes for less money.*" When you buy a pair, note the date. Keep a record of their wear. Fifty thousand stores sell Endicott-Johnson shoes. There's one near you. If you don't happen to know where, we'll gladly tell you. Write to Endicott-Johnson, Endicott, N. Y.; or Jersey City, N. J.; or St. Louis, Mo.—Largest manufacturers of boys' and girls' shoes in the world.

Endwell—Girls' Light Tan Oxford—A smart shoe for street and every-day wear.

Who wants a goody little girl who never runs and climbs?

Mark the day you buy them.

ENDICOTT-JOHNSON

Better shoes for less money

Obtainable only direct from our mills at a saving, through our bonded representatives who call at the home and office

REAL SILK

Guaranteed

HOSIERY

WITH TOP, TOE AND HEEL OF FINEST LISLE

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS ~ INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

THERE IS A BRANCH OFFICE IN YOUR CITY. CONSULT PHONE DIRECTORY

©1925 R.S.H.M.

(Continued from Page 50)

with multicolored lichens, I stretched myself, listening to the swill of waters far below me and inhaling the subtle goodness of the air. The hillside was thick with flowers as the pattern in a chintz; yellow marigolds, tufts of purple cactus and convolvulus, blue as lapis-lazuli. Among the rocks rose tufty bushes of tamarisk and juniper.

Nothing could have exceeded the beauty of the scene, and yet it was only at the dial of my watch I could bring myself to look. A certain position of the hands spelled Philida; nothing else was of consequence. I might as well have been sitting at the bottom of a pit for all the pleasure I had of surroundings.

The hands made pitifully slow progress. My eyes were glued to the dial when her voice sounded behind me.

Waiting for her—need of her—lack of her had conspired to make me all lover that afternoon. I wanted to forget everything save that she and I were together, to revel in the sheer completeness of that. Manlike, I expected a reflection of my mood in her eyes, but instead I found in them anxiety—a look of strain—that checked the words with which I should have greeted her and startled the question, "Philida, is anything the matter? What's wrong?"

She sat on the rock without even touching my hand.

"No imagination, Nigel," she said, her head going from side to side.

"Philida dear," I cried, "what is it? I've waited here, aching for you to come, and—what's happened? I thought it would be marvelous—and—Philida, you haven't been believing ——"

She turned suddenly.

"Believing what?"

"These lies that ——"

"Oh, Nigel," she exclaimed, "to say that—think that—believe that I should want explanations!"

I was out of my depth and must have shown it, for suddenly she relented and shot out a hand and, seizing one of mine, laughed to herself as though by an order hard to obey. I went down on my knees.

"I've offended you somehow."

She nodded.

"Yes, by not seeing ——"

"Seeing?" I repeated.

"Do you think I've had much of a time these last three days? Do you think it has been jolly for me with not an idea what had happened to you? You might have been dead, or something—I didn't know." She rubbed her forehead with the heel of her hand. "Awful—it was awful! I struggled a long time not to love anyone. I didn't want to leave my heart where it could be hurt so."

"Have I hurt it?"

"You—everyone! You, perhaps, because you couldn't help it; others because they meant to. And all the time I've had to hide what I felt—the fear, the pain, the anger."

"But, my dearest, it's all all right."

"It isn't! How can it be? You didn't imagine ——"

"Imagine what?"

"My part of it. You came to meet me with your arms out to take me, smiling as if nothing had happened and we were just two lovers with an hour to spend together. If ever a woman deserved being sorry for, you might have been sorry for me instead of glad of me."

I must have looked utterly blank, for she ran her fingers through my hair and like a schoolboy twisted it so that I faced her.

"You do—do see the justice of that, don't you—the logic? My grievance against you is a real one, isn't it, Nigel? There was no one but you in all the world to sympathize with what I'd been through."

"But, Philida," I said, "if you suffered because of me, I can only be terribly proud and glad."

"I suppose that's the way a man feels," she said—"all men; but it's awful of them, wicked of them. Women aren't like that—at least those in love are not. Did you ever think of me these last three days?"

"Every minute!"

"But not what I should be thinking. Nigel. You thought of someone to come back to—make a fuss of."

"If you like."

She shook her head.

"It seems to me you only get about half the goodness out of our possession of each other. I've lived inside your mind—invented your thoughts of me—but they were all wrong. Why, Nigel, you haven't even a real trust!"

"My dear!"

"But you haven't. You were afraid I might believe the tales they were telling. You'd be giving explanations now if I hadn't stopped you."

"I didn't understand," I protested. "Seeing you there, keeping me at arm's length, I was afraid."

"No, you didn't understand, and you didn't trust properly—about half is all you're getting, Nigel."

"Philida dear," I begged, "why do we talk like this? Why waste this glorious hour?"

"Waste?" she repeated. "This isn't waste; it's wonderful—marvelous." Her arms went round my neck and she pressed her cheek against mine. "We're learning each other, and that's almost divine. I love you, and hate you to let me be angry with you—to give me cause."

"Was it cause," I said, "that I should be bursting with gladness at the sight of you?"

"Yes," she said, "as good as any other. Because of you I'm all made up of new emotions—joys, angers, fears, resentments and gratitudes. Am I a beast to expect you to meet any or all of them ready and unafraid when you meet me? Not only to meet, Nigel, but to know them all ahead and know why? Things like that are one's excuse for loving. After all, we are echoes of each other. There now, that's done and you can be as angry or as pleased as you like about it. I've cheated dreadfully today, haven't I? Because you did expect me to jump into your arms, didn't you?"

I nodded and she slipped down to the grass beside me.

"Well, I'm there now; but I came by a different route, out of a frightened place, with my nerves frayed. I'm not at all ashamed."

"My blessed," I whispered, "you're the eighth wonder of the world and greater than all the rest put together."

"Go on," she nodded. "I like that. It's so utterly stupid and comforting. Talk lovely nonsense to me, admiring things to make me feel smooth. I've thousands of questions to ask, but first let's be our idiot selves and snuggle like children on a doorstep, holding hands and inventing names."

I do not know how long we stayed there side by side; it must have been a long, long while, for presently the falling sun peeped under the shadow of her hatbrim.

"The old fellow has seen us," I said. "Look, he has turned pink with envy!"

Philida sat up as if suddenly awakened.

"I'm cured now for a little while," she said. "So tell the adventures, please."

I told her what had befallen me since the night of the ball.

"That precipice!" she said. "Why did you do it?"

"It was the only way of cheating them."

"Did Nancy know what you meant to do?"

"I told her there was a way out."

"She let you try?"

"I didn't wait. She would have tried to stop me, I expect. I chanced my arm and jumped for it."

"Why would she have tried to stop you?"

"It looked pretty risky. It was, in a way; but it was perfectly possible."

"You think she would have stopped you because it was risky?"

"She'd made up her mind we'd brazen it out and hope the truth would be believed."

"It never would have been believed; not here—never."

"I think she knew that. She was rather marvelous about it."

"A lucky girl," said Philida softly.

"Lucky?"

"It isn't a bad thing to be given a chance of serving someone you're fond of."

"That's nonsense," I said. "You don't imagine ——"

"Why not? I'm in love with you. Why shouldn't she be?"

"Oh, rot!" said I.

"'Tisn't!" Her voice suddenly warmed. "Nigel, I like that girl. I wonder if she still cares for you. P'raps not; p'raps you cured her when you took away her chance and bagged all the chivalry for yourself. Where was she when you shot the chute?"

"Looking down."

"Oh!" cried Philida, as if I had struck her. "Did you want to add murder to your other charms—for sheer devilish cruelty?"

"Spare me!" I said. "There wasn't much time. The rescue party turned up ten minutes later."

"I know—you couldn't do otherwise. But even if you didn't think of her, you might have thought of me! Dead men aren't much good to anyone."

"You wouldn't have had me funk it."

"I s'pose not—I don't know. In some natures funking is a sign of grace. Don't look at me as if I'm being horrid. It's only jealousy, Nigel."

"Jealousy?"

"Um! You've had a marvelous time with fights and intrigues and dangers to overcome. All the things you asked for have been granted to you, and I've had no share in them. Excuse enough for jealousy, isn't it?"

She had risen and stood a pace away, looking out over the sea. As she finished she turned and raised her head. Following the direction of her eyes, I saw Kenedy running toward us. He was breathless and hatless and his face was scarlet from the effort he was making. He covered the last few yards in a series of bounds, caught his foot in a convolvulus vine and sprawled into my arms.

"What is it, man?" I demanded. "What's the hurry? What's the trouble?"

"Miss," he said with staggering breath, "beat it! It's 'Is Nibs!"

"His Nibs?" she repeated.

"The guv'nor. He knows you're 'ere, miss, and he's on his way now. Summing awful temper he's in! Fair murderous!"

"Here, Kenedy," I said, "pull yourself together. What is all the nonsense?"

"That Mr. Chalice—rung up—'arf an hour ago. You was followed, major. 'Tell Miss Philida,' says 'e. 'Get there fust,' 'e says. 'Ole man's breathing fire and brimstone,' says 'e. 'And tell Mr. Praed,' 'e says, '"is number's up.'"

"Do you mean my father is on his way here?"

"That's right. If you wants to 'op it, now's your chance."

"But I don't want to hop it," said Philida. "There's nothing I want less. But it was kind of you to come and warn us."

As she spoke the sharp clot-clot of horses' hoofs from beyond the bend in the cliff road came to our ears.

"Too late," wailed Kenedy. "That's them right enough."

"Kenedy," I said, "go down the road and meet them. Tell them where we are."

Philida looked at me with a dancing light in her eyes.

"This is my show, Nigel."

"Why not ours?" I returned. "Go on, Kenedy. Make a move."

Without a word he spun round and made off by the way he had come.

The horsemen, rounding the bend in the road, nearly collided with him. The governor was leading; behind him were Craven and Leland Boas. Kenedy held up his hand and his voice came clear on the evening air.

"The major's compliments and you'll find him a hundred yards up the road."

The governor half raised the hand that held his whip, then he dropped it again. Turning his head, he rapped out an inaudible direction to Craven.

Then he dismounted and, throwing the reins to Kenedy, came toward us alone. He

(Continued on Page 57)

Drink it through Stone's Sanitary Straws

Hot? Tired? milk refreshes

Drink a bottle or two of milk every day at the office. Its refreshing qualities will surprise you. And be sure to use Stone's Straws. They make the best drink taste better.

Always use Stone's Straws when serving milk and other cold drinks. They prevent gulping, thereby aiding digestion. Used in the best homes everywhere. Made and packed entirely by machinery, they are absolutely sanitary. Also be sure to use them at the Soda Fountain and with bottled drinks.

Get a convenient Home Package—several weeks' supply—at your druggist's, 10c. If your druggist cannot supply you, send us his name and address and 10c. and we will see that you are supplied at once.

The Stone Straw Co

Get the Home Package at your Druggist's 10¢

© 1925, The Richardson Company

Now comes the onyx *roof*

—in coloring especially attractive on homes of yellow or white

Rich brown and red mixtures add just the right touches of warm color to the jade green background of the *onyx* roof.

Secured with a wholly new blend of colors, the onyx effect has never before been available, even in the most expensive roofs.

In a slate-surfaced roof of moderate cost, it is one of Richardson's finest contributions toward more beautiful homes.

It's a versatile roof, too; good looking with almost any house color scheme, and especially attractive on homes either yellow or white.

Notice, in the illustration above, how the warm yellow of the house is carried into the roof with the soft browns and occasional flecks of tile red; while the cool green of the roof is reflected in the house trim.

On a white Colonial home with green shutters, this onyx roof is equally effective. Predominantly green, like the New England hills, it completes the effect of restful coolness that such a home should have.

Other rich blends of color

This is but one example of the beauty secured in Richardson Multicrome Roofs. There are other new colorings; likewise suited to different types of homes.

In the *tapestry tan* roof, for instance, the predominant color, Richardson's exclusive weathered brown, is patterned like a rare tapestry with soft tile red and jade green mixtures.

And for a home of creamy stucco, nothing could be more attractive than the *opal* roof. In this beautiful roof weathered brown and jade green slate flakes are combined in endless variety on each shingle.

Before you build, before you re-roof, by all means see these new roof colorings. One of them can give your home just the distinction and charm you have always wanted.

With these new colors you can make the roof one of the most effective units of your decorative scheme. It is all-important, of course, that the coloring of the roof be in harmony with the rest of the house. Only then can it contribute its full share of beauty to your home.

To help you choose

To help you choose the roof which will make the most of this opportunity we have prepared an authoritative booklet fully illustrated in color. It shows page after page of beautiful homes in different architectural styles. And with the Richardson Harmonizer which it contains you can see the complete effect of 54 different combinations of body, trim and roof colors.

The booklet also gives valuable information on the principles of any harmonious color scheme. It is called *What Color for the Roof?* The price is 25c. If you are planning on building or re-roofing, this booklet will be worth many times its cost. Write for your copy today. Or perhaps you will be interested in our booklet, *A Richardson Product for Every Roofing Need;* sent free.

See the new colors at your dealer's

Meanwhile, go to your nearest dealer in lumber, hardware or building materials. Ask him to show you these and other beautiful Richardson color effects, in solid as well as blended tones. Ask him, too, why the points mentioned in the panel at the left make their beauty *lasting.*

DEALERS: *There is a Richardson product for every roofing need. Perhaps you can secure the Richardson franchise for your territory. Write us.*

50% thicker than the ordinary roof

The Multicrome Roof is built of Super-Giant Shingles—extra large, extra heavy. Its 50% greater thickness adds both beauty of texture and years of endurance. Its base is sturdy, long-fibre Richardson felt. Its waterproofing is Viskalt—99.8% pure bitumen, especially vacuum-processed. Its surface is slate in close, overlapping flakes—further protection against weather and fire hazards.

The Richardson Multicrome Roof represents the maximum roof value at a moderate price. It is economical to lay and equally good for new or over-the-old-roof jobs.

The RICHARDSON COMPANY
Lockland (Cincinnati) Ohio

Chicago Atlanta New York City (250 W. 57th St.) New Orleans Dallas
63 Albany St., Cambridge (Boston)

RICHARDSON ROOFING

The Richardson Company
Lockland, Ohio, Dept. 86-I
Enclosed find 25c (stamps or coin). Send me your new booklet, "*What Color for the Roof?*"

Name _____ *Street* _____ *City* _____

☐ Check here if you want the free booklet, *A Richardson Product for Every Roofing Need*

3034

(Continued from Page 55)

walked at his usual pace, as though there were plenty of time for the business in hand; but anger and indignation stored up to explosion point quivered his small dry body from head to foot. He approached within a yard of us and stood glaring at Philida with the muscles of his face twitching like the blade of a trembler coil. For half a minute he said nothing, then he pointed at me.

"This man leaves Ponta Rico tomorrow morning. If I had my way he would be shot. Unfortunately our justice is too polite. The Mariana docks at ten P.M. You, sir, will go on board tonight at eleven. The ship's captain will be informed of your record and will act as he thinks fit in regard to your remaining in your cabin during the voyage. Decent people should not be asked to share the society of a dirty traitor."

"Father," said Philida softly, "because you are an old man, don't be a coward."

"A coward! D'you think I want to deal with this blackguard by talking to him? It's with difficulty I leave him to the man with the better grievance. I don't know how you succeeded in fooling the people at home, Mr. Praed, but I shouldn't rely on being able to carry on the deception. If you've any sense you'll leave the ship at Cherbourg and return to your own country as unobtrusively as possible."

"My own country," I replied, "is more conveniently reached from Southampton, but at present I have no intention of leaving Ponta Rico."

"You will go on board before midnight," he repeated, "or you will be sent on board."

"Father," said Philida, "have you gone mad to talk like that?"

"I am exercising my right to deal with undesirables."

"You have no right to call the man I am going to marry an undesirable."

"Listen to me, Philida," he replied, rather kindly. "This man is not a British subject, but a traitor and a spy who has been clever enough to trade on your affection in order to gain his own ends."

"That's a lie," said Philida—"a lie you'll never prove."

"We shall see about the proofs. Go back to Government House at once."

"No," said she.

His voice rose.

"Will you obey me?"

"No Father, you've made a ghastly mistake and unless you realize it now you'll be broken on it."

"I do not wish to have you taken back," he said; "but if you refuse to obey me, that is what I shall be obliged to do."

Philida stood her ground like a rock.

"And who is to carry out your order?" she asked "Mr. Boas? That will be a change, since it is more usually his that you obey."

"Philida!"

"Oh, I know well enough the influences that have been brought to bear."

Sir Francis filled his lungs jerkily through the nostrils like an engine getting up steam before putting out its power.

"I am influenced by nothing and by no one, nor is there need for more to be said." Then to me: "Your papers have been sent to the hotel with a letter stating my disapproval of the proposals made by your firm. A cable to that effect was dispatched to them this morning. In it I stated that I declined to negotiate with you any further and was informing the government at home of my consent to an estate-development scheme. That concludes our dealings with each other."

"So," said I, "you're bluffed after all. The wire pullers have made the marionette dance to their tune, eh?'

"Take care, Mr. Praed! There is a limit to what I'll put up with."

"That's proved to the hilt, Sir Francis. And they reached the limit, eh?—and you daren't exceed it. You walked the plank as far as your courage took you and now you're crawling back. I thought you were a pluckier man."

"Look here ——"

But I was wound up and went on:

"And they had you, Sir Francis—had you cold. That's the cream of the jest. It was a paper sword they frightened you with—chewed up paper from a rats' nest—only the scabbard was made of steel. You should have asked to see the blade before putting up your hands and crying '*Kamerad!*'"

"What does all this mean?" came from Philida.

"A joke between His Excellency and myself, Philida. He'll see the force of it before long."

"But I don't understand."

"Beaten dogs have a way of yelping," said Sir Francis. "Come, Philida."

She looked helplessly from me to her father and back again.

"Better go," I said. "This is only a beginning. Your father thinks the matter is over. He's utterly wrong."

"But you won't leave Ponta Rico."

"That's for my firm to decide. Your father may employ force, in which case I shall have no choice."

"In which case," said she, "he will have me to deal with."

"You can trust me to manage this alone," said I. "I believe before very long your father will hold a different opinion, and then I think he will not refuse his consent to our marriage."

I spoke confidently, arrogantly, and as I finished I saw Philida look at me with a curiously troubled expression that sent a chill through my veins. The governor gave a hard laugh.

"Not in a thousand years!" said he.

"In much less time."

"Blackmailers talk that way."

"You should know," I answered. "But don't be afraid. It will be a straight fight, Sir Francis, with victory for the man who has the better nerves. From what you've told me today, I know who will win."

He looked at me and nodded.

"I suppose we haven't seen the last of each other." Curiosity rose above the horizon line of temper. "What makes you think you have a chance of success?"

"Because underneath your stubborn official stupidity you are an honest man."

For the moment he seemed uncertain how to reply.

"You may be a spy and a traitor, Praed, but I don't wonder you took people in. There's something uncommonly British in your spirit. That, however, is neither here nor there. As you are leaving the island within a few hours, you will wish to get on with your packing."

He turned on his heel and ran a hand through Philida's arm.

"No," she said, and wrenched herself free. "You two are behaving like—like children. I'm not going to have my whole happiness squabbled away. You've nothing against each other but lies, misbeliefs, prejudices. This talk—it—it doesn't mean anything. Let's be ordinary; we aren't heroes and villains in a medieval romance. There's no reason in either of you, no logic—nothing. Why can't you say what you mean and cut all this talk of traitors—bluff? It—it isn't real life; it's —— Oh, I'm ashamed of the pair of you!"

"When you're finished teaching your elders how to conduct themselves, Philida," said Sir Francis, "perhaps you'll be good enough to accompany me home. This man knows what I have against him; there's no need for me to put it into words."

"Do you know?" she asked.

I shook my head.

"No more than the dead."

"Then why not force him to give an explanation?"

"Because," I answered, "I am rather glad your father chooses to lay a charge against me that he won't be able to prove."

"Glad!"

"Yes; it does one no harm to be wrongfully accused. But when he has to substantiate his charges, and fails to do so, it will be my turn to call the tune."

Again Philida looked at me with that troubled expression.

"I'm being perfectly candid, Sir Francis. I don't know what information you have against me or how you came by it, but I do know you've made a big mistake. It remains to be seen which of us will be the sorrier for it. This matter is too big to be ruled by any regard for persons or position. I have two objects—Philida and the success of my firm's scheme. To both of these I mean to have your consent, willing or unwilling. I am sorry I can't offer you more chivalrous terms."

"You mean," said Philida, "to get me you'd break him if necessary?"

"Yes—like a shot."

"Try!" said Sir Francis. "Try! I wager I know who'll be first to break." He turned triumphantly to his daughter. "You see the kind of man you've chosen, Philida. A street-corner orator full of promises he'll never keep."

His small figure swelled with the choice delight of accepting battle. He ducked his head to me in a formal bow.

"But I'll say this, Praed—you made a game show—with words."

Philida put her hand in mine.

"Good night," she said. "We've come out of it rather badly."

"It's difficult, Philida."

"I know; I'm remembering that. Write to me."

"I haven't gone yet," said I; and stooping, kissed her fingers.

She stood a moment in silence, then, almost to herself:

"There's something so plain in a wrangle. It doesn't belong when—where ——"

She stamped her foot and it rang angrily upon the rock. Then with a quick movement she hurried away. Once again Sir Francis bowed.

"At eleven o'clock tonight," he said.

XXXI

IT MUST have been ten minutes before I noticed Kenedy. With a tact for which he deserves every credit, he avoided intruding on my thoughts until I spoke to him. Even so, his presence irritated me and I told him to get back to the hotel. I wanted to be alone, to turn over in my mind the foolish angry scene that had taken place. I felt I had made a bad show, both for myself and my causes. At best it was poor stuff to bait and threaten a man old enough even if not wise enough to command respect. Pompous official obstructionist he might be, yet he was Philida's father, and governor of a British possession. In either capacity it was cruel luck to be driven to take arms against him.

Philida had been ashamed of the pair of us—and rightly—and unavoidably—and in what was to come she would be more ashamed. From the set of his jaw and from the muscles that tugged at my own, I knew that once started in a campaign against each other we should never stop until an issue had been reached. And with every gain made by him against me or by me against him, in Philida's opinion we should suffer loss.

Our victories would be Pyrrhic. It was unthinkable that she should remain passive, with a stake to lose on either side. The conflict was suicidal.

Philida's reproach so vividly recurred that in my thoughts of her I had no vision of her thoughts. That had been true until this moment. I had accepted without inquiry. I had been pleasantly mystified by the gymnastics of her brain without troubling to realize how tremendously real a part of her those gymnastics were. I had absorbed her individuality as a personal asset—something won by the accident of affection. I saw it now as something that equally well might be lost by the accident of conduct. She might sanction a war against her father, but that war would have to be fought under a criticism so searching as to blunt every weapon and render me powerless. Doubt and disappointment had been written all over her face when I told the governor I should trade on his mistakes. In what more hopeless case could a man find himself? I thrust my hands in my jacket pockets and started back for the hotel.

The sun had set and the cliff road was lit by a pink afterglow, fading into lavender distances. Rounding the first bend, I came upon a man seated upon a rock. His tunic lay on the grass beside him, and a few yards away a horse was grazing. As I approached he rose and came toward me. It was Craven.

"It is my unpleasant duty," he said, "to present you with official orders to be on board the Mariana by eleven tonight." He handed me a sealed envelope.

"Thank you," I said. "I understand it isn't a very agreeable job."

"No." His voice sounded queer. "No; especially as I've been looking forward to meeting you for a good many years."

I laughed.

"You've concealed it pretty well."

"Yes, I have. My memory got stuck up, but this morning, thanks to you, I got the hint I'd been waiting for."

I looked at him curiously.

"Is that the reason why I'm being turfed out of Ponta Rico?"

"It is."

I shook my head.

"I've been waiting for a similar hint, but luck's been against me. You wouldn't care to give me a line?"

"Hardly necessary, is it? But last time we met I had the pleasure of hitting you in the jaw."

"And then," said I, "I suppose you woke up."

He nodded.

"Six weeks later, behind a triple-barbed wire fence, in a filthy prison camp at Düsseldorf."

"Gosh!" I exclaimed, and the doors of memory flew open.

The station at Düsseldorf; the weary broken band of prisoners herded through a spitting, snarling crowd; myself in the foreground, roaring the Hymn of Hate; the Fusilier boy's fist crashing into my face; the thud of the guard's rifle butt and the eyes of loathing that went blank as insensibility veiled them.

Before I could speak Craven's hand fastened on my coat and he thrust his face within an inch of mine.

"How I've wanted to meet you!" he said in a voice trembling with passion. "For it's only the lowest kind of scum who crows over beaten men."

"Steady a minute, Craven!"

"Steady? What more do you want? Do you think mine's an easy job, standing here handing official letters when all day long I've been itching to knock you into a pulp? I suppose you're not man enough to give me that satisfaction. You'll skulk off with your orders and think yourself lucky to escape so light."

"Take your hand off my coat," I said, "and listen to sense. You've reason enough to feel mad, but there's an explanation if you care to apply for it."

"Apply? Apply to whom? To you?"

"No, I've no authority to give it. Ask for my record at the F. O., Craven."

"Muck!" he said. "Coward's muck! A lie to give you time to shin off and save your skin!"

"Very well, I can't do more than tell you. It's your own pigeon if you won't believe me."

Hatred had put him beyond the reach of common sense

"I can't force you to fight," he said; "but if you've a spark of manhood, here's your chance to prove it."

The earnestness of the appeal was almost pathetic and utterly comic. With one of those obsessions to which we are all susceptible, his years of suffering in a German prison camp had crystallized into a single ambition to bash in the face of a man who had sung the Hymn of Hate at him during the humiliation of being dragged through the streets of an enemy town. I could understand that feeling. I had understood when he risked his life by the blow he struck me. And now he was prepared to risk his reputation and position on the

island for the sake of repeating that all-too-fleeting experience. There was something tremendously likable and admirable in a passion such as that, and what could I do to satisfy his yearning?

I knew well enough that no amount of argument would convince him that he was on the wrong track. He did not want convincing. He wanted a fight; nothing short of that would satisfy. Besides, I was not entitled to tell him the truth about my presence in Düsseldorf. The branch of the government secret service to which I had belonged had as its motto Neither Now Nor Hereafter.

He could apply for information at the Foreign Office, and if they thought fit it would be given to him, but from me he could not have it. And anyway that would be a poor compensation for a man with a purpose set on one particular object. Even though he were made to realize beyond any doubt that I was as innocent of malice as a child unborn, and that my part in the affair had been every whit as painful as his own, he would never conquer that stifled yearning for a fight. It would always hang about him like a bur that could not be shaken off.

That is why I said, "All right; if you want to have a go at me you can have it, and you needn't be afraid I'll talk afterward."

"Quit that!" he said angrily, but his eyes were dancing with delight. "Quit pretending you're a sportsman! You only consent because you believe there's no other way out."

"Craven," I answered, "if you talk like that it may be a better fight than I mean it to be."

So saying I stripped off my coat and collar and squared up.

A promoter would have had difficulty to find two men better matched than Craven and myself. In weight and reach there wasn't a pin to choose between us. Of the two, I think he had the harder punch; but I was quicker at keeping out of trouble and most of the heavy stuff he put across landed in midair.

Craven was out for a quick decision, but he fought clean and by the rules. That was made clear when I tripped and came down on one knee and he stood away until I was on my feet again. He avoided clinches, fighting at long range, with clean driving blows regular as the travel of a piston. There was a certain amount of science but not much imagination in his work. He was aiming for a knock-out and he stuck to the program so closely that he hardly bothered to put in any body work. It was my beauty he wanted to spoil, and with only my head to protect I had an easy time.

I wondered how long he would be able to go on shooting out lefts and rights at a chin that was always an inch beyond the limit of his reach. Few things pull a man's arms out worse than missing a mark that he has flung the whole weight of his mind and body into an effort to hit. He kept it up longer than I believed possible, and all the time his face wore an expression of absolute and complete contentment. Whatever I might have felt, he was enjoying himself to the limit. We'd been at it for about three minutes, during which time I'd done nothing but dodge, duck and backstep, when it occurred to me that this sort of thing might go on all night unless we mixed it up a bit. Until then neither of us had been marked to speak of. The same thought must have occurred to him, for to my astonishment he jumped back, dropped his hands and exclaimed, "What's the idea? I asked for a fight, not a bag to punch."

"You haven't punched it yet," I retorted.

"I asked for a fight. If you can keep out of trouble you ought to be able to make some."

"It was you who asked for the fight."

"Chivalry!" he taunted. "So that's the game!" And stooping, he picked up his tunic as though the affair was over.

"You fool!" I said, snatching the tunic from his hand and chucking it aside. "Have the lot then!"

From that point the fun began—began with a ringing blow which I stopped on the ear and returned crushingly on his solar plexus. While recovering from our mutual surprise we played short-arm scales up and down each other's slats. At the breakaway he landed a beauty that put me down for a count of four and saw me on my feet again with a much more serious purpose than the one with which I had opened the fight.

Seeing me grassed gave Craven the false impression that all I wanted now was a finisher. He missed the rather obvious fact that I had just begun to take him seriously. The next quarter of a minute was devoted to whacking that impression into his thick hide as fast and as hard as I could go. Three jabs over the heart, a kidney punch and an uppercut harder than I meant it to be, convinced him that this was the business.

With an expression of almost childlike surprise, he flopped down on the grass, sat up again and said, "It's my legs."

"Look here," I pleaded, "haven't we had enough?"

"No!" he gasped; but all the animosity had gone from his eyes.

It was as though we were fighting toward a common goal of mutual regard. He was distinctly dizzy when he got on his legs again, and from the way his feet dragged I was amazed that he could stand at all. This, however, was nothing to my amazement at the sudden punch he handed me. He had put into it the whole weight of his body and the last of his consciousness. We went down together in a solid and inextricable tangle. One of his legs got round my neck and my face was buried in his stomach. Our efforts to get clear of each other would have assured the success of a harlequinade. The hopeless absurdity of two men suffering from mild concussion, lying locked together like the babes in the wood, suddenly attacked my sense of humor and set me off into a gust of hysterical laughter. I think Craven was more dazed than I, for my uppercut had reached his point well and truly, and his hook had been an inch too high. His swollen lips framed a repeated, "Shut up! D'you hear? Shut up laughing!"

"Can't help it," I gurgled. "Take your elbow out of my stomach, and get up!"

"Get up yourself!" he mumbled, and shut his eyes very tight. When he opened them again he said, "I could do with a drink! Hullo!" This in surprise at seeing me.

The senseless laughter had died out of me and we stared at one another like drunken men. It seemed impossible to find words; indeed, I believe that Craven was in some doubt as to just what had happened.

After a while he struggled to his feet, picked up his tunic and put it on. As he had some trouble with the buttons, I helped him by doing them up.

"Thank you," he said. "I had a cap—somewhere."

I found it for him and put it in his hand. Then for another minute we stood saying nothing and gradually recovering our normal selves.

"It was a good fight," he said at last; "we're both about done. No good going on with it, eh?"

"Not much," I grinned, "unless you want to."

He shook his head thoughtfully and muttered, "Can't make you out quite. I wanted to do you in; but now I've tried, you seem a decent chap. What was that about the Foreign Office? Ask for your record, did you say?"

I nodded. His forehead creased with a new doubt.

"Hope we haven't made an infernal mess of this."

"You've done that, all right."

"Ha! No, can't have."

Shortening the reins of his horse, he hoisted himself stiffly into the saddle.

"But anyway, we've done it now." Then, as if in answer to a question from me, "Damn it all, you can't expect me to like a fellow I know to be a scab!"

Putting the hand, which I believe he half wanted to offer me, behind his back he dug in his heels and rode away.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

III—QUUCKETY QUUCK

When I am happy I talk like a duck,
Though it isn't a "quack" that I say, it's "quuck!"
For "quack" is the voice of a litten wee duck,
I talk like a big ole, fat ole duck
And "quuck!" I say, and "quuck! quuck! quuck!"

When I am sad I don't quuck at all,
Maybe I whimper and maybe I bawl;
But I can't cry but a little while,
And then I feel that I haf to smile;
And after that—well, I haf to quuck,
Quuck like a big ole, fat ole duck,
Sooner or later I haf to quuck,
And "quuck!" I say, and "quuck! quuck! quuck!"

IV—THE WUP

Before a Wogga's a Wogga
A Wogga is just a Wup.
For a Wup is a wee litten Wogga
That hasn't begun to grow up.
A Wup is all wudgy and knobly
It has an enormous stummick.
Its walk is terribly wabbly
And it often falls in a hummick.

But I love a big ole Wogga
And a litten wee baben Wup,
For a Wup is a big ole Wogga
That's tiny and ain't growed up!

V—THE PUSSEN TAT

The Pussen Tat's purry and furry
And pretty as it can be,
But the clawses that's hid in its pawses
Is sharpened too sharp for me!

Berton Braley.

At Sea at Sea

THE average ocean liner is built on the lines of the famous Labyrinth into which Minos, King of Crete, thrust Theseus and a party of sacrificial victims, as tourists were known in those days. The happy thought in the mind of the monarch was that the party would be devoured by the Minotaur, a creature part man and part bull. Some say he was all bull. But the sacrifices escaped when Theseus was shown the path out by a lady who had marked it with her ball of knitting wool.

Finding your way around a liner is not so easy, although there are plenty of ladies knitting. None of them will lend you any yarn. In vain you argue with them that it is much more important that you find your way to your cabin or the barber shop or some place and return, than that some baby acquire a sweater which it will never appreciate and will grow out of in no time at all. They go right on knitting, and you wander off until you bring up against a bulkhead or a sign that says, "Passengers must not go beyond this point."

You wander along aisles and through cross aisles. You descend or ascend and encounter all the decks in the alphabet. You strike every class of cabin but Uncle Tom's. Here and there you enter a smoking room where fellow passengers add to your confusion by laying down a smoke screen around you. There is nary a clew in the writing rooms, either; all you find there is stationery most appropriately headed "S. S. Monstrous—At Sea."

You cannot depend on the other passengers. Groups of them will want you to bet on the ship's run for the day and they will not be interested in yours, decidedly more of a sporting proposition. You may try following some of them around for hours in the hope of getting somewhere. Finally they will stop and announce, "Well, that makes an even hundred times around the deck."

Of course you may try asking the way of some of the crew, but you are all too apt to speak of the right or the left or the front or the back of the ship, and that deeply pains the nautical. It is not wise to halt the captain as he is running for cover and question him. He may still be suffering from the query of some lady passenger who has wanted to know who steers the ship when he is downstairs.

You are likely at last to fling yourself down, thoroughly exhausted and lost, and wait in a babe-in-the-wood manner for the gulls to come along and cover you over with seaweed. First, however, you will note somebody glaring down on you and remarking, "I beg your pardon, but you're in my deck chair."

Personally I am going to put off seafaring until Henry Ford really gets going in the ship-junking business. After I have seen a dozen or so craft taken apart by his trusty men, I think I'll be able to find my way around in the things. —*Fairfax Downey.*

Tony or Joe

TONY or Joe—you must know the rapscallion,
Tony or Joe—the omniscient Italian
Who, in the winter when mornings are zero,
Gazes at flames like a latter-day Nero,
Tending your furnace with loving devotion,
Setting the currents of hot air in motion.
Mottled and speckled his mighty mustaches
With remnants of all of the neighborhood's ashes.
Tony or Joe—with his limpid eyes luminous,
Reeking of grape wine and coal gas bituminous
Tony, who bellows, "I fixa de cinders—
Den go upstairs and washa da winders!"

Tony or Joe, when the winter is ended,
Frowns on the furnace he lovingly tended,
Peels off his coat, whether sunny or misty,
Toils in your garden and mutters "Sapristi!"
If he encounters, with countenance evil,
Centipede, spider or plant-eating weevil.
Tony or Joe trims the lawn and the hedges,
Waters the roses and sprinkles the sedges,
Swears at the creepy, the crawly, reptilian
Creatures with oaths that are slightly Sicilian.
Tony or Joe—what a sturdy Italian—
Drinking Chianti and eating the scallion.

Tony or Joe, with your pipe odoriferous,
Swarthy complexion and bellow vociferous,
Versatile villain from Naples or Venice,
Rolling the courts upon which we play tennis,
Weeding our gardens and tending our flowers,
When will you come to the end of your powers?
Tony or Joe, should you callously spurn us,
What would become of our coal-gorging furnace?
Stay with us always, thou steam-heating wizard—
Help us next winter in hailstorm and blizzard.
To your battalion we give the medallion,
Tony or Joseph, you splendid Italian!

—Arthur L. Lippmann.

For seventeen years we've had one idea— Always making them *Finer*

We have gathered 'round this table a thousand times and more these 17 years—we who have been directors and officers since the beginnings of Paige.

The bitterest differences, the severest crises, have found our faith in one another unshaken. And all but two of us have been spared to continue our work.

SOLID FOUNDATION

These years of working together are the foundation of the success we have made. It has given us a close-knit organization of prompt action and little friction.

It has maintained our purposes and policies unchanged—our engineering ideals untarnished. And it has accumulated and retained for us vital experiences which are today almost priceless.

When you buy a car you buy experience. For what is any motor car but the combined experience of those who build it? You begin to see why Paige and Jewett are such well-built, dependable cars.

For instance—years of experience devoted to developing the six-cylinder motor to the utmost. The results are what you would expect—smoothness, flexibility, silence—a long, efficient life.

Yet years alone are not badges of merit or high purpose. The power that put us where we are today was the power of an idea—"Always making them finer."

Think of the consequences of holding that thought before us these 17 years! Life would be barren of hope indeed if

Harry M. Jewett

such fine determination could fail of success. So success has come to Paige and Jewett in larger measure these recent years.

TIME'S REWARDS

Hundreds of cars have come and gone; a bare fifty remain today. And among these we stand close to top in volume. But success has not dulled our abilities nor weakened our purpose.

You can buy a Paige or a Jewett car today secure in the knowledge that it is the perfected product of a substantial, veteran institution. Our watchword is ever "Always making them finer." (598)

PAIGE *and* JEWETT *Motor Cars*

BUILT BY THE PAIGE DETROIT MOTOR CAR COMPANY DETROIT MICHIGAN

HOME, SWEET HOMING

(Continued from Page 13)

definite classifications into which these men fall—sportsmen and sporting men. The former are in it for the pure love of the game, the latter for the money they can make out of it.

The use of homing pigeons as messengers of the air is as old as Solomon and the ancient Greeks. The names of Olympic victors were carried by pigeons with the so-called homing instinct. Even in those days, according to Pliny, immense prices were paid for pigeons.

It is said that the great fortune of the Rothschilds, of London, built up during the years of the success of Napoleon, received its impetus from speculation based on information of Napoleon's campaign brought to the Rothschilds by the feathered messengers of the air. When Wellington defeated the Corsican's army at Waterloo, pigeons brought news of the victory to the Belgian coast, and a fast boat bearing a Rothschild emissary carried the message to the financiers, who were thus enabled to net an immense fortune through receiving advance news of the result of the battle.

As a sport, the racing of homing pigeons, bred and trained for that purpose, is of comparatively recent date. Belgium, where one-fifth of the inhabitants are fanciers, is considered the home of the sport; and pigeon flying is now a favorite hobby in Great Britain, France, Germany and, to a lesser degree, in some other countries; but nowhere has it attained the general popularity it enjoys in Belgium.

The purely sporting element in American racing, like their brothers in the early days of racing in England and Belgium, do more harm than good to the sport. They are more interested in developing a winning streak than a winning strain.

Good Records With Poor Birds

It was one of these less reputable sporting pigeon flyers who was responsible for the disbandment of one of the best clubs in the country a few years ago. At that time members of this organization were racing their birds quite frequently over a 200-mile course. In races of this length, a second might, and very often did, represent the difference between winning and losing by a beak. So when the sporting member's birds, which in previous seasons had displayed no remarkable speed, began winning with extraordinary regularity from birds of superior breeding and training, his fellow club members became suspicious. They checked up on him in every way they could. There was apparently nothing irregular about his methods of liberation. He had no chance to cheat with the racing committee.

Finally somebody suggested that he might be tampering with his timer, which is a clock used to record the exact minute and second a bird arrives home. A stealthy investigation was instituted and it was found that the tricky member had removed a couple of prongs from the balance wheel of his clock, making it possible for him to shorten the time records of his birds as many seconds as he pleased merely by shaking the timepiece.

The fact that a man will wager large sums of money on his racing team does not necessarily stamp him as a sporting man. One of the best fanciers on the Atlantic Seaboard regards his birds so highly that he will wager anything up to $25,000 on his team, provided the race is flown over a course in his own territory. This man is a genuine sportsman and is highly esteemed by the gentleman flyers of the country. He has devoted fifteen years to the breeding of distance flyers and holds the enviable record of having nine out of eleven homers return from a 600-mile race on the day they were tossed. This is a record probably never equaled in the history of racing.

Although the homing pigeon has been the subject of intensive study by men of science, including Darwin, and by breeders and fanciers for more than 100 years, it is still a moot question among them whether these birds find their way home from great distances by unerring instinct or by their great powers of observation.

What is this thing called homing instinct? Those men who have made a scientific study of the question declare it is nothing more than the bird's prodigious memory, extraordinary powers of sight, observation and endurance, far transcending those same faculties in man, and its innate and extreme attachment for home.

Instinct or Memory?

It is popularly believed that a homing pigeon is able to find its way home from any distance merely by exercising this mysterious something called instinct. Nothing could be farther from the truth. A young pigeon might love his home better than his life, but he could no more find his way back to his loft from a distance of 300 miles, if before being taken to that point he had not learned some intervening landmarks, than could an aviator, without perfect mechanical instruments and maps, find his way from New York to San Francisco.

Years ago J. O. Allen, an English fancier, bought a yearling bird in Antwerp, Belgium, that had done very good work as a young bird over the usual Belgian training ground in France. This homer, Allen took to his loft at Smedley, near Manchester, England. It was bred from one season; then having become accustomed to Allen's flying loft, Allen put it on the road with his young birds and it did very well indeed. The next season Allen put this Belgian flyer on the road with his old birds and trained it down to London and mid-Channel between Dover and Calais, and the bird made excellent time back to Manchester for two seasons running.

The following season Allen was tempted to send his bird to Arras, France, which was very close to the line of country that the pigeon had traveled when flying from Paris to his home at Antwerp as a young bird. Immediately the bird—surely not guided by instinct, but by his wonderful memory—found himself over country that he knew. Instead of going back to Manchester as he had done twice from mid-Channel, he slipped back to his old home at Antwerp.

Surely it was memory and knowledge of the country, rather than instinct, that took this bird back to his old home in Belgium.

The best argument in support of the instinct theory that the writer has heard is given by A. S. Petersen, a New York fancier. In 1922, Petersen and his family were starting for Denmark. On the morning of their departure one of the Petersen boys suggested that his father take two of his homers to sea with him for the purpose of sending messages back to the man left in charge of the fancier's loft.

Petersen agreed, believing this would afford a good opportunity to test the instinct theory, as none of his birds had ever been trained to water, always having flown over the Southern course.

When the Scandinavian-American liner Oscar II, which gained considerable fame as Henry Ford's peace ship back in 1915, reached a point 339 miles off Sandy Hook, Petersen went to the bridge of the ship with the captain and liberated two birds. He had little hope of either reaching home, as the morning was misty and there was a threat of storm in the air.

The birds circled the ship twice, then disappeared. Ten minutes later they returned, again circled over the Oscar II, then headed straight for New York. One of these birds, later named Oscar, reached its home loft less than eight hours after it was released. The other was never seen or heard from again.

Homing pigeons return to their lofts after a flight for the same reasons that millions of commuters return to their homes on Long Island, Westchester County, Oak Park or Burlingame after closing their office desks at five o'clock in the afternoon. They return primarily because their lofts represent love, food, warmth, kindness and comfort. It's home, and they are homing pigeons. They find their way through aerial passages by landmarks they know, just as the commuter who uses the Subways of New York to reach home follows the red, blue or green line that directs him to his train. If it is instinct that shows the pigeon his way home, then it is instinct that guides the commuter to the bosom of his family.

Pigeon racing is an exacting sport. It takes a great deal of time and a vast amount of patience to train a bird up to the point where it can find its way home with the least loss of time. The long hours that the pigeon racer spends with his birds frequently make the wives of fanciers dislike the sport intensely. One of these women will tell you that from the time her husband begins training the squeaker to enter his loft immediately upon return from a flight, until the last race of the season, she sees little or nothing of her spouse. She will tell you that he never has time to take her to the theater or to go golfing; that he sticks to his loft hour after hour, despite her impatient calls to meals; that she rarely sees him on Saturdays or Sundays during the racing season, which begins with the old-bird series in April and ends with the young-bird series in late October.

A racing pigeon which returns from a long or short race and lingers for minutes or hours on the roof of his loft is not worth his weight in rice. He is like the race horse that goes like lightning three-quarters of the distance, but stops to graze when he is still an eighth or a sixteenth of a mile from the wire

Technically, no racing bird is home until he has entered his loft and the time of his arrival has been registered on the countermark previously placed on his leg by the racing secretary. In order to make this record, the flyer must catch his bird, remove the countermark and insert it in a clock which records the hour, minute and second of the bird's arrival.

Things a Young Pigeon Should Know

In order to avoid delay at the finish of a race, the pigeon flyer early trains his birds to enter the trap or door of their loft. This habit is well formed by the time the birds are six weeks old. In fact this training begins the moment they are big enough to take nourishment by teaching them that the rattle of a can half full of grain is the call to meals.

Imagine the sensations of a woman who is worrying about an unmowed lawn, watching her husband and his assistant, one with a whip and the other with a rattling can of grain, day after day placing these squeakers on the landing board in front of the loft. While one rattles the grain inside, the other gently and patiently flicks the whip at the squeakers in an effort to educate them to go through the traps into the loft.

If her patience isn't exhausted before the grass reaches the first clapboards of her home or the birds learn the meaning of the rattling grain, it will be pretty low by the time her husband finishes the next period of the bird's education—the trial flights.

At first she sees her husband releasing the birds one at a time from a point a few feet from the landing board. Gradually, as the birds grow stronger, she sees him toss them farther and farther away, two and three times a day, until toward the end of another week husband and birds begin their exercises a mile from the house. He's out of earshot then and she can only plot what she will say when he comes in for dinner—if he comes at all.

But by this time the racing fever is in his veins. His young homers are now eleven or twelve weeks old. They are flying strongly around home for half an hour morning and evening, and they are trapping excellently. He begins to talk about training baskets. He frowns impatiently when his wife tries to change the subject to the beauties of a well-mowed lawn.

A Strain on the Family Tie

Through narrowed eyes she watches him day after day as he leaves the house with his pigeons in baskets. He is going down the road to release his birds from more distant points—first two miles, then three, five, eight, and eventually twenty, thirty, fifty and sixty miles. The first time or two he releases all the youngsters together so they will gain a little confidence by flying home together. After that he tosses them singly, going on the theory that it is a poor sort of bird that is lost within a few miles of home.

He knows that in the earlier flights over the loft all the youngsters had good opportunity to observe the landmarks for miles around, and if any have forgotten these, the sooner they are lost the better. He is building his loft on the inexorable law of the survival of the fittest.

Then come the days when he tosses his birds from stations 75 and 100 miles distant. If he sends them to be liberated by a man he can trust, he will stay at home to watch them come in and clock the time of their arrival. These are the days when his wife's patience reaches the breaking point. Dinner is on the table, but he refuses to budge from the point of vantage where he stands watching the sky in the direction from which he expects his racers.

In August, when the first of the young birds are raced, the pigeon flyer is rarely seen in his home Saturdays or Sundays. Week-end parties are hostless. The ashes from last winter's furnace are still in the cellar. The weeds are now threatening to envelop the house and the housewife is speculating upon the possibilities of a divorce. This is no exaggeration. There are actual cases on record in the courts wherein divorces have been granted on the ground of cruelty which might better or more accurately have been classified as alienated affection, with the birds named as alienators.

There is a saying in Belgium that a bird fancier thinks more of his homing pigeons than of his wife. I have heard wives of flyers in this country say the same thing, and, alas, the charge has gone unchallenged.

In one city a short time ago, a fancier was sued for divorce. The complaint charged that he failed properly to provide for his family, spending for bird food the money he should have spent with the butcher, the baker and the grocer. It was further charged that he squandered large sums of money purchasing pedigreed pigeons, betting on his racers and contributing to pigeon-racing pools.

If this flyer went in for the best birds, all these charges might well be true. While well-bred pigeons may be purchased for as little as ten dollars a pair, there are American fanciers who have paid as much as $1086 for a single bird. In 1921, for instance, Louis Heitzman, of Louisville, paid that price for J. W. Logan's winner of the San Sebastian, a blue-ribbon race of 648

(Continued on Page 62)

DODGE BROTHERS
COMMERCIAL CAR

With the following improvements in the Panel Commercial Car, Dodge Brothers have gone beyond current practice both in point of smart appearance and greater comfort for the driver:

A closed cab is now provided, built of steel throughout, with a full-length and extra wide steel door. The windows, operating in noiseless runways, are raised and lowered as in passenger cars.

The seat is deeply cushioned and equipped with a spring back, hinged to fold forward, assuring exceptional riding comfort. The tire carrier is under the rear, freeing the full area of the side panels for display advertising.

Attractive and practical in design, this sturdy car offers the additional advantage of complete year-round protection from rain and cold.

(Continued from Page 60)

miles flown from Spain to England. It took fifty years of breeding to produce that bird.

To the uninitiated, $1000 will seem an enormous price to pay for less than a pound of meat and feathers. Consider, however, that the winner of the Great Eastern Handicap, a race over the Southern course in which flyers from Greater New York and New Jersey compete, nets approximately $1000 from the pool. His owner may, and often does, win several times that amount in wagers made with other members of the concourse. In this country, as abroad, fanciers bet extensively on their racers. Recently a Brooklyn owner of the sporting type bet $1200 on one of his birds to win a 200-mile race. He offered odds and won $1100.

An idea of the amount of money a loft of pigeons may win in prizes alone is furnished in the experience of Renier Gurnay, the Belgian fancier. Gurnay won $20,000 with six of his racers in eight days of a racing season. In 1924, in three long-distance flights, his birds won an equal amount, and in six consecutive postwar seasons the total winnings of his loft of racers exceeded $200,000.

Of course not every high-priced bird turns out a winner, nor does it necessarily follow that a high-priced bird or pair of birds will produce good racers. The same may be said of Thoroughbred race horses for which enormous sums are paid. There is the case of Inchcape, a horse for which Samuel C. Hildreth is reported to have paid J. H. Rosseter $150,000. Inchcape was heralded as a world beater. But after leaving the Rosseter barn, he won only one race and the value of that was less than $2000. The history of horse racing abounds with similar cases. A bird fancier may at least content himself, when he pays a big price for a bird, in the knowledge that the upkeep will not be great.

The difference in the comparative cost of maintaining a loft of racing pigeons and a stable of racing horses is, of course, tremendous. One horse will eat more grain in one day than a whole loft of pigeons will eat in a week. A pigeon flyer needs no assistance to operate a loft of racing birds, but the owner of a racing stable of any size requires the assistance of trainers, hostlers, exercise boys and other expensive help. So, comparatively speaking, racing pigeons of the first quality are capable of showing greater returns for their value than are race horses.

It is not surprising then that wherever pigeon racing is an active sport, pigeon thieves do a thriving and sometimes profitable business. These thieves are divided into two classes—grand and petty larceners. There is as much difference between the types as between a bank burglar and a pickpocket, and the pigeon thief who knows pedigrees and goes after the high-priced racer to hold him for ransom or reward has nothing but contempt for the petty larcener who steals a racing pigeon and sells it to a butcher or a dealer in pet pigeons for fifty cents or a dollar.

Outlaw Lofts

The more expert pigeon thieves maintain lofts of flight birds, a species of high-flying pigeon used to decoy into their own lofts squeakers that are just learning to fly. Owners of outlaw lofts keep themselves informed as to the value of the birds in the cotes of neighborhood fanciers, learn their training methods, the dates of races in which birds which they covet are entered, and other data which make the theft of valuable birds easy.

In using the flight pigeons as decoys for the inexperienced squeakers, the pigeon thief trains his trick birds to return to their cotes on signal. This signal may be the rattling of a can of corn or the blowing of a whistle. Either is a promise of food, and as the roof thief always keeps his birds hungry they never fail to answer it. The word to return is given when the thief of the air sees one or more of the pedigreed squeakers mingle with the decoys. Being young and easily led, the squeakers accompany the decoys back to the loft of the bird thief, or dog catcher, as the roof robber is sometimes called, because he uses a net on a long pole similar to that used by poundmasters. If the owner of the youngsters values them highly, he will offer a reward in one or more of the pigeon periodicals for their return.

In a recent issue of one of the national publications devoted to homing-pigeon news is an advertisement offering a reward of seventy-five dollars each for the return of three particular birds, and fifty dollars each for three others. The advertiser further states that he will give $500 reward for information "which will lead to the arrest of the party who stole these six pigeons, together with three others which returned with their identification bands cut off."

In the same issue another fancier advertises that "for a sentimental reason" a liberal reward is offered for the return of one of his lost or stolen birds.

Offers like these delight the hearts of pigeon thieves. With a bold front, thieves can and do go to the owners with "lost" birds:

"I found these birds in my loft, and I saw your offer of a reward for their return."

The Bird of Peace Goes to War

What can the owner do but pay the reward? He may feel pretty certain that the man claiming it is a thief of the air, but he has no way of proving it. As the bird thief generally works on the roofs of buildings, there is no one to see him bagging his prizes.

Valuable old birds thus frequently fall into evil hands. They are coming home, perhaps, from a long-distance race. Night is falling, they are tired, hungry and thirsty. They fly low so as to distinguish landmarks easily and so as not to overfly their own lofts. One of them hits a telephone wire or a radio antenna, is stunned and falls to the roof.

He is pounced upon by the ever alert dog catcher, made a prisoner and held for the reward which is almost sure to be offered for his return.

Moreover, these thieves are desperate. I have had owners of valuable lofts tell me that they would as soon meet an armed burglar in a bedroom at midnight as a pigeon thief in their lofts at the same hour. In Greater New York they are recruited from the ranks of gangsters. And there is no honor among them. Many a bloody gang fight has started by one dog catcher refusing to give up a bird belonging to a rival from another gang.

Recently thieves entered the loft of a fancier at Cambridge, Massachusetts, and took his entire stock of forty-two birds, many of which were imported homers. When the police got on the trail of the thieves some of the birds were liberated and returned to their loft, but the robbers displayed their knowledge of the pigeons by releasing only the untried homers, keeping possession of the valuable stock and imported birds.

Thoughtless boys and pothunters are a constant menace to homing pigeons. Bee Line, the bird mentioned at the outset of this article, probably was the victim of a pothunter in the marshes of New Jersey. These men and boys possibly do not realize how gallantly their prey has been fighting the elements since liberation, or how precious these pigeons are to the fancier who, watch in hand, waits at the loft for his race horses of the air to come home. Unfortunately, there are no Federal laws to protect these game little racers, although several states have game laws to protect the cornie, or common barnyard variety of pigeon.

If the pothunters would stop to consider the glorious deeds these game birds have performed in peace and war, and even in those more romantic June days when lovers find separation intolerable, they would hesitate before sending leaden pellets into their little bodies.

Never have homing pigeons received due credit for the gallant part they played in the World War. In the archives of the British, French and American War Departments are tales of heroism, bravery, stoicism and endurance shown by homing pigeons enough to tax the credulity of the average person.

I remember a day in France when my work as a war correspondent took me into Grand Pré, a town which American troops were defending against a series of bitter and determined attacks. German artillery was rapidly reducing to a shambles the already broken, bleeding city. The air was filled with shrapnel, poisonous gas, a million machine gun bullets. Now and then one could hear, between the roar of guns and the bursting of shells, the whir of airplanes—German airplanes—that swept over the town, raking the shallow trenches in which crouched khaki-clad doughboys.

I had taken refuge in the signal officer's headquarters, a deep cellar near the outskirts of the town. As I entered I saw the Signal Corps' usual paraphernalia—field telephones, wire and two wicker baskets containing homing pigeons. Above us the earth trembled under the impact of bursting shells; the sky was almost completely hidden by dust, flying bricks and the smoke of battle. In short, it was what the American doughboy so aptly termed a hot spot.

Our troops were being hard pressed. Their backs were against the wall. Unless the enemy artillery was silenced and the German machine gunners driven out of their nests, we would have to retreat. From an observation post came word that our artillery's fire was too high, that it was overshooting its mark.

Runners were started back with requests that this fire be lowered. None got far. The German machine gunners and sharpshooters picked them off as easily as an expert rifleman clips off the shooting gallery's clay pipes.

Then out of one of the wicker containers the signal officer took two pigeons. Two messages describing the situation and directing the artillery's fire were written and placed in message capsules, attached to the legs of the birds. One bird was released at 2:30 P.M. Up he sailed, through the smoke and dust and leaden hail. The Germans saw him and knew his mission. He was the target for hundreds of bullets. He had hardly straightened out for home when he fell, mortally wounded.

At 2:35 the second bird was released. As he was tossed from the cellar I wouldn't have given a dime for his chance of living two minutes in that red, roaring hell. If you think that description is too lurid, you were not at Grand Pré. We got a flash of him as he soared skyward. His loft was back at Rampont, twenty-five miles away. To reach it he had to do what man had attempted and failed.

Decorated for Bravery

The rest of the story is told in the unemotional report of a signal officer. This relates that this homing pigeon arrived at Rampont at three o'clock. One of his legs had been shot off and his breast had been pierced by a machine-gun bullet. The message capsule was hanging to the ligaments of the shattered leg. But the message had been delivered. The artillery changed its range and, as history states, the Americans held Grand Pré.

When the Lost Battalion, entirely surrounded by the enemy, was making its gallant stand in a ravine in the Argonne Forest, our artillery, not knowing the position of Maj. Charles S. Whittlesey's men, was hurling shells on the beleaguered troops. Every few hours Whittlesey liberated a pigeon, giving his location and requesting our gunners to lift their fire. One by one these homers were picked off by German sharpshooters. At last, however, one of the plucky birds got through the band of fire, carried the message to headquarters and in a few minutes the Lost Battalion was relieved of the harassing fire from our own guns. Another pigeon, Number 18,314 A. F., was awarded a silver ring, equivalent to the Médaille Militaire, with the following citation:

"On three different occasions during the Battle of Verdun, this bird, under heavy fire, insured the rapid transport of very important messages. In particular it carried to headquarters the communications of Major Raynal, defender of Fort Vaux, on June 3, 1916, at a time when the major's troops, completely surrounded, were deprived of any other means of communication. The flights were made under most unfavorable atmospheric conditions."

This little soldier was ten years old when he performed these duties, and after the Armistice was kept an honored hero in the dovecotes of the French Army.

In the St.-Mihiel drive, 667 American birds were available for the use of the American forces. Many of these homers were assigned to the tanks, and despite fog and rain which made flying difficult they delivered ninety important messages; and of the 202 birds used in the tanks, twenty-four were lost or killed in action. The work of 384 birds assigned to the First and Fourth Corps called forth general praise from the officers of these organizations.

In Lieu of a Telephone

The Signal Corps of the United States Army had no pigeon section when we entered the war in 1917, but when our general staff heard of the tremendous value of homing pigeons at the front, where terrific barrages played havoc with telephone and radio systems, there was a mad scramble to mobilize homing pigeons and to organize groups of men who knew their habits and how to handle them.

It was then that the homing pigeon came into its own in America. Its ability to mount rapidly and go winging at express-train speed enabled it to pass over artillery fire and gas clouds, and its love of home, even though that home was a portable loft, directed it to the eager hands of the loft attendants. It became the agency of last resort—the messenger to which an officer with his back against the wall turned when his runners and every other means of communication failed. The fact that 90 per cent of the messages intrusted to these winged messengers reached their destination after overcoming every handicap imposed by modern warfare and unfavorable weather conditions will testify to the efficacy of pigeon liaison.

So important did the military consider the homing pigeon in warfare that when the Armistice was signed every army camp in the United States had a loft and 10,000 pigeons were in active training.

The homing pigeon's peacetime contributions to the happiness and welfare of mankind are manifold. There is a doctor in sparsely settled Arizona whose patients are widely scattered, some living as far as fifty miles from his office, where there are no telephone or telegraph lines. Often it is necessary for this physician to travel seventy or eighty miles to see two patients. When he goes to see one who lives, say, twenty or thirty miles from the railway, he takes with him two pigeons in a small wicker basket. After treating the sick person he turns the pigeons over to the family with instructions to release one of the birds in the morning after placing a red rubber band on its leg if the patient is worse, a white one if he is better and a blue one if his condition remains unchanged.

One day this doctor was calling on a patient twenty miles from his office. As he was preparing to leave, a man from a ranch fifteen miles distant rode up on a horse which showed evidence of hard riding, and reported that one of his fellow workers at the next ranch was badly in need of medical aid. Knowing that his neighbor was under the care of a physician, he had come, hoping to find the doctor present.

Back home, the doctor's wife was making preparations for a card party. If he went on to attend the sick man at the next ranch, the physician would be unable to reach

(Continued on Page 64)

WHY

– are more than 3 million motor cars in all parts of *the world* equipped *with* Gabriel Snubbers? *Because* people demand Comfort

The Gabriel Snubber Manufacturing Company
CLEVELAND, OHIO — TORONTO, CANADA

Gabriel Snubbers

Improved Balloon-Type

Complete lubrication *Complete* protection

WHEN you drive up to your dealer's you probably ask for your motor oil by name. But have you any idea what kind of lubricant is used to protect the *other* vital friction-spots in your car—the transmission and differential and the chassis bearings? Yet these other friction-points, as well as your motor, demand a lubricant of the highest quality, a lubricant that assures real protection.

That is why the new complete Veedol lubrication service is now offered to car-owners. This service does away with haphazard lubrication. It eliminates the use of unknown lubricants of doubtful quality.

TRY THIS NEW COMPLETE LUBRICATION SERVICE

There is a dealer near you who now specializes in complete Veedol lubrication service. The entire job can be done while you wait. It consists of three steps:

1. *Motor*—Your crankcase is drained and refilled with the correct Veedol oil, specified by the Veedol Motor Protection Guide, a lubrication chart at your dealer's.

2. *Transmission and differential*—The lubricant level in your transmission and differennal is checked and, if necessary, replenished with Veedol Super-Gear or Heavy-Duty Gear lubricant. After every 2,000 to 3,000 miles of operation, have your transmission and differential cleaned out and refilled with these lubricants.

3. *Chassis*—At the same time your chassis bearings are lubricated with Veedol High Pressure Lubricant or Trans-Gear oil.

Stop for this complete lubrication service next time you see the orange and black Veedol sign. Have your car completely Veedol-lubricated. Then you can be sure that each vital part of your car is safeguarded from deadly heat and friction by the Veedol "film of protection." Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

VEEDOL

New complete LUBRICATION SERVICE

(Continued from Page 62)

home before midnight. He didn't want to disappoint his wife and their guests. Then he remembered his pigeons. He wrote a note to his wife, explaining the emergency and advising her to go ahead with the party without him. When this note was attached to the bird's leg it was released. Half an hour later the bird was home. The doctor's loft is outfitted with an electric system which rings a bell in the house the instant a bird passes through the bob trap of its loft. Hearing this bell, the physician's wife went to the loft, removed the message from the bird's leg, read it and went on with her party as suggested, without worry.

One of the most enthusiastic fanciers in the South became interested in homing pigeons during his courting days. Following a quarrel with his sweetheart, he made no attempt to communicate with her for two weeks. Then, not hearing from her, he became alarmed. Pocketing his pride, he wrote her a letter. It came back unopened. He sent another. Ditto. He telephoned, but she was "not at home." One June evening he casually sauntered past her home. It was dark. Evidently the family had gone out for the evening. As he stood at the gate looking wistfully up at her window, something whirred past him. Looking up, he saw it was a pigeon—one of her homers. That gave him an idea. Carefully he made his way round the house and up to the loft. Entering, he caught three birds, put them in a training basket, grabbed a couple of handfuls of feed and hurried home. That night he wrote a fervid note on thin tissue paper, begging forgiveness. This he attached to a leg of one of the birds and released it. Next morning when his sweetheart went to feed her pigeons she saw the note, removed it from the bird's leg and read it.

The enterprise and ingenuity of her lover in resorting to the dove of peace to act as Cupid's messenger melted the girl's heart. Soon after they were married, a special identification band was ordered for the bird that carried the message. On the band is stamped one word—"Cupid."

There is a popular belief that as the salmon returns from the wide-open spaces of the ocean to the river or stream in which it was spawned, so the homing pigeon will always return to the loft in which he was born. If this were true it would be impossible for fanciers to purchase pigeons from one loft and resettle them in a new home.

In the final months of the Great War, when front lines were constantly changing, when it often became necessary to move a loft of pigeons ten, twenty or thirty miles overnight, American Army pigeoneers were frequently compelled to resettle homers in new positions. This was done with a minimum of losses.

How Birds are Resettled

The army method of resettling birds differs from that employed by the civilian, but basically they are the same. Kindness and firmness are the two mediums used by both.

Last spring a Pennsylvania flyer purchased two mature blue-check cocks from a Chicago breeder. At the time the purchase was made, the buyer, an experienced handler of homers, said, "I'll be in Chicago a few days. Until I'm ready to leave I want you to make life miserable for this pair of birds. Turn the hose on them every morning and night, make their nests uncomfortable, and don't feed them more than half the amount of grain you've been giving them."

The man did as requested, and just before the buyer left with his birds he made the breeder promise that if the birds ever returned they were to be given the water cure again.

"When I got these birds home," this man told me, "I gave them the best compartment in the loft, but kept them away from the hens. I made their nests as comfortable as possible, gave them a fresh bathing pan and plenty of fresh drinking and bathing water, and topped this off with a generous feeding of bird delicacies.

"My next move was to put each of them in with mated birds. They did just what I hoped they would do—fought for the hens. One of the newcomers managed to drive his rival out of the nest. I knew then that that particular bird would never leave my loft, as homers are vain creatures and once they think they are kings of all they survey they settle without further ado. But the other cock didn't have such an easy time. In fact it began to look as if he would be driven out by the legitimate head of the household—until I helped him out. I hobbled the hen's real mate, and after that it wasn't difficult for the newcomer to get the better of the argument. The result was that the old inmate of the nest took it on the wing, leaving my new bird master of the compartment.

"Happy and contented with their new mates, their cool, comfortable compartments and up-to-date loft, these birds soon became accustomed to their new home and now they are as settled as a couple in an old folks' home."

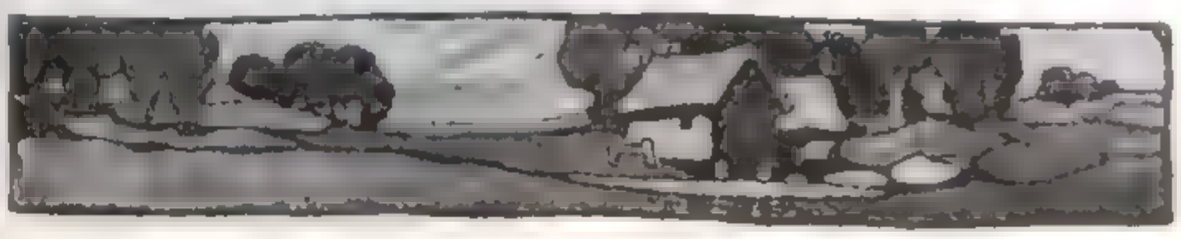
The Pigeon Family's Home Life

The home life of the racing pigeon is more like that of civilized human families than of many other birds or animals. Homers are essentially monogamists. If left to their own inclinations they will mate when between four and nine months old. After mating, the household duties are pretty evenly divided. They take turns about setting on their eggs, the cock going on them from about 10 A.M. until 4 P.M., while the hen takes her bath, gets her exercise and looks after the children.

There are philanderers in the pigeon as well as in the human family. But the offenders in this respect are more often of the masculine than the feminine gender. A hen bitterly resents flirtatious conduct on the part of her husband, but she vents her anger not on her mate but upon the outsider.

I witnessed one of these triangular affairs at a New Jersey loft. It was a drowsy June afternoon. The hen was sitting on her eggs, while her mate dozed in the warm sunshine just outside. Up came a little red-check hen, preening herself with all the care of her vainer sisters of another family. The male bird threw off his drowsiness, looked her over and then began to show off his own fine feathers. He strutted up and down, pretending not to see the vampire, until he had shown all his fine points. Then the two entered into what I presume was a private conversation.

While this flirtation was in progress the hen on the nest never moved, except for her eyes, which followed the outsider's every move. Perhaps the philanderers thought there was safety in numbers, as there were dozens of birds moving about them. A few minutes later the male bird relieved his mate. With a look of reproach she left the nest and flew out on the roof. With her neck feathers ruffed, she went angrily through the gathering of hens and cocks, looking neither to right nor left until she came upon the home wrecker, who was preening herself for other conquests. Then with rapidly working beak, jabbing, scratching feet and swishing wing she gave the feathered hussy a whipping which she is not likely to forget. Seemingly satisfied, the hen then returned to her nest and, I have no doubt, gave her spouse a sound lecture on the sacredness of home, sweet home.



$1250

for the

HUDSON COACH

Only Hudson Can Build It

Being the world's largest builders of 6-cylinder cars permits Hudson to give the greatest price advantage, with the finest quality in Hudson history.

Everywhere it is called "the World's Greatest Buy" because it is acknowledged that no car gives like quality, reliability, performance and fine appearance within hundreds of dollars of its price. And Hudson economy, which the praise of a vast ownership has made famous, consists not only in the important first cost savings, but also in the way Hudsons retain their new car qualities and performance in long service with little need for mechanical attention.

Hudson-Essex World's Largest Selling 6-Cylinder Cars

Hudson Super-Six Brougham $1595—Hudson Super-Six Sedan $1795

All Prices Freight and Tax Extra

Watch This Column

HOOT GIBSON in a Fine New Western

HOOT GIBSON, with his marvelous riding, his talent as an actor, his exuberant youth and genial, wholesome character, is in himself a human combination hard to beat. He has gathered a following in all quarters of the universe and his latest picture, *"Spook Ranch,"* is bound to add much to his prestige. The story is a fast hard-riding action story brimful of comedy and mystery.

HOOT GIBSON

In this picture HOOT has exceptional opportunities and you will enjoy every exciting detail. He rides, fights and makes love with the dash and vim that have made him the leading Western pictures star. This is an exquisite romance, full of thrilling adventures, in the cow-camp and amongst the outlaws and gives HOOT unlimited chance to show his mastery of a horse in which he has no known rival.

REGINALD DENNY

My sincere determination to produce only clean pictures, which the whole family may see, has met with an overwhelming response throughout America. The result is distinctly seen in Universal's "White List" of fifty-four pictures, all of which are wholesome and high-grade in every way. The stories are by the best authors, the casts from the best players, direction by the best directors. I call the attention of theatre-owners to the "White List" for their own financial benefit, because the response from the public proves that my course and the "White List" are bound to win.

In line with the above paragraph I ask the public to be sure to ask the manager of their favorite theatre to secure *"The Teaser,"* starring LAURA LA PLANTE with PAT O'MALLEY; *"California Straight Ahead,"* starring REGINALD DENNY; *"Siege,"* starring VIRGINIA VALLI and EUGENE O'BRIEN with MARY ALDEN.
Please write me your opinions of these members of the "White List."

"The Phantom of the Opera" opens at the Astor Theatre, on Sept. 6th.
Have you asked at your favorite theatre when they are going to show it?

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send for the beautifully illustrated booklet on our "White List" pictures, which comes without cost to you.

UNIVERSAL PICTURES
730 Fifth Ave., New York City

THE ART LINE

(Continued from Page 11)

I answered, "I have come to see Grandma Baldwin."

"I am very sorry," she remarked, keeping the door half-closed and standing in the doorway, "but grandma is not feeling very well today and you will have to excuse her."

"I hope it is nothing serious," I ventured politely.

"Rodman," she said, "I am going to be frank with you. We heard you were making grandma's portrait, and last night grandma broke down and told us everything. You know that during the last few years poor grandma has been getting a little childish, and one of her ideas is that she wants to buy me birthday presents. That was why she wished the portrait. And since grandma has no money of her own, naturally we have to pay for what she buys."

She stopped and I put in, "It is something you will always be glad to have about the house, as, with the frame, it would be an ornament to any parlor."

"I am sure of it, Rodman," she replied; "and I am also sure you will appreciate our position. I would certainly prize having one of your drawings, because we all realize you have a genius that way, but at present we simply cannot afford it."

When she had said this she closed the door. It is a strange thing in life that when things begin to happen they usually take place in very quick succession and often all at once.

I left Mrs. Blessing, feeling a hundred years old; but before I had the time necessary to realize what a serious setback I had suffered, there was a hearty slap on my back and a voice said, "Hello, Weenie, what's the good word? What are you carrying there under your arm?"

In a few words I had explained to Edgeworth what had happened and at his request had showed him the portrait.

"Weenie," he said, "you are sure one genius with the pencil and I want you to remember I said that the first time I saw your work. That is the finest portrait of a sweet old lady I ever saw in my life, and if other parties are foolish enough to let it go, I will take it myself as an investment. How about twenty-five dollars for that portrait, Weenie?"

At first I did not know what to say. Then I explained that I had expected to sell it with the ten-dollar frame for fifteen dollars only, and I would not feel justified in accepting more.

"No, Weenie," Edgeworth said, "you are going to take twenty-five dollars or nothing. And I am going to pay you with something that is better than money." Here he pulled a bundle of papers from his pocket. "Weenie, here are five hundred shares of the Golden Abundance Gusher Oil Corporation, valued at one hundred dollars a share, and I am going to let you have them for the price I paid myself, because I was able to get in on the ground floor. Fifty dollars, Weenie—one per cent only of the real value—and believe me I would never get rid of them if I could not buy more where these came from. And the reason I want you to have them is so some day I can feel I helped put you in a position so you would not have to produce your art simply to sell, but for your own amusement, because that is the only system by which an artist can produce true masterpieces. And we are going to consider the portrait as counting for twenty-five in this fifty, so that your check for the other twenty-five will be all that will be necessary. I realize I have the best of the bargain, since I am getting for a song a work of genius that some day I can resell for a wad of money; but I want you to be a good fellow, Weenie, and remember that I have always been your friend and let me have the portrait for a mere twenty-five dollars."

At first it did not seem right to me to accept this offer, but Edgeworth pleaded so hard that in the end I gave him old Grandma Baldwin with the check for twenty-five, as explained, and in return received five hundred shares of the Golden Abundance Gusher Oil Corporation.

I probably do not have to explain my feelings at this unexpected sale. I can only say that I experienced a great sense of relief and once more felt able to hold up my head and plan for future portrait work.

It was at three o'clock, while I was still in this encouraged state, that my Cousin Wilbur came hustling into the store, and leaning over the counter said in a hoarse whisper, "Rod, am I in time? Have you been seeing Edge Billings?"

"Yes," I stated, "I have. Why?"

"Well," he said, "you didn't let him sell you anything, did you?"

"No," I stated, "not exactly." And I recounted what had happened.

Wilbur just looked at me for a while without moving, and then shook his head slowly from side to side.

"Rod," he said, "there is no use talking. You are like all these geniuses; you need somebody to follow you around and look after you."

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Edge Billings has skinned you—the big crook. Just before dinner I heard him telling a bunch that he had been stung with this old stock and he bet Gus Peters five dollars that he would find somebody in Pine Center dumb enough to buy it off him. Rod, he has trimmed you for your money and he is stealing your girl, to boot. And I want to warn you solemnly that he is no friend of yours; and you have not heard the last of him either. So look out."

I have spent many long afternoons in my life, but never any so long as that one. I suppose I came nearer to having bitter feelings that afternoon than ever before in the past. It was hard work to think calmly about what Edgeworth had done, and I saw clearly the only way for me to stay on good terms with him would be to have nothing whatever to do with him in the future.

I did not go back to the boarding house for supper, because I did not seem to have any desire for food. But the day was not over for me yet, and any chance I had of working up an appetite was killed by what I found waiting for me on the hatrack in the front hall. It was a note addressed in Goldie's handwriting. I opened it. It read:

"*Dear Rodman:* There is no use disguising the fact longer that we have made a serious mistake and that we were never intended for one another. I hope you will always be happy and not bear me any hard feelings because of the action I am now taking in terminating our engagement."

That was all, but it was enough. I crumpled the letter in my hands and walked upstairs to my room, not seeing three feet in front of me. There did not seem much use in living any longer. It was only when I found myself sitting at my table with my portfolio labeled Portraits and Sketches, and with the special free art outfit sent gratuitously by Mr. Tchottsky the Bohemian Artist of Peoria, Illinois, that I managed to pull myself together.

"Well," I said, "I still have got my art to live for. Yes, if there is nothing else to live for, I still have my art."

It was while I was repeating these last words that Mrs. Mellon called up from downstairs, "Mr. Hyers!"

"Yes," I answered.

"You had better come down. There are two strangers here who want to see you."

I did not hanker to see anybody, strangers or otherwise; but as there did not seem any way out, I got up from my chair and walked heavily down the stairs.

III

IN THE hall, Mrs. Mellon said, "They are outside; they wouldn't come in." So I opened the door.

On the front porch two middle-aged men were standing, both of whom seemed to be sore about something. It was only when I looked close I noticed that the one wearing a derby hat had a handcuff on his left wrist, with the other half around the right wrist of the second party. This latter was wearing a checked cap and had a black mustache.

"What is it?" I asked, never having seen either of them before and wondering what was the matter.

"Is your name Hyers?" asked the man with the derby.

"Yes," I answered, "that is my name."

"Well," he said, "do you recognize him?"

With these words he gave a jerk and swung around the man with the cap.

"You see he doesn't," said the man with the cap. "Now how about calling it a day and stopping this nonsense?"

"That will be about all from you," snapped the first party. "You will have a good chance to tell your troubles to the judge. What I want to know from you, young fellow, is—do you recognize him?"

I said, "No, I do not recognize him at all. I think I have seen his face somewhere before and he looks a good deal like a photograph in the parlor of one of Mrs. Mellon's second cousins; but I would not say that I recognize him."

The man with the derby now snarled up his face, saying in my direction, "Do you know who I am?"

"No," I replied with perfect honesty, "I do not."

He flapped back his coat, showing a star on his left vest.

"That is who I am," he said. "I am a sheriff's deputy of this county and I do not want any flip comebacks; otherwise you may find yourself in serious trouble for trying to act fresh with an officer of the law."

"I am not trying to act fresh," I answered earnestly; "I am simply doing my best to answer your question."

He took a long breath as if trying to keep from pulling a gun on me.

Then he said, "Is or is not your name Rodman Hyers?"

"Yes," I said, "that is my name."

He took another long breath and continued, "Are you Hyers, the artist?"

"Yes," I said, feeling gratified that he had heard about my chosen profession, "I work along that line."

"Well," he said, "if you do not recognize him, then give me the original photograph and I will see what I can do about it myself."

I now began to think he had been drinking and edged back so I could slip into the house at the first chance. But he must have seen what I had in my mind, because he stepped forward so as to put himself between me and the door, at the same time saying, "This is no time for funny tricks. Give me the photograph."

"What photograph?" I asked.

"What photograph?" he yelled in a loud way. "The original photograph. The one you used. What is the matter anyhow? Do I speak English or some other language? Give me the photograph—the photograph!"

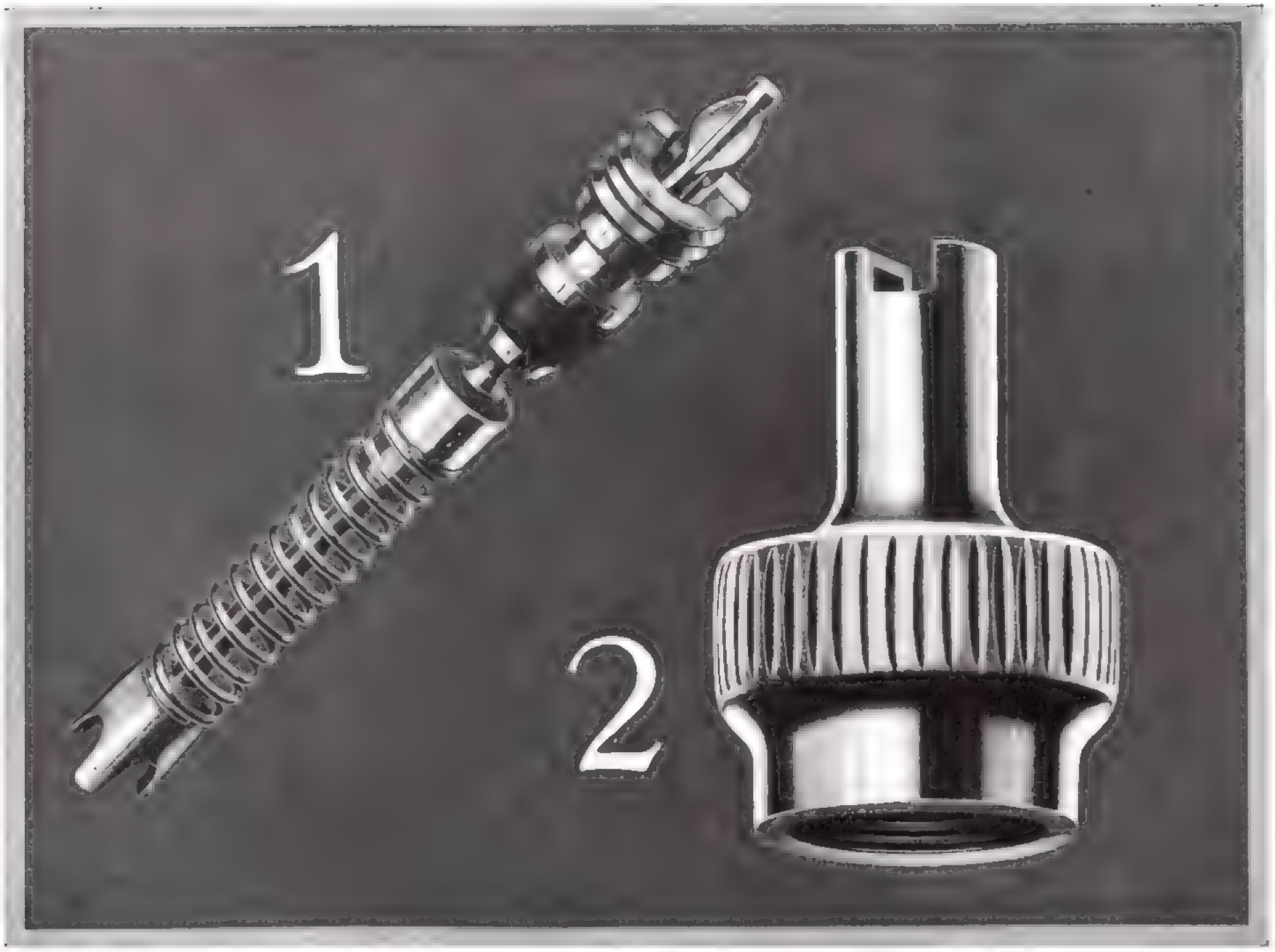
By this time I was sure he was crazy and was getting ready to fetch him a snapshot of my Cousin Wilbur when he yelled further, "Don't stand there sleeping. Is this Minnesota Mex or not?" I was so surprised that I could not think of any reply to make. "Yes," he went on, "I caught him sneaking through the woods and I recognized him right off by the picture."

"Well," I said, "if you recognized him, why do you want me to recognize him?"

He acted as if this simple remark was the last straw that broke the camel's back.

"Why do I want you to recognize him?" he yelled in an exhausted voice. "It is because you drew the picture. Now then, is this Minnesota Mex—yes or no?"

(Continued on Page 68)



TWO THINGS

that insure holding air in your tires

Schrader Valve Insides come five in the patented red and blue metal box that sells for 30c.

Five Schrader Valve Caps come in the red and blue metal box that sells for 30c.

1 See that a genuine Schrader Valve Inside, in good condition, is in every Schrader Tire Valve. This wonderful little valve inside is equally dependable for holding air in either high pressure or balloon tires.

2 Screw a Schrader Valve Cap *tightly by hand* on every Schrader Valve. Then you *know* it is on. This valve cap keeps dirt from damaging the valve inside and forms an absolutely airtight secondary seal.

No Schrader Valve can "slow leak" if you use these Schrader Valve parts. Always keep spares in your car. They cost so little that you can easily afford to insure continued satisfactory service by renewing them at least once a year. Sold by over 100,000 dealers throughout the world.

A. SCHRADER'S SON, Inc., BROOKLYN, Chicago, Toronto, London

Schrader

Makers of Pneumatic Valves Since 1844

TIRE VALVES — TIRE GAUGES

Bristles

Hog bristles can be salvaged for brushes. Human bristles are a total loss. Both kinds were equally hard to remove until Mennen Shaving Cream made child's-play of shaving.

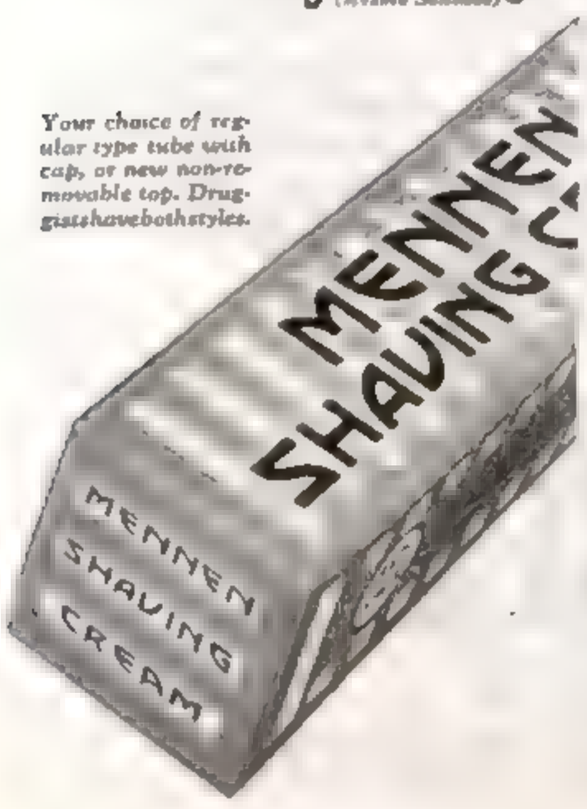
Remember hog-dressing time down on the farm? Buckets of boiling water to soften the bristles, rosin rubbed into the hide, some more steaming, then a strenuous tussle with a round scraper to lop off the hairs.

Even now some men painfully compile a stingy lather, solemnly rub it in with fingers, hopefully cover it with a hot towel. After this ritual they wince as the razor separates them from the hard-shell whiskers.

And it's all so unnecessary! The wiriest beard Nature ever inflicted on man is powerless to resist the softening action of Mennen Shaving Cream. The Mennen process, dermutation, paves the way for the last word in shaving ease and speed. No rubbing, no steaming, no need for hot water. The price of admission is 50c.

Another ten-strike is Mennen Talcum for Men. It's secret stuff—won't show on your face because tinted to match your skin. A final touch to shaving and bathing that you're bound to like. Two-bit tins.

Jim Henry
(Mennen Salesman)



Your choice of regular type tube with cap, or new non-removable top. Druggists have both styles.

(Continued from Page 66)

I said, "I am an artist, but I have never drawn any picture of Minnesota Mex. I don't know what he looks like and I haven't the slightest idea."

"All right, young fellow," he remarked, his face very grim, "then you can follow right along by my side; and believe me if I had another pair of these bracelets, you would be wearing them. I'll show you what it means to play horse with an officer of the law."

Because there did not seem to be anything else to do, I followed along very quiet and without stopping to get my hat. I could not make anything of the situation, but felt that by simply obeying orders I would be acting for the best interests of all concerned.

There was not much conversation as we walked along except once when the man with the cap asked, "Were you born a deputy sheriff or did you study it somewhere?"

And the deputy answered, "When I get you where the dogs won't bite you, maybe you will sing a different tune."

We walked down Oak Street to State, and past the Bijou Movie Palace to the city hall. Then the deputy stopped.

"Now, young fellow," he said, "do not try any more fancy stepping, because if you think I am going to turn him loose so you can pick him up and get the reward yourself, you are a long ways off. Turn around and look at your picture that I saw here this afternoon and tell me if you recognize him."

I turned and looked. In front of the city hall a sort of fence had been run up to keep people out of the place where the street was being repaired. On this fence had been pasted one of the bills offering a thousand dollars reward for the capture of Minnesota Mex.

But it was not this that made me feel suddenly weak and dizzy. Right beside the bill somebody had nailed my portrait of old Grandma Baldwin. Only it was no longer the way I had finished it. The glass had been removed from the frame and a party with a pencil or charcoal had very carefully worked over the entire face. Lines had been drawn across the cap so as to make it checked and like a man's, with a lock of hair sticking down underneath. A black mustache had been added and the dress had been worked over into something like a man's coat, with a shirt collar. Underneath was the title Minnesota Mex and below at the right, just the same as I had written it, Enlarged From Photograph by Rodman Hyers.

IV

FOR a minute I stood there looking first at the portrait and then at the alleged Minnesota Mex. I could not see that they were very much alike, although both had black mustaches and checked caps.

"Speak up, young fellow," the deputy sheriff now said in a disagreeable voice, "did you draw that picture—yes or no?"

I answered, "There is no use trying to conceal the fact that I enlarged this portrait from a photograph, but ——"

"What is the but?" demanded the deputy, beginning to yell again.

I said, "This portrait was enlarged from a photograph of old Grandma Baldwin and not from a photograph of Minnesota Mex, and the face has been changed."

Taking a large black cigar from his pocket, the deputy began to chew.

"I represent law and order," he said. "There is going to be trouble."

"Well, I represent a peaceful citizenry," said the man with the cap; "and right now will not be too soon to get this thing off my wrist, because I am getting irritable."

"I will cool you off on the rock pile," growled the deputy, chewing his cigar up to the middle and standing motionless the same as if thinking.

"This is all a mistake," I remarked; "but here in the Bijou is somebody who can explain things." And without waiting for a reply, I started.

When I said I was only looking for Edgeworth Billings, Mrs. Jenson let me in without paying, and with the explanation that Edgeworth and Goldie were sitting in the middle at the right of the aisle. And there I found them.

It took a couple of minutes to get Edgeworth out, because he was in a kidding mood and kept nudging Goldie and saying things like this: "It is only the middle of the seventh episode, Weenie; just as soon as the fifteenth episode has been run I will be out with a rush." But in the end Goldie, though she would not so much as once look me in the eye, talked to him so that he got up and followed me out.

I cannot say that at this minute I was not sore at Edgeworth on account of the shares in the Golden Abundance Gusher O. C., but I certainly had no idea he had had anything to do with what had happened to old Grandma Baldwin's portrait. So I was quite serious when I said to Edgeworth, without explaining what had happened, "Edgeworth, I wish you would assure this gentleman that the portrait here was originally one of old Grandma Baldwin and that the person who stole it from you and altered the face was not authorized to do same."

Before I had finished, Edgeworth was doubling up and slapping his knees.

"Hold me, Weenie," he said, "because if I keep on laughing like this I will certainly split something. Hold me, Weenie, and stop making those funny cracks."

"I am not making funny cracks, Edgeworth," I replied; "I am talking serious."

The deputy sheriff now said under his breath, but looking at me, "If there is not an explanation in a hurry, I will be taking a crack at somebody myself."

Edgeworth did not say anything, but kept on laughing, with his cheeks getting redder every minute. And right then, for the first time, I began to suspicion that Edgeworth had perhaps been responsible for the outrage himself.

"Edgeworth," I said, "did you do this?"

"Yes, Weenie," he answered between laughs. "I am like George Washington—I cannot tell a lie. I am taking up art, so I did it with my little hatchet."

"Edgeworth," I said, more hurt than anything else, "you know the reason I sold this to you was because it was a portrait made by me and I thought you appreciated it. And I am still talking serious."

By this time the deputy had almost swallowed his cigar and was looking from Edgeworth to me as if not knowing which to handcuff first.

"What are you talking serious about?" Edgeworth asked.

I said, "I am talking serious about my art."

"What do you mean—your art, Weenie? Do you mean your drawing?"

Sarasota Bay, Florida

"Yes," I said, "I mean my drawing."

He let out another laugh.

"Why, Weenie," he said, "you can't draw!"

It came so sudden that at first I thought I had not understood, and I said, "What?"

"You can't draw," he repeated in the same way as before.

For a minute I felt as if I did not know where I was and I had to ask the question again.

"You heard right the first time," he said. "You big fish, you can't draw. You couldn't draw a load of wood over a bridge."

And now, without any warning, I began to feel as I had never felt before in my life. There was a buzzing in my ears the way hornets carry on when you heave a rock in their nest. My heart began to pump as if my insides were boiling and it was trying to send the blood somewhere else. There was a crawling feeling in my hands as though they were full of ants. And when I looked at Edgeworth, first he seemed big and very near, and then small and far away.

"Oh, I can't draw, can't I?" I said between my teeth. "I'll show you whether I can draw or not!"

And reaching over I yanked the portrait of old Grandma Baldwin with ten-dollar frame off the fence and slammed it down on Edgeworth so hard his head came through the other side. Then picking up two rocks I pegged first one at him and then the other. He ducked the first, but the second caught him in the upper part of his legs behind, and he let out a yell and began to run, while I pelted along after him.

And I can only state that all this time and for some time after, I knew what I was doing, but it was the same as if it was all done by another person, and I had no control over my actions.

I remember I ran just as fast as Edgeworth, and every time I got close I would pick up another rock and paste it at him. That way we pounded right around the block, Edgeworth in the lead and yelling and myself coming lickety-split behind, and not saying anything except from time to time, "Oh, I can't draw, can't I? Well, I will show you whether I can draw or not!"

When we passed the Bijou the second time there was a crowd out in front, with everybody laughing and cheering except Goldie. Just then I stumbled and fell, and when I picked myself up Edgeworth had stopped and slipped the frame off his head and was taking off his coat. But this did not make any difference to me with the state I was in. And grabbing up a piece of board with nails in the end, I started for Edgeworth.

He got pale and said, "What is the matter? Do you want to fight with clubs?"

"Yes," I said, "I will fight with clubs, knives, revolvers or pitchforks. Any way is all right with me so long as I get you."

He said, "The only way I will fight is with bare fists."

"That suits me," I yelled, throwing down the board. "I can lick you the best day you ever lived. Make your will and come and get it."

At this minute a hand caught hold of my shoulder and a commanding voice said, "Stop!"

I stopped. I was still anxious to fight Edgeworth, but my excitement had passed and I was trembling all over and I knew I would make a bad job of it. I looked around. Right behind me was the man with the checked cap, but no longer in the handcuffs.

"Who do you think you are?" Edgeworth said. "I am going to give this son of a gun a good trimming, so mind your own business and stop butting in."

"That will be about all from you," said the man with the checked cap. "I happen to be the governor of this state and we have a law forbidding boxing matches between feathers and heavies. If you want to go on with this little dispute, rent an island somewhere and when the Battling Kid here grows up to be your size he will row over and you can have it out together."

(Continued on Page 70)

The Chrysler Four Looks— And Performs—Far Above Its Type

The enthusiasm created by the Chrysler Four continues to gather force. Every day the demand increases.

The reasons, briefly, are these: The Chrysler Four looks twice its price, and it represents a better and finer combination of power, speed, fuel mileage and charm of appearance than any four in the world today.

It is acclaimed one of the most beautiful cars ever built—regardless of price.

The basis of its beauty is the science of proportion and balance known as dynamic symmetry, with which the famous Chrysler Six first captivated America.

In riding ease it registers a distinct advance in the popular price field. A ride will amaze and delight you.

The motor is so quiet, the power flow even at low speeds is so continuous and dependable, and the pick-up is so powerful and rapid, that—it is difficult to realize it is a four.

This is the first car of its price with the option, at slight extra cost, of hydraulic four-wheel brakes.

Like the highest priced cars, it has positive full force-feed lubrication, giving far more efficient lubrication with no increase in oil consumption.

All sense of vibration is gone because the engine is completely isolated from the chassis with floating platform spring in front, and rubber bushings and pads in rear.

The beautiful closed bodies by Fisher are built to the same high Chrysler standard of quality as the chassis.

These are but a few of the details which place the Chrysler Four above its price class and virtually above competition.

It is the most interesting car you have ever seen—a car that will richly repay a trip to your nearest Chrysler dealer's showroom. You'll find him willing and eager to submit it to any kind of a riding and driving test you may suggest.

CHRYSLER SALES CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
CHRYSLER CORPORATION OF CANADA, LIMITED, WINDSOR, ONTARIO

Chrysler Four

The Touring Car	$895
The Club Coupe	995
The Coach	1045
The Sedan	1095

F. O. B. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

Chrysler Six

The Phaeton	$1395
The Coach	1445
The Roadster	1625
The Sedan	1695
The Royal Coupe	1795
The Brougham	1865
The Imperial	1995
The Crown-Imperial	2095

F. O. B. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax.

Bodies by Fisher on all Chrysler enclosed models. All models equipped with balloon tires.

There are Chrysler dealers and superior Chrysler service everywhere. All dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time-payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan.

CHRYSLER FOUR

Right to the point. That's what you will say of the famous 799 Wallace Quail. A fine smooth lead that stays fine all through the long life of this pencil. Try one today and you'll buy by the box in the future.

The famous Wallace line includes a variety of grades and styles. Sold by dealers everywhere.

Try the famous 799 Wallace Quail!

Upon receipt of 5c and name of dealer where you buy your pencils we will send you a 799 Wallace Quail—you'll agree your nickel can't buy a better pencil.

WALLACE PENCIL CO.
ST. LOUIS

Canadian Distributer, Lyon & James, Ltd., Toronto, Can.

WALLACE PENCILS

with the Points that Please

(Continued from Page 68)

When I heard that this was the governor I felt like dropping over in my tracks, but Edgeworth only said, "You can't bluff me with that governor stuff, and don't try to get comical or I will slip you a crack in the puss."

"You will slip me what?" said the governor, coming very close and looking Edgeworth in the eye.

Edgeworth looked back for a little and then mumbled "Nothing," and began to study his feet.

Just then the deputy sheriff came up with the mayor, and looking as though he had swallowed something that would not digest.

"I hope you will remember, governor," he said, "that when I jumped you I thought I was only doing my duty and that as soon as the mayor recognized you I let you loose."

The governor said, "Gehenna is full of people who think that annoying innocent bystanders is doing their duty. I suppose any time a man takes a walking trip in this county he has got to show a roll of bills and an autographed letter from President Coolidge or spend thirty days on the rock pile. Some people are hard-headed but brainy, and others are just hard-headed."

Then he turned to me and I felt everything was all over in respect to my ambitions.

"Young man," he said, "you have a convincing style, but I think your game is life rather than art. You have got me into a heap of trouble and I want to know if you are now ready to reform and lead a better life in the future. What is your name anyhow? Hyers? Haven't I seen that name before?"

I gave him the explanation.

"So you are the young art student who wants to be assistant superintendent of the State Capitol Art Museum. Well, I will make you a present of the job under one condition, and that is that you keep right on studying your art and never exhibiting it."

"Yes, sir," I said, "I will."

Then, having shaken him warmly by the hand, I walked over to where Goldie was standing and took her by the arm.

"What is the matter, Goldie?" asked Edgeworth, also coming up.

"There is nothing the matter, Edgeworth," I replied. "Everything is now fixed up, so run along back to your art."

Shortly after, Goldie and I were married, and following the ceremony I received my appointment as assistant superintendent of the State Capitol Art Museum. As the regular superintendent was a paralytic and also eighty-five years old, and had never set foot inside the museum since 1903, I had everything my own way.

And I was not simply satisfied with having the museum swept out and cleaned from top to bottom, but I also put frames on several canvases that were waiting in a closet without same, and arranged benches so that you could sit down and look at the two masterpieces of General Frémont Crossing the Rockies and Governor Watson Signing the Peace Treaty with the Indians in 1845. And I also got an appropriation to buy the Kittleson Collection of Arrowheads and another collection of mound builders' relics. With these changes and many others, the museum is now an attractive place and we sometimes have as many as fifteen or twenty people at once looking at the exhibits. Last year when the superintendent died for the best interests of all concerned the job was put under civil service and I was made superintendent and have held that position ever since. I have been so absorbed with my work in this position that I have practically gone out of creative art altogether except for a few things which I do now and then for my own amusement.

There is little left to relate. My Cousin Wilbur is now married and more pessimistic than ever. Continuing his depredations, Minnesota Mex tried to break into a farmhouse containing a nervous lady whose husband had just showed her how to use his new repeating shotgun. The reward was paid for the body. Edgeworth Billings, when last heard from, was treasurer of an Italian grand opera company playing one-night stands. Nobody, including members of the company, has heard from him since. The shares of the Golden Abundance Gusher Oil Corporation are now worth five cents apiece as the result of oil being found on the land, so if I wanted to sell same I would not be out anything except my portrait of old Grandma Baldwin with frame if price should be considered as twenty-five dollars. And as this portrait was responsible for my getting Goldie and my present job, I consider it well worth that sum and more.

The other day a lady friend of Goldie's was at the house telling fortunes and I let her look at my hand.

"What is that line?" I asked.

"That?" she said. "I do not know what it means, but I have observed it often on people with a strongly marked artistic temperament."

"Well," I said, "then why not call it the art line?"

"Yes," she said, "you could call it that."

And Goldie reached over and gave me a hearty kiss.

GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 36)

floorwalker. Yet the floorwalker, to a considerable extent, bossed the boys behind the counter. No salesman, however excellent he might be, could aspire to become a floorwalker, and in those days floorwalkers were paid more money than salesmen.

Promotions are not made, and never can be made, solely on merit, if by merit we understand a record of having performed faithfully and efficiently and in a better, or at least equally satisfactory, manner the work allotted; this to be coupled with priority in the matter of period of service, and suitability in the matter of health, temperament, age and habits. A man may have all these qualifications and yet, for good and sufficient reasons, be passed over for someone whose record in the above respects gives him less right to be considered first.

It has always been customary to congratulate the fellow who got the bigger job or the larger salary. Let us have something to say in the future to the good fellow who didn't get either. If he wants to, and can point out some inequality of recognition, discuss the matter with him frankly and freely, without prejudice. Maybe he is right; maybe he overlooked a few things himself which you can point out to him.

It may not be business ethics to discuss salaries paid to various people; but that information is an open secret in most organizations. Where two men are doing the same class of work and you pay one two hundred and fifteen dollars a month and the other two hundred and fifty, they will love each other like a couple of strange bulldogs, to the detriment of your business, and one of them at least will hate you. If you have a reason for nicking one man for the extra thirty-five per, do not keep him in the dark about it. If you give him no reason, he will manufacture one for himself that will put him still farther in the wrong direction.

The way to keep employes from getting sour is to keep them sweet. And the way to do that is to pay each and every one of them—pardon the tautology—some periodical and personal attention, and encourage them to be perfectly frank in expressing their point of view, even if it impinges on your own probity and avowed desire of giving every man, as nearly as possible, a square deal.

"Stick close to your desks and never go to sea, and you all may be rulers of the Queen's Navee" is merely comic-opera philosophy. It can't be done; and every reasonable man knows it can't be done.

If whoever has charge of putting promotions or increases in salary into effect would take some special thought for those who have earned, or think they have earned the right, but have not been elected for such consideration; and would discuss the matter freely with them, man to man—instead of allowing office gossip to get in its deadly work—much subsequent sourness would be prevented. For the most part, men are reasonable, even when disappointed, and what most of them crave is some sign of appreciation. Of course appreciation is best expressed in the pay envelope, but between men who trust in each other there are other ways. A belief in fair play is part of the religion of all worthwhile men—and if you can convince your man that as far as you are able you are treating him fairly, you will make a new friend or save an old one.

It means all the difference between having your people work for you or work with you. A man who thinks he has been cheated generally manages sooner or later to cheat his employers, though they will probably never know it.

It looks like a lot of work to consider the feelings of a number of people who may regard themselves as being slighted or overlooked in some changes of positions or grading of salaries. The persons responsible for these changes may be perfectly justified in feeling that they are all equitable and fair, always considering the ultimate good of the business. But if they want to keep their organization sweet and free from office politics, they should make some effort and take considerable pains to sell their choice and decision to all whom it may affect.

Do not overlook the fact that the fine, dependable old plodder, of whose work the head of the department is secretly proud, may have a silent but deep-seated grievance. He may be at heart the sourest man in the office. One sour employe in the course of a few years can offset many thousands of dollars spent in good-will advertising. But sourness thrives only in groups. A man who knocks the organization gets sympathy only from other knockers, and without someone to talk to he loses his voice.

There is no more certain way of poisoning our peace of mind than by encouraging the habit of comparing our own lot with that of someone who we think is more fortunate, better paid or more appreciated than we are ourselves. The resulting aggravation and anxiety are enhanced if the person with whom we are comparing ourselves is close to us in a business or social way.

If not carried to excess the exercise of this instinct may have some value in helping us to keep in step with our neighbors. So far as it prevents us from falling behind the procession or serves to stimulate our efforts to improve our position by improving ourselves, it operates to our own and the general good.

It is a condition of mind that is probably common to all mankind at some time or other. Discontent is of divine origin; without it there would be no progress. Discontent is a deadly disease if we take it lying down; but taken in homeopathic doses, followed by a good draught of healthy exercise, it is stimulating and braces our nerves and sinews to action, encourages us to attempt and accomplish things which, lacking this stimulant, we might allow to melt away in dreams.

Get hold of your disappointed, discontented men, and show them how to turn their discontent to their own profit. Push on—achieve.

—JOHN F. WEEDON.

Frigidaire Does More Than Ice—and Costs Less

IN MOST localities Frigidaire users have found that the cost for electric current is less than was formerly paid for ice. In many cases the saving is a substantial one, quickly repaying the initial cost.

But Frigidaire is not merely more economical refrigeration. It renders a constant and dependable service incomparable with ice refrigeration. It is colder, better, safer, cleaner. It is entirely automatic in operation.

It preserves foods in an atmosphere that is as crisp, dry and frosty as a winter morning. Meats keep perfectly for days at a time. Milk, cream and butter retain their fresh sweetness. Vegetables and fruits are firm and juicy. The freezing trays provide an ample supply of ice cubes—or can be used to make a variety of delicious frozen desserts.

You can have a complete cabinet model of Frigidaire. Or, at small cost, you can convert your present ice-box into a Frigidaire electric refrigerator. The nearest Frigidaire Representative will gladly give you further information. Or the coupon below will bring complete descriptive literature.

$190 up f.o.b. Dayton, O.

There are thirty-two Frigidaire models, priced as low as $190 f. o. b. Dayton. Any one of them may be purchased on convenient terms.

DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY, *Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation*, Dept. B-19, DAYTON, OHIO
Makers of Delco-Light Farm Electric Plants, Electric Pumps, Electric Washing Machines and Frigidaire Electric Refrigerators
Delco-Light Company of Canada, Limited, 245 Carlaw Avenue, Toronto, Ontario

Frigidaire

Made by the World's Largest Manufacturers of Electric Refrigerators

DELCO-LIGHT COMPANY,
Dept. B-19, Dayton, Ohio
Please send me complete descriptive literature on Frigidaire Electric Refrigeration.
Name .....
Address .....
Town ..... State .....

—Now You can have First-Aid Protection when You Travel

IT was bound to come—a first-aid outfit especially designed for travelers. You have first-aid protection at your factory or place of business. The law demands that. You have first-aid protection at your home—or at least you can have it by the purchase, at your druggist's, of an inexpensive JOHNSON'S HOUSEKIT—the practical first-aid service for the family.

And now, when you travel, whether it be by train, boat or automobile, you can always be prepared for any little emergency by carrying a

Johnson's

TRAVELKIT

POCKET FIRST-AID OUTFIT

TRAVELKIT *contains:*

Two gauze Finger Bandages. Sterilized.
One Bandage, with Compress attached. Sterilized.
One spool Zonas Adhesive Plaster
One roll Surgical Gauze. Sterilized
One Iodine Applicator, with cotton brush attached
One tube Carbolized Petrolatum
One trial size packet Perfect Absorbent Cotton.
One Picric Acid Gauze Pad—for Burns.
One sample packet Band-Aid—the combined gauze pad and adhesive plaster.
Three safety pins.
One colored First-Aid Chart.
One First-Aid Guide.

Travelkit contains all the dressings necessary for immediate care of ordinary injuries, to prevent them from becoming painfully infected wounds. It is so compact that it is never in the way. When needed, "it is worth its weight in gold", as one traveler expressed it.

Whenever, wherever and however you travel, take a JOHNSON'S *Travelkit* along. It will save many a trip from utter failure. Your druggist can supply you.

Johnson & Johnson

Your Druggist Is More Than a Merchant

In his service to you he combines the knowledge and responsibilities of the advanced profession of pharmacy, with the experience and requirements of a trained merchant.

It is so easy to be prepared

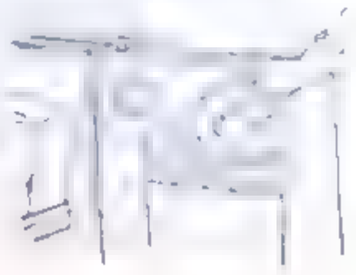
FIRST AID is universally practiced because the first few minutes after the accident are the most important. Immediate attention prevents infection.

JOHNSON'S *Travelkit* contains everything the traveler needs to give efficient first aid service, yet it is only 5 3/4" x 3" x 1 1/2" in size. It can be slipped into your coat pocket, into your traveling bag, into the side pocket of your automobile, or into a kitchen drawer and it will be ready when you need it. Its substantial metal case will protect the contents.

You can have confidence in every item in the *Travelkit*. Experience has shown that every JOHNSON & JOHNSON product can be relied on to do what it is supposed to do.

It is too late to think about preparedness after the accident occurs.

And it is so easy—and costs so little—to be prepared. Just stop at a drug store and buy a JOHNSON'S *Travelkit*.



Send for *Free Sample* of *Band-Aid*

BAND-AID is a new kind of bandage—a gauze pad to protect the minor wound, combined with "20" *Adhesive Plaster* to hold the dressing in place. It can be applied in ten seconds, making a perfectly fitting dressing, so different from the ordinary, clumsy, home-made bandage.

Mail this coupon to JOHNSON & JOHNSON, New Brunswick, N. J., and a sample of this new first-aid bandage will be sent you.

Please print your name and address plainly in the space below

_____

_____

A CORPOROSITY TO KETCH, PACK AND SELL ELWIFES

(Continued from Page 14)

salt water to take out the poisen. Beany dident want to becaus it stang him so but the man maid him do it and he held Beanys foot and kept squeezing it and Beany howled good. Bimeby the man asted us for our handkerchifs and give them back and sed they wood poisen the wound and then he told Beany to pull out his shirt tale and the man looked at it and said it aint all it should be but it will do and the man toar off a strip and wound it round Beanys foot and fassened it with a diaper pin and told Beany to be cairful not to get enny dirt in the wound. he was a prety good feller and i guess he had a baby to home or he woodent have had that pin.

so we went to the cart Beany waulking on his one hind leg and hopping on the other and we started for home and got home about 5 oh clock and put the barils of see sand in my shed.

May 18, 186— brite and fair. no ½ holiday today. Old Francis is back. i herd a bluebird today. the elwifes hasent came. it is about time for them.

May 19, 186— rany. sum of the elwifes has came.

May 20, 186— sum moar elwifes has came but not menny. tonite we went down but we dident taik the hand cart or go in.

today the cows went to pasture. father hasent got enny cow now. Beany drives old Tom Fifields cow way over to Jady Hill.

May 21, 186— today it is hot as time. the elwifes has came. this afternoon me and Pewt and Beany took our hand cart and our old close and rubber boots and a buchel baskit and went down to salt river. the tide had went out and men and boys and fellers was wading round batting elwifes with clubs and ketching them in their hands and splashing water all over themselfs and evrybody.

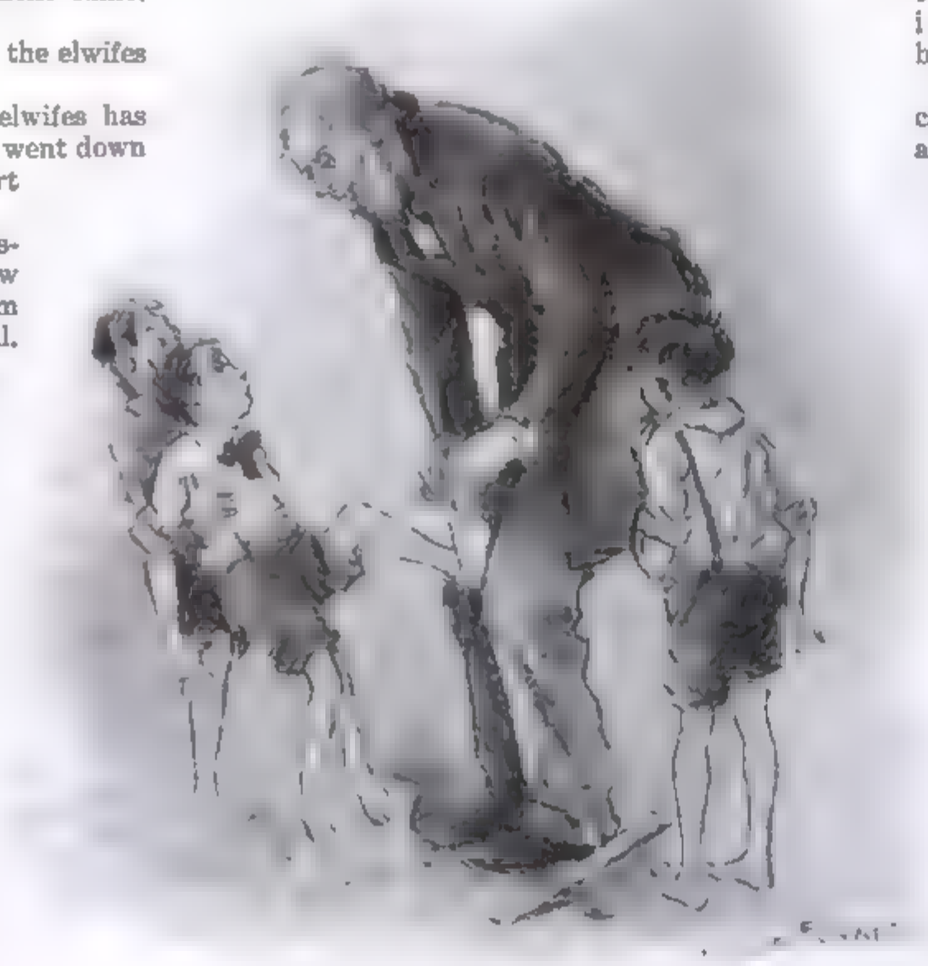
so we piled in and in 2 minits we was wet as drownded rats. i never have saw so menny elwifes. men was there with horses and dingle carts and wheal barrers. we filled our hand cart in no time and whealed it home and filled our barril and then we went back and filled it again. after we had filled another barril we went back again but the tide was coming up and all the elwifes whitch hadent been cought or killed swum away until the nex tide. well we got enuf to pack 3 barrils and we went back and poared them out and then packed them rite. ferst we wood put in a liar of elwifes and then a liar of see sand and so forth and so on until the barril was full and then we threw a meel bag over it and packed another.

elwifes aint so slimy as eals and hornpout but they is slimy enuf and when we got throug we smelled like time. mother maid me taik my close off in the barn and taik a bath all over and put on my other close and then wash my dirty close and hang them on the line befoar i had my supper and after supper she maid me drink a bowel of cannimile tea to keep me from getting cold.

May 22, 186—today is sunday. i dident get enny cold but Beany did. he was sick in bed with croop and i had to drive his cow for him and then blow the organ. Beany sed he wood pay me but i told him that members of the same corporosity always did things for eech other for nothing and so i drove the old cow and blowed the old organ for nothing. perhaps if Beany dies i shall get both gobs, but i hoap Beany wont die. ennyway it is a good thing to be reddy to taik his gobs if he shood die.

May 23, 186—this morning me and Pewt arraigned to go down to salt river for sum moar elwifes. Beany dident go to school eether this morning or this afternoon but when we got down to the river Beany was there with a red flanel rag round his gozzle. he coodent talk mutch at ferst but after he had splashed round and tried to holler awhile his voice came back and he was all rite again. we only got one barril and when we got them packed in see sand we was so mutch ahead. Beany is all rite.

May 24, 186—today it raned hard but at nite me and Pewt went down for elwifes but the tide hadent gone out until dark and so we dident get enny. Beany had had a relaps. he cant talk eny now and can only maik sines. ennyway he dosent have to go to school. Beany has all the luck.



The Man Toar Off a Strip and Wound it Round Beanys Foot

May 25, 186—bully, sumbody elce is ded and old Francis has got to go to his funeral. this time it is a feller in Ry and not in North Hamton. ennyway if he gnew befoar he dide how mutch plesure he was going to give to evry feller and girl in this school he wood have dide happy. i hoap he did. ennyway he desirved it if ennyone ever did.

so there wasent enny school today and this morning me and Pewt went down to salt river at low tide. they was milions of elwifes there and evryone was ketching them and carrying them off. so me and Pewt piled in and begun to scoop them up in our hands. all of a suddin i looked up and there stood Beany all rapped up in a overcoat watching us. we waved our claws at him and kept on ketching elwifes. Well the ferst i gnew Beany had pulled off his overcote and jaket and his shoes and stockings and was in all over. ferst he coodent yip a single yip. bimeby he cood croak a little and after awhile he was hollering as loud as ennyone elce. well we filled the other barrils and then begun to pack them in see sand. Beany dident feel well enuf to work enny longer and went home to bed. he was shaiking and his teeth chattered like when a feller has been in swimming two long. i gess Beany was realy sick but it seams funny he can rush round and holler and ketch elwifes and then have to go to bed as soon as we begin to pack our fish. i have herd sumone say that it is the xcitement that kills peeple. i hoap Beany aint going to die. we have got all our barrils packed with elwifes.

May 26, 186—brite and fair. i asted one of the men whitch sells elwifes how long befoar we can sell them and he sed we had augt to keep them about 8 weaks befoar they got ripe enuf to sell. he sed they had to have the salt settle into them. but he sed well cured fish brings a better price in the market so it is all rite. I went over and told Beany. he sed he dident want to wait. i gess he is afrade he will die befoar he gets his shair of the money. Beany is in bed today. his throte is swole up so he cant ware a coller. he sed he dident cair about that becaus he dident want to ware a coller ennyway. he dident really say that but he rote it down on his slate. i rote back to keep up his curage and i gessed he woodent die. then he rote back and sed he wasent deef if he was dumm and ennything i had to say i cood say it rite out and not rite it. i am driving old Tom Fifields cow for Beany evry day. i hoap Beany aint going to die but it is all rite to be reddy.

May 27, 186—there is lots of cats round our shed. black cats and yeller cats and maltees and stripers, and last nite there was cat fites all nite and they was yowling and keeping peeple awaik. father he got up and hollered scat and throwed things most all nite so mother sed.

May 28, 186—hot as time today. this morning i went to school after i had driv old Tom Fifields cow to pasture for Beany. this afternoon me and Pewt scaired the cats away from our shed. We had grate fun. we wood let ding at a cat and i wish you cood see that cat hiper over the fence with his tale as big as your arm and his eyes like sorcera. i bet we scaired away moar than 40. last nite they fit and yowled all nite. father sed it must be sum kind of a dam cat convention. nobody knows what has brougt them. we aint seen menny rats and father has looked and says there aint enny catnip growing in the yard. he says the more we scair off the better satisfide he will be.

May 29, 186—we had a thunder shower today. a old he one. it struck a tree in the high school yard. Beany was setting on his piaza rapped up in a shorl and when the litening struck Beany went rite over backwerds. they thougt he was struck but he wasent. my father sed it wood of hirt him if it had struck him. Beany is better. i am glad of it. i dont know what i shood do without Beany. i blowed the organ today for him and driv old Tom Fifields cow for him. i gess i shant get his gobs after all. i am glad of it but if Beany had dide his gobs wood have maid me remember him and get over my greef at his deth quicker. so it was all rite to be reddy. the minister alwas told us to be reddy for deth, and i think it is most as necesary to be reddy for another fellers deth as for your own. this afternoon father and i chased cats. i thougt father wood die laffin.

May 30, 186—it is almost as hot as summer. this morning i chased cats befoar brekfast and at noon and after school at nite. of coarse i had lost sum time by driving old Tom Fifields cow for Beany, but i scaired sum of them cats in grate shaip. father sed i wonder what in thunder is the matter with all the cats. he says he is willing to be generus and xtend the kind and simpithetick hand to nabors but he dont want to entertain all the cussed cats in creation.

Handles the~
PEAK LOAD

IN EVERY business there are times when work piles up by leaps and bounds. In your office, it may be payrolls or inventories, first-of-the-month reports or figure-facts demanded by seasonal activity.

There are numerous additions to make; subtractions occur frequently; multiplications and divisions play an important part in invoices, extensions, cost reports, statistics, etc.

But these peak loads need not interfere with your regular routine; extra help is unnecessary—your regular force can keep the extra work moving rapidly, smoothly and accurately with the

MONROE
HIGH SPEED ADDING-CALCULATOR

Monroe simple operation, with no levers or buttons to set; Monroe Positive Proof, with amounts showing in large, distinct figures; Monroe high-quality construction gauged by the highest standards of materials and workmanship, insure the Accuracy, the Speed and the Dependability found only in this *different machine.*

We invite you to accept a Free Trial so that you may compare the Monroe with any other method of figuring—for Speed—for Accuracy—for Quality—for all-round usefulness—on all kinds of figuring.

Consult your telephone directory for the Monroe Agency near you or address:

Monroe Calculating Machine Company
Woolworth Building, New York, N. Y.

Monroe Machines and Service are Available in all Principal Cities of the U. S., Canada, Great Britain, Europe and throughout the World

A DEVELOPMENT OF FIFTY YEARS

Let them take VACATION COMFORT back to School!

ALL summer long their growing muscles have had a glorious opportunity to develop naturally.

Don't put children back into stiff, hard, heavy shoes when school begins. Keep them in Keds and let their feet stay free and uncramped.

Keds are *anatomically correct*, for all normal feet. Cool and comfortable—they give feet the ease and freedom they need, without sacrificing the protection they *must* have. In addition, Keds are built to combine the very maximum of long wear with the most attractive appearance. Their springy rubber soles are made of the toughest rubber direct from our own plantations. Their canvas uppers are carefully selected for strength and durability.

They are NOT *Keds* UNLESS *the* NAME *Keds is on the shoe*

But to be sure of real Keds quality and value you must look for the name Keds on the shoe whenever you buy. Shoes that don't have the name Keds on them are *not* Keds. Keds are made only by the United States Rubber Company—and are built especially for long wear.

They come in all the popular styles—high and low, brown and white—and at prices ranging from $1.25 to $4.50.

And every real Keds *always* has the name Keds on the shoe. It will pay you to look for the name—and insist on Keds!

A KEDS moccasin with the popular crepe sole. Attractive, cool, comfortable—and built for long wear

Our Keds Hand-book of Sports contains all kinds of information on games, sports, camping, vacation suggestions and dozens of other interesting subjects. Sent free if you address Dept. A-100, 1790 Broadway, New York City.

United States Rubber Company

Keds

Trademark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off

May 31, 186—summer tomorrow. it has been like summer for two weaks. Beany is out again and this morning driv old Tom Fifields cow for himself. i am glad he is well. i got prety sick of driving that old cow. but of coarse i wood do ennything for Beany when he is sick. and for nothing two.

Spent all the time i cood chasing cats. they yowl all nite but we have got used to it and can sleap now. i am getting to be a good cat chaser now. but they all come back. i wood like to know what brings them round so mutch.

June 1, 186—i wish the 3 weaks wood go and we cood sell our elwifes. but the feller sed not to disturb them until they get ripe. he sed we had augt to get $4.00 dollers a barril for them. that will maik $24.00 whitch is prety good, as it will give eech of us $8.00 apeace.

Pewt sed Beany hadent augt to have as mutch as me and him but i told Pewt we was equil members of the corporosity and must shair equil and that Beany had done the best he cood and had xposed hisself to danger of his life from croop and soar throte. so Pewt he agreed.

we desided not to by enny things this time until we have got our money. i never want to pass anuther 2 weaks like them 2. chased sum moar cats today.

June 2, 186—raned all day. there wasent so menny cats today but they was enuf to maik very good sport. we scair off so menny that we dont keep count.

June 3, 186— spent the hoal day going to school part of the time and chasing cats the rest. i wish the 3 weaks wood go and we cood sell our elwifes.

June 4, 186— it has been hot as time all day. went to school and chased cats morning noon and nite. i have found out that if you scair a cat from in front it will tirn a back summerset and run the other way and if you scair it behine it will tirn a front summerset and run that way. it is verry interisting to know this.

June 5, 186— last nite we had a offal thunder storm. it struck neer our house and we cood smell it. father says it is the lectricity.

we can smell it today. lots of people notised it. father says the rappid passige of the lectric fluid throug the atmusfere frequently perduces a smell like birning sulfer matches. my father knows a lot about sutch things.

June 6, 186— hot as time. had a good time today. went in swimming twict. chased cats and went to school. the smell of litening is getting wirse.

June 7, 186— go in swiming evry day now, so I cant get as mutch time to chase cats. our back yard is all covered with fur where they have fit and toar it out. the litening smell is geting wirse. mother can scarcely keep the winders open. father he sed he never herd of it lasting so long. he thinks it may be due to the fac that Hershels comic is coming round again. i told him I gnew comical Brown but never herd of Hershel. father he sed he dident supose i did but he sed a comic is a ball of blaizing gass or red hot metal throwed off by sum of the stars whitch sumtimes comes neer enuf to the earth to affeck the tides and the seesons. so he thinks that is one reeson why the smell of sulfer stays so long.

June 8, 186— the smell is wirse than ever. chased cats today. they is more cats than ever.

June 9, 186— father sed tonite that he gessed the litening must have struck old Sam Dires pig pen. the smell is wirse than ever. mother keeps the winders shet and she and aunt Sarah most die of the heat. father says sumthing has got to be did.

today J. Albert Clark come in and told mother sumthing must be did about the offal smell. mother sed she thougt so two. she sed she thougt sumthing had augt to be did about the cats. evry time she opened the door or winder and the wind blew it blew in a lot of fuz from the cats where they had clawed and toar it out and it got into the milk and into the roobarb sass and into the fride potatos and evrything.

June 10, 186— Cele is sick in bed and Keene aint fealing very well. the smell is wirse then ever. chased a lot of cats today.

June 11, 186— Cele and Keene is both sick. evrything seams to smell. Docter Perry come up today and he sed they is both thretened with tyfoid fever. he sed they is sumthing very rong in the naborhood and unless sumthing is did we may have a eppidamick and peeple will die like flise. today we had the well cleened out but we dident find enny ded cats or bull toads in it.

June 12, 186— we have found out what maid the cats come round and what maid the offal smell. what do you think. it was our elwifes. last nite father come home erly and sed he wood find out what was rong if it took a weak. he went all over the celler and dident find nothing. then he went all over the barn and dident find nothing. then he went under the barn and dident find nothing but he bumped his head a offal whang on a beem and swore terible. i dident dass to laff for i was afrade he wood give me a bat in the ear. so i kep still. so then he went into the shed and when he opened the door he sed holy smoak what a stink. what have you got in them barrils and i sed we have got sum elwifes, and he sed how long have they been there and i sed 2 weaks. and he sed dident you pack them in salt and i sed no we dident have enny money and so we packed them in see sand becaus a feller sed there was salt enuf in see sand. and father he sed of all the infirnal idjuts i ever saw you are the wirst. and i sed yes sir. then he sed what in thunder did you keep them so long for, and i sed the feller told us we had got to keep them till they was ripe. and father he sed ripe, i shood say they is the ripest things i ever smelt in my life, they is all alive, but they aint ½ as ripe as you are ripe for a idjut assilum. and then he sed dont you ever think and aint you got enny moar branes than a mud tirtle and i sed no sir.

well father he swore round and told me i dident have enny branes more than 40 times. then he got 3 or 4 pales of ashes whitch we had been saving for the soft sope man and then he pulled the meel bag off the barils hollering phew and holding his breth and then he poared the ashes on the elwifes and then come out to breeth. then he sent down for old John Johnson who come up with his old horse hiched to his cart and another man and give them a doller to carry them elwifes off and berry them. the other man sed he had wirked in a glu factory all his life but he never smelt ennything ½ as bad as them elwifes.

well then father went down to the drug store and got a big bottle of stuff and sprinkled it all over the shed and round evrywhere and befoar we went to bed the smell was all gone. and the cats was all gone two and we dident hear a yowl or a cat fite all nite. and the best of all is that father dident lick me. he only jawed me and called me a infernal idjut but i am used to that and dont mind it.

it is tuff to lose $24.00 or $8.00 apeace but i am used to misversity and adfortune. in fac i never had ennything elce in this life.

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of a series of sketches by Mr. Shute. The next will appear in an early issue

IN ARIZONA

—one out of four—instead of eight
buys a One-Profit Car

Every county in Arizona that runs a motor car for the use of its sheriff has bought a Studebaker. The counties are Navajo, Pima, Gila, Greenlee, Coconino, Yavapai, Yuma, Maricopa, Cochise, Apache, Yuma and Pinal.

FOUR weeks ago we published an advertisement showing that one person out of eight who buys a car selling for over $1000 selects a Studebaker in preference to 57 other competing makes.

This was a nation-wide average—based on Studebaker sales all over the country—*a remarkable record.*

But where travel conditions are worst, Studebakers sell best. For instance, out in Arizona, the proportion is one in four instead of one in eight.

Arizona is the supreme testing ground of automobile merit — blistering desert sands and gruelling mountain trails where automobiles are pounded to pieces if they cannot withstand excessive abuse.

When many other cars break up—
Studebakers break in

One Studebaker car at Phoenix has traveled 350,000 miles. Yuma County has two that have rolled up 100,000 miles each. One Studebaker at Tucson has gone 200,000 miles, another 275,000, a third 300,000.

A Studebaker at Flagstaff has given ten years of service and has recently passed the 75,000 mark.

Every county in Arizona which has bought an automobile for its sheriff has bought a Studebaker.

The tremendous reserve mileage, for which Studebaker cars have long been noted, is largely due to the inherent advantages of the Studebaker "one-profit" principle of motor car manufacture.

Studebaker is the only fine car manufacturer today, building all of its own bodies, engines, clutches, gear-sets, springs, differentials, steering gears, axles, gray iron castings and drop forgings. This not only eliminates extra profits but also enables Studebaker to offer you a much better car for the money.

A better car, because Studebaker being a complete manufacturer of automobiles, is able to control the quality of materials and workmanship from the time of purchase until the finished product leaves the factory.

In its own great plants, Studebaker converts raw materials into finished units, designed solely for Studebaker cars. These units are brought together to form a perfectly balanced whole. Thus every Studebaker car is a harmonious co-ordinated unit, with all of the advantages of unit construction.

As an example of a "one-profit" value we urge that you see the Studebaker Big Six Duplex-Phaeton illustrated above—the favorite car of Arizona sheriffs.

STUDEBAKER

Big Six Duplex-Phaeton $1875 *f. o. b. factory*

Price includes extra tire and cover, 2 bumpers and motometer

THIS IS A STUDEBAKER YEAR

Here is a car big in power, big in comfort, big in reserve transportation.

POWER—Only eight American cars equal it, according to the rating of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce, and these eight sell at prices 100% to 300% higher than the Big Six.

COMFORT—It is built to hold seven people without crowding — big springs — big snubbers — full size balloon tires. And there is in the Duplex body, comfort such as no other open car can offer. Concealed within the steel-framed upper structure are roller side enclosures which the driver may lower or raise in 30 seconds without leaving his seat. The Duplex is a feature offered exclusively by Studebaker.

Lights are operated from the steering wheel. In addition to the usual instruments on the dash, there is an eight-day clock, also a gasoline gauge. The improved one-piece windshield has an automatic wiper. One key opens the coincidental lock of ignition and steering gear as well as the tire lock.

No "yearly models"

Remember, too, that Studebaker has discontinued the custom of presenting a new line of cars each year. This policy of "no yearly models" means the Studebaker you buy today is completely up-to-date—and will not suffer unnecessary depreciation through spectacular announcements of new "yearly models."

Any Studebaker dealer will be glad to show you this sturdy, dependable "one-profit" car, and finance its purchase on a fair and liberal budget payment plan.

ONE MAN'S LIFE

(Continued from Page 23)

If there is such a thing as reincarnation, Sir William Blackstone lives again in him.

I had not been long engaged in my law studies when I discovered that my plans for making a living by selling insurance—or in some other way vaguely envisaged—were not taking effective form. I did accept the agency for an assessment life-insurance company; but on working out the mathematics of its plan, I made up my mind that it was fundamentally defective, and that if I procured members of the organization they would find perhaps after they had passed the insurable age that their certificates were worthless. So I threw up this employment. My accumulated savings were getting low. I began to wonder what I could do. One day my problem was solved for me.

Mr. James Rule was then president of the City National Bank, and one of our most prominent citizens. He was also a member of the school board of Mason City. Meeting him one day on the street, I was stopped by him.

"What are you doing, Quick?" he asked.

"Studying law in John Cliggitt's office," I replied.

"Any plans for earning anything?"

"Well," I replied, "I thought I would sell insurance—or something."

"Sold much yet?"

"N-no," I was forced to reply; "the fact is, Mr. Rule, I haven't tried very hard yet, and the openings don't seem very promising. I can do it though."

"Certainly," said he. "But I notice that the boys that make a living at such things have to put in about all their time at it. Now you know teaching. I thought of making a proposal to you. Over on the South Side we have a building with four rooms where we carry the pupils up to the point of being promoted into the sixth grade in the main building. We've never had a principal there. All the rooms have looked to the city superintendent for control. This has led to confusion. Most of the children belong to the families of railroad men who are away from home a good deal. The rest of the families are working people, many of them foreigners. A lot of the boys are sort of running wild. The board would like to have you take charge of that building as principal. You'd better think it over and let me know."

"But," said I, "I want to study law."

"You can go right on with your law studies," said he. "All we ask is that you straighten out that school situation. If you do that the board will be satisfied if you have a law book on your desk all the time."

"All right," I replied, urged by a feeling of emptiness in my pocket; "on that basis I'll take it."

Reading Law and Teaching School

And so it happened that I kept on teaching. I used to reach the law office at about half-past seven in the morning, or perhaps a little earlier, sweep the floors, dust off the desks and sit down to my reading. Sometimes the first bells of the schools would commence ringing before I had read more than a page or two. At this signal I would rise and walk over to my school, and before nine my outlines for the morning's work would be on the blackboards. I kept a law book on my desk and found a little time at the noon intermission to study. I found that I could not—at first, anyhow—go straight to the office for some reading before my evening meal. The vice of the school was truancy, and the cure for that required frequent visits of a parochial nature. I became well known to the parents of recalcitrant boys. Gradually these young chaps began to take their school attendance more seriously. Things began to be straightened out. I could read from, say, five to six; and when not following some false scent I had my evenings with my books in the office.

In actual good, I do not believe I ever accomplished more than in those four years as principal of the South Side school. Our four teachers worked together loyally. The pupils—we had three classes to a room instead of the regulation two—went over to the main building quite up to their required grade. The effect of the new régime on the community was something which I never realized until just before I left that work, when the milkman who delivered milk to that neighborhood stopped me on the street one day to tell me about his views upon it. He was a highly respectable farmer named Deacon Dunham.

"Mr. Quick," said he, "I have wanted for a long time to tell you of the good work you have done on the South Side. Before you went there, I declare I sometimes thought of leaving the South Side out of my route on account of the way I was treated by the boys. Now there's not a better behaved lot of boys in the city than they are. It isn't only that they behave better in school hours and around the school grounds, where they used to mob me as I went by—they're a different crowd all day and all over the South Side. And they're just as different in vacation as when school is in session. I want to congratulate you and to thank you."

A Lamb Wields the Shears

I am as proud of this testimonial as of any that ever came to me. It seems to me that it meant more than any praise for a thing written, for it meant that I had accomplished some good in a work on some two hundred or more human beings. I really believe that a large proportion of these boys and girls grew up into better citizens on account of the labors of the good women who had charge of the lower rooms, and my own.

Not all the boys were reformed, however. I remember one Irish boy whose blue eyes sparkled with intelligence from the front seat, where order required that he be seated. But the intelligence was not that of one engrossed in his studies. It related to almost anything else. His father had been killed when at work for the railway and his mother became a washerwoman. There was a fund of a thousand dollars or so which the railway had paid in settlement of her claim for the loss of her husband; but that was held intact by the courts until the youngest of the children should be of age. Meanwhile the family was supported by the earnings at the washtub. I often wondered what would become of the youngest, who was my blue-eyed mischief on the front seat. I could see that the others would become industrious workers.

Another member of the school, who became a barber in Sioux City, told me what the blue-eyed youngster did. When he was twenty-one the money in court was divided. He took his share, went to the haberdashery and bought himself the best outfit of clothing he could find. It was the first time in his life that he had been well dressed. I can imagine his pride as he stepped out on the street with the consciousness that from hose to hat perpendicularly, from nobby overcoat to fine underwear horizontally, he was garbed in the best. I can imagine the relief he felt to be rid of the cheap, plain, patched clothes which had been all the washtub had furnished forth. And in his wallet was the balance of the cash from that estate of his father which had come from the catastrophe of the caving gravel pit.

People must have looked at him with admiration; for he was a broth of a boy, with those great blue eyes which made him look so innocent. Some looked at him with other feelings than admiration. Our town had its little gang of card sharps and sure-thing men—I could mention their names—who saw in my former pupil a lamb to be sheared. They made a companion of him for a little while; and when he emerged from the little game into which they lured him, the poor boy had his good clothes and nothing else.

He disappeared—faded from the landscape of Mason City for a year—maybe two years. Then he returned, looking as innocent as ever, and wearing excellent clothes. His right arm was in a sling—or maybe it was his left; anyhow, when, apparently too guileless to know how they had done him out of his inheritance, he sat into another little game with the gamesters of the old crowd, he was handicapped, as it seemed, in handling the cards by the fact that he did it perforce with his one uninjured hand. When the game broke up, however, something like this had taken place: Every other man had, on Blue-Eyes' deal, held a wonderfully strong hand; but Blue-Eyes held just over the best of them; and he had gazed into their eyes and swept up all the money they had, and then smilingly backed out of the door, bearing the avails of the only thing he had ever really studied, and a sense of gratified resentment.

"He was a wonder," said Charley Wilson, who told me of this. "When he went out on a tour he always had his arm in a sling, until the fellows got on to it. Why, he could deal seconds with one hand!"

No one of my readers who has never tried to deal seconds can quite understand my former pupil's proficiency.

Sometimes I receive letters from those boys and girls, now middle-aged people. I find many of them in positions of influence and usefulness. Almost always, after all these years, I know the handwriting. And I must tell about the method of making children write well without teaching them. I believe that most of the time spent on penmanship in our schools is wasted. My handwriting was always bad, and these children knew it. Because we had three classes instead of two, we had to save time; and a part of this I saved by eliminating all systematic training in penmanship. We found something better.

The Test of Legibility

Many of our class exercises were in writing, and a good deal of the correction of these was done by the pupils by exchanging papers or slates. I established the rule that every word in these exercises must be legible; and that if in any word there was a letter which could be construed as something else than the one required, it was scored as an error. Thus the fourth stroke of the small "a" must be brought back to the base line or it was called an "o." The small "l" must be topped with an open loop or it was called an uncrossed "t." Each letter must be made so that it could be nothing but the correct one. If the word was so legible that it could not be misread even under this rigid rule, it was accepted as properly written. The one requirement was a legibility which hypercriticism could not question.

Given this, and the size of the letters, their slope and their character were immaterial. The result was that each child developed its own characteristic handwriting. That, I believe, is the reason for my recognition of these specimens after so long a time. I remember one little girl who was left-handed, whose writing, sloping evenly backward, was as beautiful as any I ever saw. My classes were noted over in the main building as having the best handwriting in the city, with one exception; and those were the classes of Mrs. Wier, who was a specialist in penmanship. But she spent much time training her pupils, while I spent none at all. I simply required legibility. When I have carried out all my other reforms, I shall devote myself to the task of saving the time in our schools which is wasted in training pupils to write. Probably it would do more real good than some of the others.

"My days," wrote Job, after he was somewhat advanced in years, "are swifter than a weaver's shuttle," and in view of the fact that he is moved to add "and are spent without hope," I wonder why he kicked about it. The increasing swiftness of one's days as they pass is one of the interesting phenomena of this life, which I find never ceases to develop new points of interest.

In this looking backward of mine I am a little astonished by the fact that the longest period of it in retrospect is the dozen years I lived on the farm we called the Crippen Place in Grundy County, when I was between six and nineteen. Is this because during those years I confronted the world as a new thing and met so many exigencies for the first time? I imagine so.

As an organism, we grow old with diminishing rapidity as the years go by. We age faster in the nine months previous to birth than in all the rest of our lives. "Our bodies," says some forgotten writer read long ago, "are seventy-year clocks," adding that the angel of life winds them up, locks the door and hands the key to the angel of the resurrection. But this clock runs faster when it is first wound. The pendulum ticking off the moments for the aging person is like one which moves slower and slower, unless the mechanism breaks, slower and slower, until with the superannuated one the change in a decade is hardly noticeable; but finally its arc of swing is imperceptibly shortened, until some morning, perhaps, it is found to have ceased.

Local Legal Lights

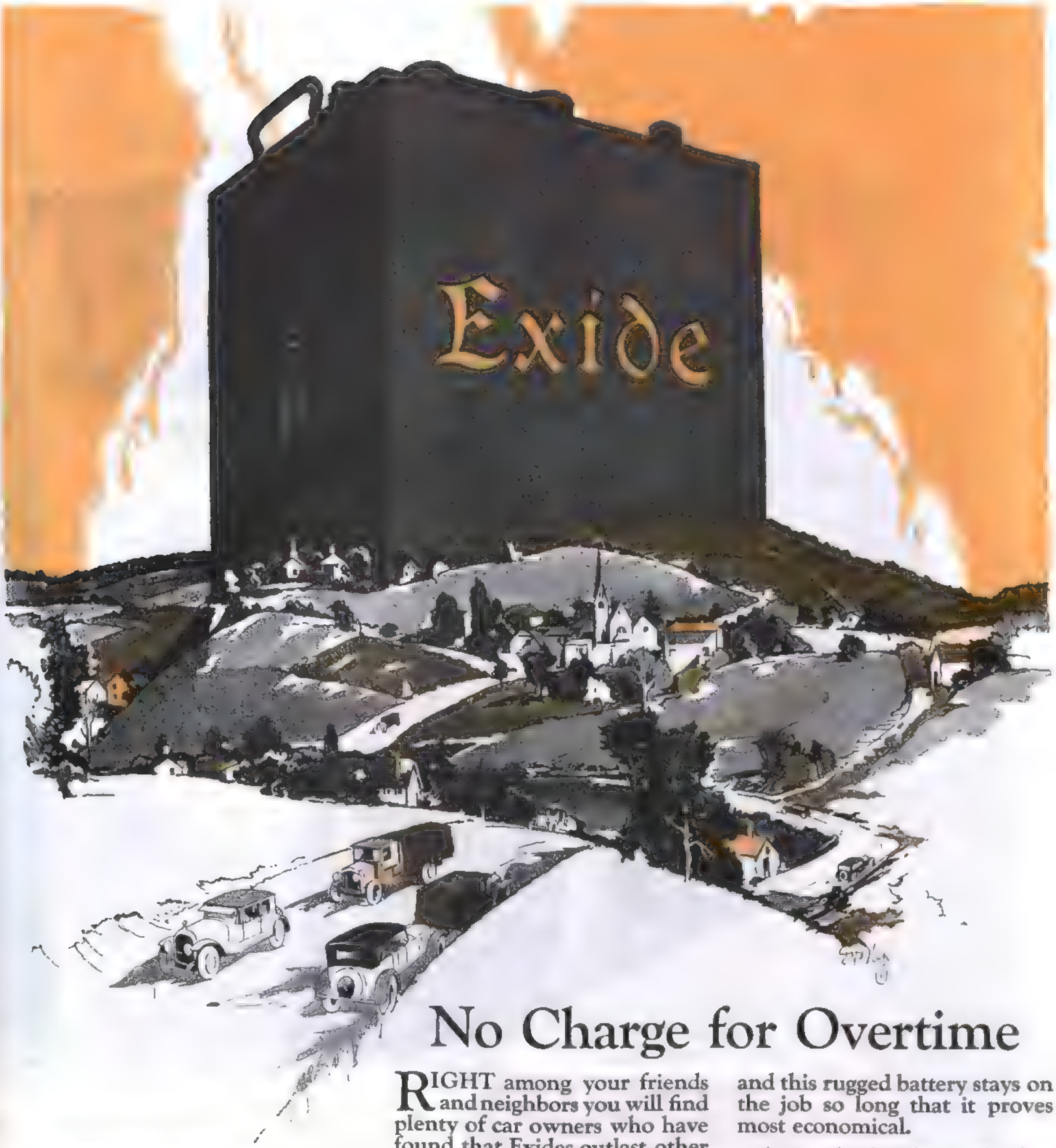
Job's days seemed swifter than a weaver's shuttle only because he passed so few mileposts or landscape features worth looking at. They seemed swift because he was moving so slowly that he had little by which to remember them. One of the shortest sea voyages I ever made was from Vladivostok out between the islands of Japan and by a great-circle route to San Francisco. It was long in time, but shorter in retrospect than a trip from New Orleans to Panama. So it is with our lives. As experience dulls the eyes of observation, the memory begins to set down ditto marks in the columns of events, and the space accorded to each year in memory's ledger grows shorter.

Even at twenty-five the years seem in retrospect to pass more swiftly. My four years in Mason City were busy and important ones to me; but they seem to have passed with a rapidity much greater than that of any four years on the Crippen Place, when I seemed to be merely vegetating on the farm.

I was now on a new basis in the town. I was no longer a country boy who had some town friends. As far as residence was concerned, I was one of the community, with the right to vote and the entrée into the inner circle of the management. I lived with my good sister, who made a home for me all those years.

I began to line up with the men of influence whose personalities had attraction for me. My recent experiences had mitigated my verdancy somewhat. All this was educative. I began to take the lawyer's view of things. I found the bar most friendly, and for that matter the whole community. But the lawyers in any community are often the most intelligent men in it. They have the broadest minds and usually the narrowest sympathies. Their intelligence, their knowledge of human nature, especially in its weaknesses, their intimate touch with almost all its affairs, and their acquired power of statement have given them the preponderant influence in affairs of state, which they traditionally enjoy in America; while their narrow sympathies, their addiction to technicalities, their subserviency to vested wrongs as well

(Continued on Page 81)



EXIDE BATTERIES
LIGHT TRAINS

When you snap on the switch in your Pullman berth, it is quite probable that the current comes from an Exide. Exide Batteries are made for every purpose by the world's largest manufacturers of storage batteries.

No Charge for Overtime

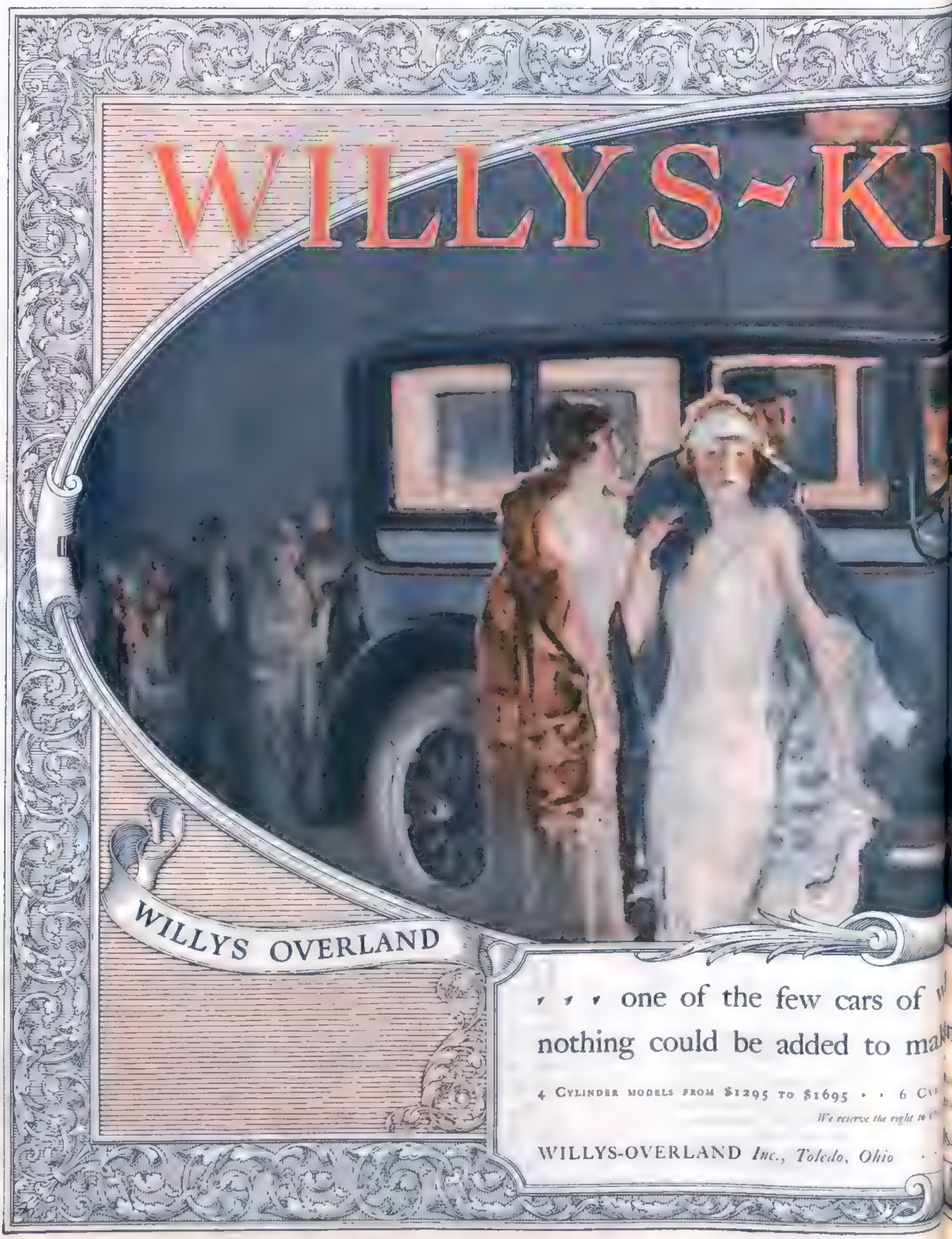
RIGHT among your friends and neighbors you will find plenty of car owners who have found that Exides outlast other batteries. Yet this overtime is not paid for by the Exide owner —it pays him.

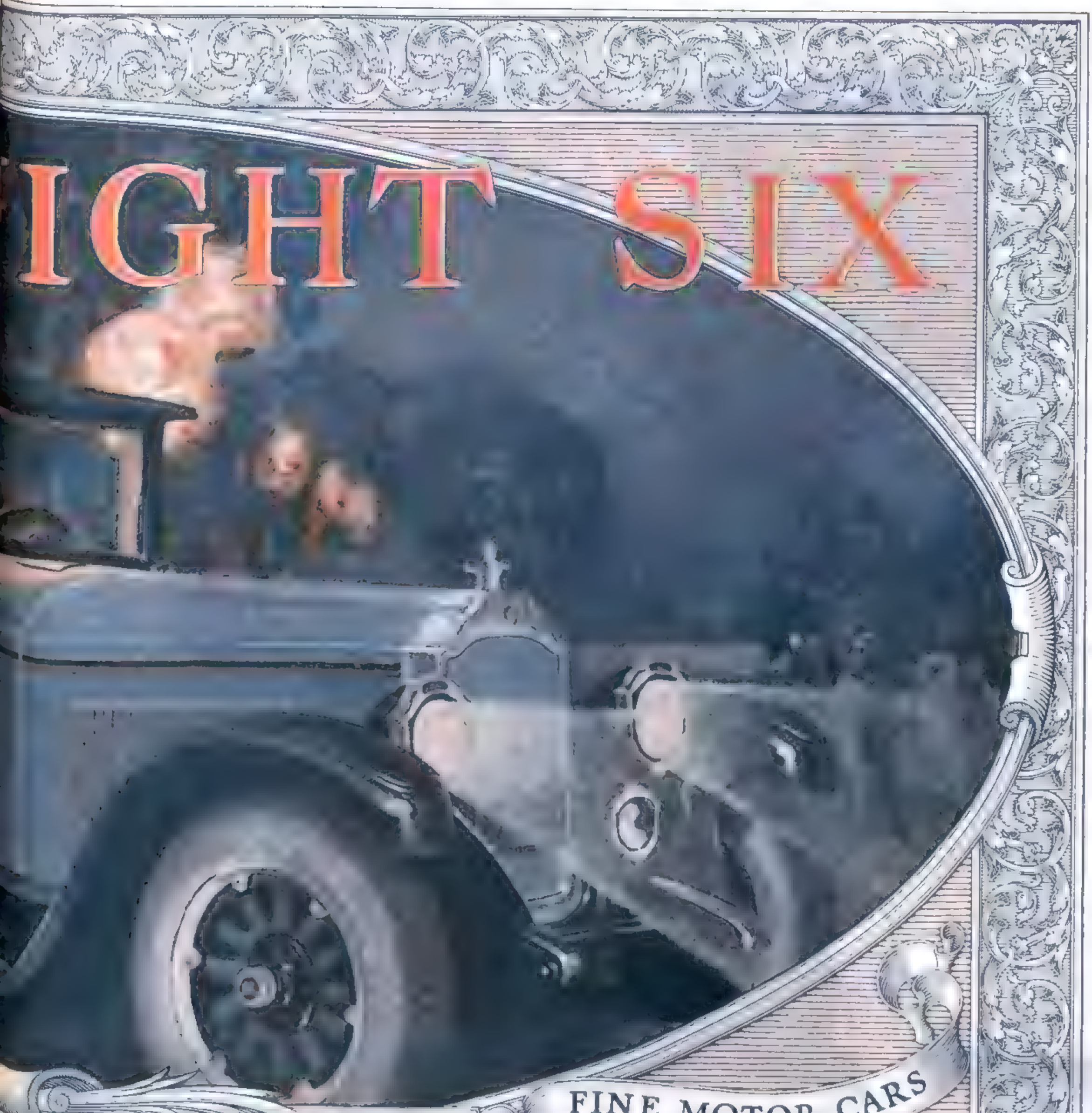
The original price you pay for an Exide is extremely low, and this rugged battery stays on the job so long that it proves most economical.

A nearby Exide Dealer has the economical battery for your car. You can also get a complete line of Exide Radio Batteries at Exide Dealers' as well as at radio dealers'.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, Philadelphia
In Canada, Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, 153 Dufferin Street, Toronto

THE LONG-LIFE BATTERY FOR YOUR CAR


WILLYS-K
WILLYS OVERLAND
one of the few cars of
nothing could be added to mak
4 CYLINDER MODELS FROM $1295 TO $1695
We reserve the right to
WILLYS-OVERLAND Inc., Toledo, Ohio



it uthfully may be said that
nore acceptable to the owner

All prices f. o. b. Toledo

LET US UNMASK HIM!

Fire, disguised as an innocent or even benevolent friend, is lurking about your property. The Hartford Fire Prevention Engineers can tear off his mask and show him to you in his true nature.

When you know where danger lies, it is easy to guard against it; but it takes a specially trained engineer who has studied a century of fire records to discover every danger, every weakness, and to provide for its defense.

Ask your local Hartford agent to tell you how Hartford Fire Prevention can be applied to your property. You will like the Hartford agent. You will find that he is the best equipped man in your community to advise you in all matters pertaining to insurance. The Hartford policy he sells is a contract with a company that has built its unspotted reputation by providing genuine indemnity for honest loss since 1810.

INSURE IN THE

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, Hartford, Conn.

The Hartford Fire Insurance Company and the Hartford Accident and Indemnity Company write practically every form of insurance except life.

(Continued from Page 76)

as vested rights, and their tendency to unscrupulousness in methods and to skepticism as to the good in humanity as a whole, have made that influence a barrier to progress. I feel certain that the world would be far better off if we had fewer lawyers in our legislatures and in our public offices generally. There are, of course, many of them who possess the good qualities in which, in my opinion, the profession as a whole is lacking; and they are able.

I found them a most interesting lot of men with whom to forgather in the office, in the courthouse, on the street and wherever men come together. James E. Blythe was then a youthful lawyer who—it seemed odd to me—was seldom seen in court; but his firm, Blythe & Markley, then had and still retains its lucrative practice, for which Mr. Blythe is to be credited with his full share. He was a fluent and forceful speaker, whether on the platform or in casual conversation; and was absorbed in matters political, in which he belonged to the extreme Right Wing—as I believe he does still. I had not then fallen into my later radicalism, and used to go out to the country schoolhouses and make speeches.

I remember tours of a political nature with Jim Blythe, which we made with horse and buggy, laying plans for doing up the "pestiferous farmers" who were always revolting against the management of the party, talking of books and orations, and discussing the good of the party—which was mainly the good of ourselves. In this we were conscious of no sordid self-serving. We were really in earnest; and Jim, if he reads this, will still believe in us as we were then. I had a good time with him always; and I learned about stand-pattism and political maneuvering from him.

Jim was a Republican. His partner was J. E. E. Markley, a handsome, vigorous, able lawyer who carried the Democratic banner in the firm; but he also was a Right-Wing influence. Charles Hughes, of the firm of Glass & Hughes, was a man of great seriousness whose eyes never had a glint of expression, but who was a mighty strong contender in any litigation in which he was retained. He had a habit of drawing his mouth down under his left ear at some stage in every sentence uttered by him. One day Jim Markley went on the witness stand to testify in some formal matter in a case in which Blythe & Markley and Glass & Hughes were opposed. After the direct examination, Mr. Hughes settled himself in his chair and leaned eagerly forward as if entering upon a grilling cross-examination.

What's in a Name

"What is your full name?" he asked, jerking his mouth down toward his shoulder.

"J. E. E. Markley," was the reply.

"Your full name, sir," said Mr. Hughes, with the manner of one who regarded the answer as something which would be decisive of the case. We all listened eagerly, for Mr. Markley's three initials had always represented X. He seemed to be reticent about them—I suppose because of the country-town humor which loved to roll the complex name under its tongue. Mr. Markley objected to answering. That made it funnier. Mr. Hughes insisted. The court ruled that Mr. Markley must answer.

"James Edward Earle Markley," he replied, with every manifestation of having had his dearest privacy invaded.

"That will be all for this witness," said Mr. Hughes, without a smile, but with a most phenomenal jerk of his mouth under his grizzled beard. "The witness may stand aside. I have always wondered about that name, Jim."

"Call the next witness," said the court. "Order in the court, please!"

This incident could have had none of its humor if the Mason City bar had not consisted of a group large enough for the development of the group spirit, and small enough so that every member knew all the rest rather intimately.

We made a mayor of Mr. Hughes shortly after he had ravished Jim Markley's name from him, in a contest which rather dwarfs any political fight I have ever seen; but he was not a politician. That part of the firm's business went to John D. Glass, his partner, who became a state senator. Mr. Glass was a precise-spoken bearded man who stood very high in social and church circles. He was always a little off my legal and social bent, though we were on excellent terms. Later he took as his partner Mr. J. J. McConlogue, who, with Pat Dougherty, made up the Irish contingent among us.

When I first saw Jim McConlogue he had just opened his law office and was scarcely more than myself acclimated to the atmosphere of the bar. He was a huge, brawny young man, with a slow, friendly smile, and none of the traditional Irish vivacity; but if ever a man had the map of Ireland in his face, Jim McConlogue did. It was broad, red and typically Hibernian. This young lawyer had in him, one felt, an odd power and force. It was the force of a charming and sincere personality. I suppose that he never met a man who did not feel drawn to him, and the number of his friends as he went on prosperously was about equal to the number of persons who knew him.

The Misnamed Justice Court

We were all intimate enough to call or refer to each other by our nicknames, like brothers; and we had all the jealousies and dislikes of brothers—but not enough to keep us from borrowing books from one another.

It was the typical atmosphere of the legal brotherhood. Dick Wilbur, tall, gray-bearded, with a tendency to stutter, had no impediment in his law; Joe Clark, intense, ambitious, vivacious, slender, pale and active, was well started on the career which has placed him for years now on the bench; John Stanbery, Clark's partner, who was called a lawyer partly because he had a law office, was a solid citizen and, I have no doubt, a useful member of the firm; John Sherwin, then district attorney, a suave, friendly, able man, the friend of everyone—including me, I am proud to say—was not at that time regarded as a very profound lawyer, but finished his career by a long term of office on the supreme bench of the state; D. W. Telford had his own specialty of real-estate law; A. H. Cummings was the one through whose acrid Vermont humor I was dubbed Klinefelter's Discovery; Richard W. Montague, now of Portland, Oregon, a scholarly young man, was then just peeping into the practice in Mason City; Reverdy J. Miller, the friend whom I have so often mentioned, was maintaining a law office, but thinking more of many other things than of the law—they all, old and young, including John Cliggitt, whose offices I was sweeping out and warming by the fires I built, and whose books and I were mutually wearing each other out—all of them seem more like fellow students in some very interesting school than anything else. There is not one of them whom I should not like today to grasp by the hand and with whom I should not like to sit down and talk for hours. Some of them are still with us, but most of them have passed on. They were all very good to me.

The justice court furnishes a great store of amusing stories in any gathering of lawyers, and deserves much of the ridicule it receives. Yet the ridicule which descends on the poor country justice of the peace really should fall on the lawmakers who permit such a relic of barbarism to persist as the election by townships of magistrates who are not required to possess any legal education.

George W. Argo, once a well-known lawyer of Sioux City and Le Mars, once tried a case before a country justice whom he somehow during the trial induced to rule that evidence should be admitted or excluded according to the popular vote of the crowd present at the trial. Argo had the crowd with him.

"Did you see the defendant strike the complaining witness?" the infuriated attorney on the other side would ask.

"I object!" George would interject.

"All in favor of his answering the question say aye," said the justice, putting it to vote. "Contrary, no." A roar of Argo's supporters would shake the house. "The noes have it and the witness can't answer," was the ruling. Naturally, Argo won. Naturally, also, the opposing lawyer had to buy the drinks at the bar of the "House of Lords" or "The Senate" in Le Mars when they got home. This huge joke set the bar tittering when we gathered for the call of the docket on the first day of the next term.

A joke, too, was the predicament of my preceptor, John Cliggitt, in a case in which he was defeated by Mr. R. M. Todd, the chief citizen of Rock Falls, in our county. Mr. Todd was not a regular lawyer, nor was he obliged to do pettifogging in justice courts for a living. I think he did it sometimes because he liked it. The story has it that one day Mr. Cliggitt found himself pitted against Mr. Todd in a nuisance case in Todd's own town, where he had some advantage over any slick lawyer from Mason City. In the course of the trial, in which Todd rather played horse with the dignified Cliggitt, the latter began reading from that well-known work Cooley on Torts.

"Just a minute, here!" cried Mr. Todd. "What book is this counsel reading?"

"This is Cooley on Torts."

"Your Honor," urged Mr. Todd, "I suggest that you ask him who wrote that book."

"The book," answered Mr. Cliggitt, "is a well-known authority on the law of torts, and was written by that celebrated Michigan lawyer, Judge Cooley, now a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission in Washington. There is no higher ——"

"Your Honor," said Mr. Todd, dropping his voice in horror, "this is an outrage! This man thinks we out here in Falls township are fools. He must—if he thinks you will stand it to have him bring in the writings of a Michigan man on the law of a manure pile in Iowa! You may be willing to have your court made a laughingstock; but if I were in your place I'd be tempted to fine counsel on the other side for contempt of court!"

"See here," exclaimed the justice, "you'll have to stop such monkey shines as this, Mr. Cliggitt. I don't want to hear any more from that book. Lay it down!"

Mr. Todd Wins His Case

To a man who took his law so seriously, this was a blow. But when he saw R. M. Todd's expression turn from indignation, as he faced the justice, to one of triumphant mischief as he winked at John, he made the best of the situation and reached for a real Simon-pure Iowa law book—Conklin's Iowa Justice.

"What did you say that book is?" yelled Todd, leaping to his feet.

"Conklin's Iowa Justice," replied Mr. Cliggitt.

"Your Honor," exclaimed Mr. Todd, "hasn't this horseplay gone about far enough? Not satisfied with bringing in Michigan law to try to fool us country people, this slick city practitioner now has the nerve to cite to as good a Republican justice of the peace as there is in Iowa, no less a traitor than Roscoe Conkling, the man that busted up this Administration. Enormity could go no further!"

Todd sank back panting—or so it was reported. The justice was not easily dissuaded from fining Cliggitt—and Todd won the case. Cliggitt was a really profound lawyer, quite above trickery, strong, though never brilliant in court, sage in counsel and possessed of much dignity; but those well enough acquainted with him sometimes ventured to twit him of his inferiority to Mr. R. M. Todd. I have told the story as it was told to me, and John never actually denied it.

The justice of the peace in England has fared rather badly at the hands of her literary men; but he is usually a much more respectable figure than his American namesake. Our justices of the peace are often inferior and ignorant because we have, in selecting them, fallen into the American vice of electing a lot of officers who should be selected in some other way. In Canada a justice of the peace is an official who commands and deserves respect. He is not elected locally, as are ours. We would do well to change our system. I believe the justices of the peace should be appointed, preferably by the courts; should hold office for long terms and should be men of legal training. In the rural districts our present system often leads to such inefficiency and ignorance as I have described; and in the cities to irregularities, which are much worse.

One of our novelists of condemnation could revel in the crude materialism of Mason City at that time—or now; or of New York or Philadelphia either. We had no institution of learning higher than our public school. There was in the city no club devoted to the study of literature, history or science. We had no Y. M. C. A. to arrange lectures for us, nor any other organization with the same functions. Parker's Opera House took the attractions which came along, and many of these I saw, because my friend Klinefelter, through his newspaper, very often had press tickets for me. These shows in a town of three or four thousand were not often of a very high order; but occasionally the Andrews Opera Company, a family organization with headquarters somewhere in Southern Minnesota, gave us excellent presentations of light opera; and such actors as Thomas W. Keene presented Shaksperean plays once in a while. Such cultural activities as we had grew mainly out of church activities.

The Beethoven Yankee Doodle

Our family has always had a flair for music; at least since my father in his young manhood was chorister in his little church at Danby or Candor, in Tompkins County, New York. I had no musical training, but somehow—I forget how—I found myself a member of the choir of the First Methodist Church, under the leadership of a man who was one of those intellectual Robinson Crusoes, a person wrapped up in art in an undeveloped and materialistic society, L. L. Huntly. He was a good organist and had an excellent tenor voice. He confided to me one day that he was a cousin of the American Hemans, Lydia Huntly Sigourney, most of whose poems are now forgotten, along with those of the British versifier with whom she was so often compared.

Mrs. Sigourney's poems still commanded some rather unmerited attention in the 80's. It rather startled me to hear Professor Huntly refer to her as Lyd. Huntly agreed that if I would sing for him in the church, he would do what he could with my voice. This was not very much, and yet it enabled me to earn a little money afterward at a time when I needed it, and it brought me into close relations with some musicians, many singers and a few churches. It gave me an intimate familiarity with the palms of the hands of many ministers as they stood with their hands behind their backs and preached. All these things are worthy of study.

Huntly had the artist's temperament and loved to talk with me about his music. When musicians of real acquirements came to us Huntly used to revel in meetings with them. Blind Boone, the negro pianist, came occasionally; and he and Huntly used to amuse themselves with a sort of musical puzzle system. Each would play a selection, picking out passages supposed to be unfamiliar to the other, and ask the name of the composer. Once Huntly played a slow, stately largo movement with dainty little embellishments.

"That's Beethoven," said Blind Boone; "but what's it from?"

Huntly accelerated the movement, and it became Yankee Doodle, greatly to Boone's astonishment.

This was the era of Gilbert and Sullivan. Mrs. James E. Moore, one of our musicians,

undertook the presentation of The Pirates of Penzance with local talent. The rôle of Mabel went to Mrs. Moore, since she was a good soprano—and why else get the thing up? She found a tenor in C. B. Higgins, who did the Frederick part very well; and she managed to pick up people for the other solo parts. It was taken for granted that our best barytone, W. E. Ensign, would be the pirate king; but Will began, rehearsed a few times and backed out. Everyone thought it was because he was jealous of the prominence of Mabel and Frederick; but he took me aside and assured me that his real reason was that he couldn't mingle music with the comic. Give him an oratorio part, he said, and he was at home; but he was too stately for any pirate king.

Cast as the Pirate King

"The fact is, Quick," he said, dropping his voice, "folks think I'm stuck on myself, and stuck up; but I'm not. I act just the same way when I'm mowing the lawn or washing the buggy. I simply can't take this part."

So Mrs. Moore asked me to be the pirate king; and willing to try anything once, I consented. The thing went off—not my part, but the opera—with great success. We sang it and repeated it. And a year or so afterward it was staged again, and I went back from Sioux City to take my old part in it. We also sang The Chimes of Normandy. I have proof that my part was excellently well done, for Klinefelter so stated in his write-up of the event in the Express-Republican. He was still strong for his discovery, and any sort of noise made by me would have gained recognition as great stuff in his paper.

We thought we did the Pirates mighty well; but I have sometimes been harassed by doubts. I remember a dress rehearsal just before we gave our first show. Back in the wings were two strangers who, I discovered, belonged to the theatrical profession; and in my kingly robes I was leaning against one of the flies, listening to the remarks which these professional visitors were making. They were impressed, I could see that; but there was something in the tempo which disturbed them. I now know that we sang it twice too slow. General Stanley's daughters were not "climbing over rocky mountains" half fast enough. And when the policemen "slapped their chests" and sang "Ta-ran-ta-ra," they failed to put their clubs to their mouths as trumpets. The two members of the profesh looked at each other and grinned.

"Do you think we ought to tell her about it?" asked one.

"No, for the love of heaven!" replied the other. "It would ruin 'em. They couldn't make the change at this late day—and you know, some of it ain't so rotten!"

Rather considerate of them when one comes to think of it. I was somewhat disillusioned by this comment on our work. One experiences that feeling once one gets back of the scenes. When the flies were all run back on the stage of Parker's Opera House, the audience saw painted on the back wall of the stage a marine view, rather well done. It was a scene of green islands, waving palms and rocky shores. I had often admired what I took to be a sailboat represented as skimming across the bay, its sail dipping to a freshening breeze. But when, in my royal capacity, I went back to that wall, I was astonished to find that my white-winged yacht was nothing but a spot of plaster which had been knocked off by the awkwardness of some stage mechanic. The last touch of romance proved to be a bit of disrepair.

That represents the difference between the view of the poor deluded occupant of a seat in the audience and the sophisticated one behind the scenes.

I have been away back behind the scenes in our national life since then; and I have noted many things in the highly exalted which to the public appeared as the finishing touches to a beautiful picture but were to the one back on the stage merely marred spots in the scenery. The generous heartiness of a great man turned out to be not much more than a rather good-hearted stupidity and carelessness. The intense devotion to the welfare of the people and to even-handed justice of another was on close inspection just a hole through the plaster of devotion to special interests. The inflexible rectitude of a third was largely obstinacy and self-esteem. The devotion to a great moral movement of another was a pose as far from the truth as the mark of the plank on the wall from the picture of a yacht. And the man who calls the hole in the wall by its true name soon finds how much more comfortable he would be if he cried "Beautiful! Perfect!" with the rest.

Our opera company was largely recruited from the church choirs, and many of our beauties were members of the churches. Hence not a few of the best people were greatly scandalized. I think my friend Klinefelter was responsible for a part of this high tide of reproach. Kline said—not in his paper, but where it circulated just as far—that in his judgment the Episcopal ladies were the best dancers but the Methodists had the prettiest legs. Great heavens! To mention a portion of the human underpinning in this manner, and to have had the ocular basis for the remark, was something not to be endured—not in the 1880's. It is different now; very different indeed.

A young man with the virus of the writing bug in his veins would not, as a matter of course, allow all this time to elapse without some manifestation of the disorder. I was still under the control of the inferiority complex of the West—that suppression of the spirit which made most of the output of the Eastern writers imitations of the British, and of ours, servile copies of the older writers and of the Concord group. I could not see in our life any manageable material for literature. So my essays were related to ephemeral local matters, having to do mostly with politics and imitations of the poets. I tried some short stories in the realistic manner, but they did not show any effects of yeast. They were soggy, and I knew them for failures. I did parodies of Poe, Swinburne and other poets. I could make rimes which weren't bad as parodies, and that with much facility. Harry Stanbery, of the Mason City Times, used to print these once in a while, all under pseudonyms. Finally came a time when I was able to do a great local stunt in the way of verse.

A Lively Caucus

We had a business man named S. A. Sirrine who, as an influential member of the inside group of the Republican Party, began a campaign for a real political career. He chose for his entering wedge the office of mayor of Mason City. I think without doubt that Jim Rule, who was as near a political boss as anyone there then, promised him the office. There was a powerful revolt against the movement. The outsiders, and some close to the inner circle, bitterly opposed the notion of making Mr. Sirrine mayor, for they saw this as a step leading to Congress or to some high state office. There was a rumbling in the interior of the volcano. It culminated in such an earthquake as Mason City never saw before or since.

For a long time our city ticket had been nominated by what we called a people's caucus. The state law provided that municipal elections should be held in the spring so as to remove them from the influence of partisan campaigns in the fall. This was a concession to the feeling that city affairs should be run on a nonpartisan basis; and our people's caucus, attended by all voters, was a local following of the same theory. The town had grown a good deal since this system had been adopted; but still the nominations were made at a single caucus for the whole municipality. Generally this gathering was not so large as to be unwieldy; but with public interest aroused, a town meeting for a place of some four thousand promised to be a throng.

The opponents of Sirrine besieged our office, endeavoring to induce Cliggitt to allow his name to go before the caucus for mayor; but he refused. The nomination of Sirrine was universally believed to be a movement to make our nonpartisan caucus a part of the machine of the Republican ring, and Cliggitt was strongly opposed to this; but he would not depart from his rule against running for office. Finally the anti-Sirrine group settled on Mr. Hughes, of the law firm of Glass & Hughes, as its candidate. This pleased the machine, for they thought Hughes an easy man to defeat. Sirrine's victory seemed assured. Klinefelter, Duncan Rule and others of my friends were for Hughes; and so far as I took any interest in the matter, I was with them.

Clearly our little city hall, where former caucuses had been held, would not contain the crowd; so it was called to meet in the county courthouse. Surely this room would be large enough. But half an hour before time for calling the caucus to order the court room was crowded to the doors, and Jerry O'Rourke, one of our city council, had hard work to force himself into the court room far enough to enable him to be heard as he shouted that there were two hundred men outside who couldn't get in. Someone proposed that we adjourn to the armory a few rods away. This was done, and when I got to the huge room it was thronged with a milling mob of excited citizens.

Poets on Politics

The Sirrine people had the skill. A Hughes man nominated Cliggitt for chairman; but Mr. Card called attention to the fact that the call for the caucus should be first read; and when that was done, he placed Jim Rule in nomination for chairman. System prevailed against enthusiasm and Rule was elected.

But the triumph of Jim Rule in getting the chairmanship was short-lived. His voice could not be heard a yard from him. The gavel was soon split. He seized D. M. Tiffany's heavy cane, and finding that he could make more noise with it by pounding the low ceiling than in any other way, he hammered the ceiling until he was weary—all to no effect.

The thing which made this affair so epochal for this community was the fact that most of our big men were in the fight. If New York were to have a caucus in which a thousand of her most prominent citizens should actually run wild, shout, push one another about, grow red in the face, sneer at one another, stamp, howl, and finally adjourn after three hours of chaos without having passed a motion or done a single thing for which they were convened, it would represent only a fraction of the interest of the people of Mason City in this aborted caucus. Somewhere about midnight it adjourned. Sirrine and Hughes were both placed on the ticket, and Hughes was elected. The machine had been beaten.

Now Klinefelter was confronted by the task of writing a report of this thing for his weekly paper. Clearly here was an opportunity for a great achievement in newspapering; but when Kline sat down to write it he was daunted by the job. He was worse than daunted—he was defeated. So he called me in counsel.

"You've got to help me write this up," said he. "Come down to the house and let's see what we can do with it. It's beyond me."

It was beyond me too. We made several false starts; but the thing was too multifarious in details. There were no handholds by which to seize it. Finally, said Kline, "Why not put it in verse?" This rather appealed to me; so we divided the assignment into two parts. I was to handle the opening. He was to start in with the proceedings in the armory. Pretty soon I turned in a few pages of copy, beginning with The Call, which ran about as follows:

On Saturday, March tenth, at seven-thirty:
At Courthouse, City Hall being small and dirty,
There will be held, if Providence don't balk us,
For this municipality a people's caucus.
Signed as secretary and call provider,
Your humble servitor—C. H. MacNider.

The C. H. MacNider who signed the call for this caucus as secretary is that well-known financier Charles H. MacNider, now president of the First National Bank in Mason City, member of the Board of the Federal Reserve Bank of Chicago, and one of the directors of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway. He was then an employe of the bank at Mason City—assistant cashier, I believe. He is the father of Hanford MacNider, a former head of the American Legion.

Not all the lines of the versified report of that memorable caucus were so bad as the ones I have quoted; but bad or good, they did for me what English Bards and Scotch Reviewers did for Byron. I did not awake the next morning to find myself famous. I was famous before the night of the day the Express-Republican appeared. The verses were intentionally mock-heroic, and unintentionally in the general style of Marmion or The Lady of the Lake. I. W. Card paid me the best compliment then received.

"I've nothing to say of the literary style," he said to me; "but as a feat of mere reporting it's the best thing I ever saw."

Anyone who will go back to that old two-page poem will find most of the men worth mentioning in Mason City then described in more or less absurd action.

It brought me into fraternal relations with one of our best-known citizens, commonly known as Doc. For Doc was, in his own opinion, a poet. A few years before, a girl had been drowned in Clear Lake. Doc was one of the people who dragged the water to recover her body; dragged all one afternoon and then waited until the next day to resume the sad task. While they were waiting for morning Doc had felt moved to write a poem. It was published. The editor of the humorous department of a magazine saw fit to reprint the poem with certain irreverent comments for the amusement of the elect of the world of culture. Two of the lines ran:

Today we dragged the watery main;
Tomorrow we will drag again.

"Extreme agony and lack of space," observed the editor, "prevent further quotation."

A Kindred Spirit

The implication was clear enough, but it never touched Doc. His masterpiece had been mentioned and in part quoted, and this was enough for him. The traveling men who registered at his hotel might make fun of his poem, his competitors at shooting matches might quote from the verses or ribaldly misquote them; but what did they know of the divine ecstasy of poetic creation? None of those things moved him. He felt himself superior to these crass souls. He had touched the magic string; noisy fame was proud to win him; he was not doomed to die with all his music in him. He was a group all by himself; and when he found out that I had written the caucus piece, he came to welcome me into it. I was a kindred soul.

He told me all about the crisis which had wrung the verses from him. He spoke of the sadness of that night when they waited for morning so that they might renew their efforts to find the poor girl's body. The wind, said he, came soughing through the trees; and he pronounced the word to rime with "bowing."

"The soughing wind," said he, "came singing its sad requiem through the trees, and I just couldn't sleep till I had written out my feelings. I'm glad that there's one man in this crowd here that can understand it. Here's a copy of mine." And he handed me a card on which the Chant of Death was printed. It is thus that art draws creative souls together.

Editor's Note—This is the ninth of a series of articles by Mr Quick. The tenth and last will appear in an early issue.

Once an active social leader— now a helpless invalid

Hidden wells of poison

They brought on serious internal disorders that wrecked her health within a few short years.

How about you?

Like so many thousands of others, her breakdown traced its source to infected and abscessed teeth—abscessed teeth that she neglected.

That is the dreadful thing about tooth infections. So often they develop up to a very dangerous point before the person so afflicted even knows that there is anything wrong.

Hidden wells of poison that infect the entire system.

Do you realize this?

Do you know that, according to eminent dental authorities, 78 out of 100 adults today have tooth abscesses: that usually they do not know it themselves and that such abscesses may directly cause many dread diseases?

Among the diseases so caused are rheumatism and joint diseases; heart and kidney trouble; stomach and intestinal derangements; to say nothing of more minor disorders ranging from simple headaches to insomnia and nervous affections.

In spite of these grave dangers that lurk in tooth abscesses, relatively few people today ever think of visiting a dentist until pain drives them there. Whereas, only a good dentist can really place you on the safe side.

Protect yourself

You are probably like most other human beings; so while at this moment you realize all these dangers you, too, will very likely put off going to your dentist.

In the meanwhile, however, you owe it to yourself to take one simple precaution: There *is* a dentifrice that will do very much to keep your teeth and gums in a healthy condition. Consequently, more and more dentists are today recommending Listerine Tooth Paste.

Because Listerine Tooth Paste, *and this tooth paste only*, contains all of the antiseptic essential oils of Listerine, the safe antiseptic. These healing ingredients help keep the gums firm and healthy and discourage the breeding of disease bacteria in the mouth.

Quick results—and safe!

This is an age when people want quick results. Listerine Tooth Paste is so formulated that it cleans your teeth with a *minimum* of brushing, calling for much less effort than is ordinarily required.

Also, this paste cleans with absolute safety. The specially prepared cleanser it contains is just hard enough to discourage tartar formation, yet *not* hard enough to scratch or injure tooth enamel. And, of course, you know how precious tooth enamel is!

Finally, Listerine Tooth Paste is sold at a price that is fair—large tube *25 cents*—the right price to pay for a good tooth paste. Try it. Enjoy really clean teeth. But don't forget the importance of seeing your dentist regularly.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

If your dentist has not already handed you our booklet on tooth abscesses and a sample of our dentifrice, you may have both of these by addressing a postal to the Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis.

As pioneers in the field of oral hygiene, we believe that the makers of Listerine are logically qualified to introduce this new and drastic note into dentifrice advertising. And we believe that a very definite public benefit will result from this endeavor to make the nation properly conscious of the disease dangers that may result from tooth abscesses.

—Lambert Pharmacal Company.

Listerine Tooth Paste—*25 cents for the large tube*

© 1921, Lambert Pharmacal Co

I GOT A SWELL JOB, I GOT A PEACH OF A GIRL

(Continued from Page 7)

told you about how I met a girl from New York called Mary Jane Saunders. And I told you how I heard that Mr. Johnson, my boss, was due to come down from Dallas.

Well, Ma, he came down all right—early in the morning. Bill and I was just getting ready to start work on the tractor when the old road commissioner arrived, and along with him was Mr. Johnson. And Mr. Johnson walked right up to me like he was awful sore.

"What have you been doing all this time?" he asked. "And just what is the matter with this tractor?"

I explained to him how the tractor would run for only about five minutes and then quit.

"What have you done to remedy this trouble?" he asked, talking very snappy and disagreeable.

I explained to him all the different things I had done, grinding the valves, and taking the carburetor apart, and checking up on all parts with the micrometers.

"Holy Moses!" he said. "What are you going to do next?"

"This morning," I said, "I am going to check over the transmission."

"What?" he hollered. "What?"

I happened to look up at this point and what do you suppose I seen? My friend Mary Jane Saunders of New York had just arrived to look at the tractor. I sure wished to gosh I had told her to stay away. But it was too late by that time, so I just looked this vulgar Mr. Johnson in the eye, and I said, "I am going to check over the transmission."

Mr. Johnson looked at me a long time and finally said, "Young man, have you looked to see whether the pin hole is open in the cap on the gasoline tank?"

"What pin hole?" I said.

"Don't you know that the gasoline can't run out the bottom of the tank properly unless there is some way for air to get in the top? And don't you know they drill a little pin hole in the cap to let in air? And furthermore don't you know that after they have tested out these tractors at the factory they paint them just before shipping them? And don't you know that they often get paint into the pin hole so that it is plugged up?"

Well, Ma, I couldn't think of nothing very good to say just then so I didn't say anything.

And then what do you suppose this guy Johnson did? Well, Ma, he took a toothpick out of his vest pocket and he gave one poke at the cap of the gasoline tank, and then told Bill to start up the motor. Bill cranked her up, and we held a watch on her. She ran five minutes—ten minutes—twenty minutes—a half hour, just as nice as could be. Then the boss turned it off.

And all the time Mary Jane was standing there. And I could tell just what she was thinking about. She was thinking that I had told her I was an expert and knew all about tractors. And here I had worked three days with a hundred dollars' worth of tools and done no good at all. And when she seen this bird fix it in two seconds with a toothpick, she knew that I was a liar and a bum. She looked at me so surprised and sort of hurt and reproachful that I couldn't look at her any more. I just stood there looking at my feet and never saying a word.

Then Mr. Johnson started up, and he bawled me out something terrible. He said I was dishonest and a cheat and I had pretended to be a mechanic when I was so ignorant he didn't think I could even understand winding a watch. He apologized to the county commissioner, and told him I was not a regular man, but just a tramp he had picked up in an emergency, and that the only thing I could do well was tell a bunch of lies which had fooled him once but would not fool him again. He told me I was fired and he did not want to see me again, and he handed me twenty-five dollars for three days' time plus expenses.

"Not that you have earned it," he said, "but it is worth that much to get rid of you."

All this time Mary Jane was standing there, and I was so ashamed that I couldn't say a word to her or to the boss or to anybody. I just ran back to the hotel and got my stuff and took the interurban car back to Dallas.

And when we was coming across the bridge over the Trinity River, I thought I would let go and drop off into the river, because life can't ever mean much to me any more. But the Trinity is such a mean, muddy little river that I didn't think it would be nice to get drowned in.

So now I have a cheap room in Dallas—I ain't got money enough to stay at the Jefferson Davis Hotel—and I have seen Cousin George and he has given me a job as clerk in his hardware store, which is a bum job and I hate it. But it seems, Ma, like I never was made to be happy, so I guess I will just work along in a sorrowful sort of way, and not tell my troubles to anybody. I won't have no friends and I won't never get married, and probably I won't never laugh again—just keep on working in the hardware store, lonesome and gloomy and sad.

I still got my hundred dollars' worth of tools, and every once in a while I get them out and admire them and sort of pet them and think how beautiful they are. And when I think how I ain't got no chance to use them I pretty near cry. And then I look at the wrist watch, and listen to it tick, and I think, "What good is a lady's wrist watch to me?"

But I ain't forgotten, Ma, how a friend of mine from New York once said she liked Texas men because they are so straightforward and honest. And that is what I am going to be from now on. I ain't even going to stretch the truth the least bit unless it's absolutely necessary.

Your son,

ELMER MARTIN.

—Willamette Street,
Dallas, Texas,
Sunday, May 17, 1925. 11 P.M.

DEAR MA: Well, you will be glad to hear that today I went to church. It seemed to me that a feller who had lost all interest in life could maybe get some comfort out of religion, so I went around to the Presbyterian Church, which has a swell church building, and I find that the religious influence there has cheered me up considerable.

I believe that it is wrong for a feller to go sour on the world just because he has had rotten luck. I believe that a feller should be brave and make the best of things, tell the truth and do the best he can.

After church I met some people in the entryway that invited me around to a young folks' social evening in the Sunday school rooms. So I went around and met a lot of very nice people, and it is possible I may find use for the wrist watch. I got to talking to various people about religion and other things, and I have arranged to go to a movie tomorrow night with one of the people I met. Her name is Glorianna Sanderson and she has blue eyes and light colored hair and wears very stylish clothes. She knows how to play the piano. And she says she is taking lessons in anesthetic dancing.

I am still working in the hardware store and Cousin George is nice enough, but every time I think of them big tractors I get homesick for them.

Well, Ma, I will close now.

ELMER.

—Willamette Street,
Dallas, Texas,
Monday, May 18, 1925, 11:30 P.M.

HELLO MA: What do you think? I got a sort of a halfway job working on a tractor. It's an extra job and no pay, but I got a chance to use my tools, and gee whiz, Ma, how I do love them tractors!

You see, Ma, this evening I went out to a place called Highland Park to take this Miss Glorianna Sanderson down to the movie. She sure lives in a swell house and she was all dolled out like Fourth of July. I bet her dad is just lousy with coin. And when we got outside the house, right away she said, "How are we going to get downtown? Didn't you bring your car?"

"We are taking the trolley," I said.

"Well," she said, kind of snappy, "if you are the owner of a big hardware store as you told me on Sunday, I should think you could at least afford a flivver."

So I had to smooth her down by telling her that both my cars were being repaired and that I had tried to get a taxi, but couldn't find one. We rode down in the dinky little Highland Park trolley car, and she seemed a little sore. When it comes to that, I was a bit sore myself, because, instead of being grateful to me for taking her to the movie, here was this girl acting like she thought she was doing me a favor by coming.

I got to looking her over, and she was pretty enough in her way, but she didn't quite get by with me somehow. I couldn't help thinking that once, a long time ago, I had met a girl that came from New York City, and that was plain and simple and didn't put on no airs at all. And here was this girl from Dallas, all tricked out in a thousand dollars' worth of rags, and painted up like a new dog house, and she was turning up her nose at riding in a trolley. The more I thought about all this, the less I liked Glorianna.

When we got off the trolley and started to walk to the theater, we passed right by the office of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company. And in the window was a big ten ton Earthworm tractor.

"Wait a minute," I said. "I want to look at this machine."

I stood there admiring it for maybe about five minutes, until Glorianna began to get impatient and complain.

"I can't understand," she said, "why you insist on standing here all this time looking at that big ugly machine."

And I didn't say nothing to her, but I was thinking that the kind of girls I like are the kind that can understand the wonderful feeling that comes to a man when he looks at a good piece of machinery.

Just then I noticed Luke Torkle going into the storehouse next the office. Luke was the nice guy that was unloading the tractor the first day I was in Dallas. As there didn't seem to be anybody else around except only Luke, I went in and asked him what he was doing. He said he was working overtime for a few nights to finish repairing a tractor in there that the owners was in a hurry for.

"Where," I said, "is this Mr. Johnson, the manager?"

"Out of town," said Luke.

So I said, "Luke, if you'll let me help you, and teach me about these tractors, I'll work for you just as hard as I can, and won't charge you nothing."

Luke sort of laughed, but he said, "All right. Can you start tonight?"

"Sure," I said. "Lend me a suit of overalls and I'll start right in."

"What about me?" said a voice behind me. It was Glorianna.

"Say," I said, "I'm awful sorry, but I can't afford to throw away a chance to work on a tractor." She seemed to be getting pretty mad, so I said, "Here, Glorianna, is a dollar for you. You can go to the movie by yourself, and get the best seat in the house."

Which was fair enough, but she just threw the dollar on the floor and walked out.

Girls are funny things.

After I had picked up the dollar, I helped Luke for about three hours. I learned a lot and Luke says I got along fine. I am going to help him again tomorrow night, and as often as I can after that. Luke says anyone can learn to be a mechanic if they work at it long enough. And he says anybody as handy with tools as I am, and willing to work as hard as I am, ought to become a good mechanic fairly quick. And I hope so, Ma, because I sure love working on them tractors, and besides it will give me a chance to use that hundred dollars' worth of tools.

Your affectionate son,

ELMER MARTIN.

—Willamette Street,
Dallas, Texas,
Sunday afternoon, May 24, 1925.

DEAR MA: I am working pretty hard now and not much time to write. I work all day in the hardware store and almost every night with Luke, and I'm learning a lot.

I ain't seen Miss Glorianna Sanderson since the night I took her to the moving picture show. I have changed my religion and am now a Methodist. Her name is Lucile Smith and she goes to the Methodist Church, and she is a smart girl—educated and everything. She is just back from a trip to Europe—Italy and France and places like that. I am going around to call on her tonight, it being Sunday. Luke don't work on Sunday nights.

Affectionately,

ELMER MARTIN.

—Willamette Street,
Dallas, Texas,
Sunday afternoon, May 31, 1925.

DEAR MA: Well, I have quit the hardware business. Cousin George is not a bad guy, but he kept complaining more and more that I didn't seem to take no interest in my job, and he said I would have to buck up a whole lot or else quit. So I said, "All right, I'll quit," and I did, and I'm glad, because somehow it just seems like I can't take no interest in anything but the tractor business.

When I first came to Dallas and first seen that beautiful big tractor on the freight car, I made up my mind I was going to be a tractor man, and I ain't changed my mind one bit since.

And now that I have left the hardware store, I can work with Luke all day. Mr. Johnson, the boss, is still away up at the factory in Illinois, which is just as well. If he knew I was helping Luke, he would probably throw me right out in the street. For some reason, Ma, I don't think that guy likes me very well.

Tonight I got a date to call on Miss Lucile Smith again. But I ain't going. Last week when I called on her she told me all about her trip through Italy, and got out about a thousand picture post cards of where she had been. She showed me all of them, one by one, and explained about them. The first couple of dozen was interesting, but after that as far as I was concerned they was a total loss. I never yawned so often or so wide in my life. And then she said I must be sure to come around again tonight and hear all about the rest of her tour which was in France. So tonight she'll probably be waiting for me with a thousand French post cards. All right—let her wait. Your affectionate son,

ELMER.

—Willamette Street,
Dallas, Texas,
Saturday, June 13, 1925.

DEAR MA: Still working for Luke in the daytime, but as my money is pretty near gone, I have got a job working evenings as a waiter in a restaurant. It is one of the swellest places in town, with a big plate-glass window in front, and the whole inside finished in expensive white tiles. Last night was Friday, which was

(Continued on Page 88)

HAVOLINE
- the power oil

— the power oil —

THAT is a descriptive phrase that means Havoline. It means Havoline because, with the Wasson Motor Check as a testing machine, Havoline has proved conclusively that oil has a direct effect on horsepower. The better the oil, the greater the power.

The power of Havoline has been measured in many thousands of cars and invariably the result has been the maximum power for every motor. An earned title—*the power-oil.*

But it is not copyrighted. There are other good oils; but there are many—well, not so good. Power is the way to judge them all.

The recipe for a power oil is no royal secret. Any refiner who will follow the Havoline specifications, who will start with the carefully selected one source crude oil that Havoline is made from, and resist the temptation to use the cheap untried crudes that come into the market from all over the world, will be entitled to use the phrase—*a power-oil.*

Experience? Yes, it will take some years of doing. Havoline has been the same uniform power oil since 1904. Remember the story of the American traveller in England who asked an old gardener how he achieved such wonderful lawns?

"Well, sir," was the answer, "you seeds 'em, and rolls 'em and weeds 'em and mothers 'em for a 'undred or a 'undred and fifty year, mebbe, and then you 'as a lawn!"

Havoline is the oldest branded oil on the market.

This red spot sign

identifies the man who sells Havoline. Ask him to drain your car, and refill with this power oil—a clean crank case full.

You will never know your power until you try it.

"How does it strike you?"
"Well, any oil company that has the nerve to prove up its product right out in the open—in any man's car—must have the stuff."

You don't need a Motor Check test to prove that Havoline has the stuff. There is nothing uncertain about power. You know when you have it, you know when it's gone.

Prove it for yourself in your own car.

for Local Oil Companies

Havoline offers you an exclusive contract in your own territory for a period of years.

For the first time you can take on a nationally advertised, widely demanded motor oil with full protection.

We offer you a partnership in order to give service to the millions of car owners who want and use this power oil.

You know what the response has been to the Havoline Oil-power Tests that have been made in all parts of the country during the past year.

This new Havoline franchise brings you into the picture. Stake out your claim for the exclusive Havoline concession in your community.

Do not delay. Wire or write for open territory. Get the whole story of Havoline's exclusive proposition and the merchandising plans that go with it.

Rotary Lift

This advanced type of grease rack is part of Havoline's new and proved system of complete lubrication—

"Motor-n-All"

—chassis, wheels, springs, differential, transmission, motor and all *at a flat rate.*

"Motor-n-All," a new word today; tomorrow it will be the name of the most profitable service rendered by any filling station or garage.

Another Havoline merchandising success. It comes with the new exclusive franchise. Ask for details and record of results in our own service stations.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY
Incorporated
Lawrenceville, Illinois

i t

"I had Goodyear balloon tires installed on my Pierce-Arrow sedan in May, 1924, and have run them about 8,500 miles, thru all sorts of going. They have improved the riding qualities of the car 100%. I have never had a bit of trouble and if I needed new tires, which I probably will not for at least 4,000 miles more, I certainly will have to have a lot of salesmanship thrown at me before I even think of changing the brand." H. W. Willis, *Manchester, Conn.*

"Since I equipped my Hudson coach with Goodyear balloon tires, I have driven 15,000 miles over all kinds of roads. The tires today look good for at least another 5,000 miles. I have been used to airsprings on my previous cars, but I honestly believe that Goodyear balloon tires save your car more than the springs do. And when it comes to climbing hills in second gear, they do away with all the chatter."—Thos. Englehart, *Eureka, Cal*

"My Goodyear balloon tires made 15,063 miles before even a puncture occurred. Judging from appearances, I will get at least another 10,000 miles before re-tiring. I am satisfied that Supertwist is largely responsible for the present splendid condition of my tires. Never have I used tires harder or been so free from the usual run of tire troubles. I don't believe Goodyear balloons can be equalled."—G. D. Nelson, *New Richmond, Wisconsin.*

"Way back in 1912, I ruined three tires in 60 miles of driving over frozen ruts. During the past 13 months, including severe winter running on icy roads, my set of Goodyear balloon tires have given me 19,000 miles of comfort besides being worth their price in "braking" safety. They are all good to-day, and my spare tire is still my spare tire. I shall buy Goodyear balloons again, but when, I do not know."—A. T. Sponar, *Conshohocken, Penna.*

Supertwist *was conceived, perfected and named by Goodyear, and is used only in Goodyear Tires*

GOODYEAR

Copyright 1925, by The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Inc.

Making Tire History

SUPERTWIST is doing that in Goodyear Balloons

Most of the earlier users of Goodyear balloon tires were impelled to buy them by a desire for greater riding comfort.

But these users have long since learned that in Goodyear balloons this greater comfort is matched by a quite astonishing increase in *serviceability*.

Indeed, in those sections of the country where service and road conditions ordinarily "burn tires up in a hurry," Goodyear balloons today are making history.

They are piling up mileage totals, and records for sustained freedom from trouble, that users say are nothing short of revolutionary.

Back of the splendid achievements of these Goodyears is the new cord fabric SUPERTWIST, developed by Goodyear to solve the special needs of the modern flexible-sidewall tire.

The superiority of this new material lies in its greater elasticity; it far outstretches the breaking point of standard cord fabric.

When a Goodyear Tire made of SUPERTWIST strikes a stone, the elastic cords yield to and smother the impact, stretching under the blow like rubber bands.

This unique ability to stretch and recover under shock minimizes any chance of breakage, insuring utmost protection against stone bruise, carcass breaks and similar damage.

On this page are submitted a few typical expressions, picked at random from many thousands, of user-satisfaction with Goodyear balloon tires.

If you want the fine kind of tire performance that is reflected in this impartial testimony, get the tires that are made with SUPERTWIST—Goodyear Tires.

You will be *sure* then of your money's worth in long wear, traction, comfort and safety—for Goodyear Tires habitually demonstrate these qualities.

Yet Goodyears cost you no more.

"It may interest you to know that since putting on my Goodyear All-Weather 29-4.40 balloons, I have received about 20,000 miles to date. In this part of the country we have plenty of snow, and what pleased me most was the fact that I could drive all winter without chains. They also handle very nicely in mud and sand and as far as I can see they look good for another 10,000 miles."—PAUL DINGMAN, *Royalton, Minn.*	"I am using my third set of Goodyear balloon tires. I had the first 6.75 tires in town, on my Cadillac sedan, and they are now in Florida, having gone over 10,000 miles. My present set on another Cadillac has run 3500 miles and shows no wear. They are wonderful tires to make mileage, turning up the miles so easily they leave no tired feeling at the journey's end. Last Fall, I drove them 1600 miles in four days."—C. F. TULLY, *Grand Island, Nebr.*
"I have driven Goodyear balloon tires on my car 7000 miles, and to date they show no wear. I consider the performance of these tires supplies full proof that the balloon tire is the greatest improvement in the automobile industry since the perfection of the self-starter. My experience leads me to believe that the balloon tire will prolong the life of a car at least 50%."—JESSE H. NIELSON, *Superintendent of Schools, Idaho Falls, Idaho.*	"Goodyear balloon tires make a wonderful difference in the ease and comfort of a car. The set we bought from you some months ago has been run approximately 4000 miles, and one couldn't tell by looking at them that they have been worn at all. Any difference in gasoline consumption appears to be in favor of these tires. In brief, we consider Goodyear balloons the practical tires to use."—QUALITY LAUNDRY & DRY CLEANERS, *Decatur, Alabama.*

Good tires deserve good tubes—
Goodyear Tubes

"BALLOONS"

Made with SUPERTWIST

(Continued from Page 84)

my night off. A feller that works in the restaurant by the name of Louie Snyder was off last night too, and he said to me, "Do you like to dance?"

"Sure," I said.

"All right," he said. "I know a couple of sisters over in Oak Cliff that are warm babies, believe me. We'll all four of us just hop into my little flivver coop and go to a dance at a place I know out near White Rock."

"Good enough," I said, so we went. Louie's girl's name was Irma, and my girl's name was Ethel. The dance was at a sort of a summer pavilion, and there was a darkey orchestra with a saxophone player that could make a feller just writhe. When it came to dancing, little Ethel was all that Louie had said, and a good wrastler besides.

We had quite a large time, and when we left, it wasn't so bad either, riding home in the flivver coop. We got back at three in the morning, having been delayed by a fresh cop that bawled us out for parking with no lights under a big oak tree by the road halfway home.

When we were standing on Ethel's front porch, waiting to say good night, I got to looking off across the landscape, and I noticed how pretty the moon looked, shining down out of the sky. And I got to thinking of how it had once shined down on me and a friend of mine in the little town of Prairie Flower.

Then Ethel said, "Come here and kiss me just once more, Elmer."

And I said, "Aw, it's too much trouble," and I walked off.

And I wasn't sore at her or anything. But somehow, all of a sudden I knew that there was only one girl in the world that I really cared about kissing, and as long as I couldn't have her, the rest of them didn't make any difference at all. It was kind of funny.

Well, good night, Ma. I wouldn't write you all this except I promised to tell you everything that happened to me.

Your son,

ELMER MARTIN.

P. S. I still got the wrist watch.

—Willamette Street,
Dallas, Texas,
Wednesday, June 24, 1925.

DEAR MA: Well, Ma, last night at the restaurant I was waiting on a guy that wanted soup, and just then I seen a tractor going by out in the street. It was a tractor that belonged to the city of Dallas and was used to repair the roads. While I was looking at this tractor there come a terrible yell from the guy that had ordered soup. He claimed I had poured the soup onto his head; and when I looked around, there was his head all over soup, and dripping off his ears. So I guess I must have done it—while I was looking at the tractor.

So now I ain't working in the restaurant any more, but I have a new job working in the evening at a gasoline filling station. And in the daytime I still help Luke. We have overhauled four tractors so far, and Luke says I know about as much as he does by this time. Of course, I don't get no pay, but Luke says when the boss comes back he will tell him how good I am and do everything he can to have me put on the pay roll.

Your son,

ELMER MARTIN.

—Willamette Street,
Dallas, Texas,
Sunday, June 28, 1925.

HELLO MA: Last night at the gasoline filling station there come along a sporty-looking touring car to get gas. There was several girls in the car all dressed up, and I heard them talking and it seems they was on their way to a wedding. So I got to thinking that once a long time ago I had had the idea of getting married myself. And I got to thinking that there didn't seem to be much chance any more that I ever would get married, on account of there not being any girls in Dallas that seemed good enough for me. And I got to thinking about that wrist watch sitting up in my bureau drawer just as lonesome and nobody to use it.

And while I was standing there and thinking about all these things, one of the girls—that had on a very pretty white fluffy dress—said, "Would you please come out of your dream and give us some gas as we are in a hurry?"

So I come to with a start and started grinding the crank as hard as I could. And, holy Moses, Ma! There come a regular fountain of gasoline all over the place, and the girls begun to holler and screech, and I looked up, and the girl in the fluffy dress was as wet and slick as a mushrat. I had forgotten to put the nozzle of the gasoline hose in the tank on the car. The nozzle was still hanging, point up, in the rack, and when I had turned the crank it had made one of the prettiest fountains you ever seen. It was lucky nobody was lighting a cigarette at the time; but even so, the girls got very sore, especially the one that had started with the nice fluffy dress. And they complained to the owner of the filling station, so now I don't work there any more.

But I don't care, because I got no interest anyway in anything but tractors. And tomorrow Mr. Johnson, the boss, is coming back from Illinois and Luke is going to try and get him to hire me. I will let you know how it comes out. Affectionately,

ELMER MARTIN.

—Willamette Street,
Dallas, Texas,
Monday, June 29, 1925.

DEAR MA: This morning Mr. Johnson got back and Luke took me in and asked him to hire me and told him I was one of the best mechanics he ever run acrost.

But when Mr. Johnson seen who I was I thought he was going to have a convulsion or something. He sure got mad, and told me to get to hell out of there, and he wouldn't listen to no arguments, or talk about it at all, and he was so unreasonable that finally I just walked right out, because I was afraid he might even fire Luke if he got worked up any more.

This afternoon I seen Luke privately and Luke says there is no chance of Mr. Johnson hiring me. But he said I might very likely get a job in one of the other branches of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company—in Kansas City or Chicago or somewheres. I asked him did they have a branch in New York and he said yes.

So I said I would think it over, and that is what I have been doing.

And while I was thinking I took a little trip this afternoon on the interurban to Prairie Flower. I stopped in at the hotel there and talked with Mrs. Adams, the owner. And while we was talking about this and that and one thing and another, she just happened to mention that her niece had gone back to New York City. I wrote down her address in New York in my little address book. She's on West Sixteenth Street. Not that the address is of any importance. But I like to keep in my address book the addresses of all the different people I have met.

Since I got back to Dallas, I have been thinking some more about where I can get a job in the tractor business. I think I will go to one of the other branches. And I think maybe New York would be the best. But I ain't got nowhere near enough money to go to New York. So I don't know just what I'll do. I got to figure on it a while.

Your son,

ELMER MARTIN.

—Willamette Street,
Dallas, Texas,
Monday, July 6, 1925.

DEAR MA: Gosh, I was surprised when I opened your letter and found the money order for a hundred dollars to take me to New York. Gee, Ma, I didn't mean I wanted you to send me any money. Thanks a lot, Ma, you are an old peach; but I can't take it, honest I can't.

When I left home I said I was going to make good and earn my own way. And by gosh I will do it. So here is the money order back. And thanks just the same. I'll get to New York somehow.

Your son,

ELMER MARTIN.

—Willamette Street,
Dallas, Texas,
Wednesday, July 8, 1925.

DEAR MA: Wait till you hear the big news. Luke says they are going to ship a tractor tomorrow from here to New York on account of several sudden hurry-up orders in New York for more tractors than the factory can supply all at once. The tractor is going in a box car.

So I have bought myself enough crackers and canned goods to last a couple of weeks, and I have a five-gallon can of water. And I got fifteen dollars left. And when Luke loads the tractor, which will be at the platform down at the end of the yards where there ain't many people around, he has promised to sneak me into the car just before he seals it up. And I will take all my water and rations, and my suitcase and my tools. And as this is a carload shipment in a sealed car, nobody will bother me until I get to New York.

Gosh, Ma, ain't it wonderful? Holy Moses, Ma, ain't I right there when it comes to figuring out ways to do things? Gee whiz, Ma, I'm on my way, and before long you'll get a letter from me from little old New York.

ELMER.

On Board M. K. T. Box Car No. 377,482,
Friday, July 10, 1925.

HELLO MA: Yesterday morning I helped Luke load the tractor in the car and block it in place. The agent came out and inspected it and said it was O.K. After which I sneaked in with my can of water, my rations, my suitcase and my tools. Luke wished me luck, shut the doors, locked them and put on the seals.

And there we was—me and the tractor—all shut up in M. K. T. Box Car No. 377,482, billed straight through from Dallas to New York.

It was exactly 10:30 A.M., and I said to myself, "I sure am sitting pretty."

But pretty soon—what with the sun beating down on the roof of the car and no ventilation—it began to get dog-gone hot. By noon I began to get a little worried. By 12:30 I thought I was going to melt away. At one o'clock the freight engine hit us with a bang and ran us up to the other end of the yard. At 1:30 I started to take a drink out of my five-gallon can of water, and found that when the freight engine hit us it had knocked over the can and all the water had run away. And just then there come a few more bumps, after which we started rolling along smooth and steady. We were on our way.

Now I suppose lots of fellers would have been scared to death at finding themselves starting a two weeks' trip locked and sealed in a red-hot box car with no water to drink. But I take these things fairly calm, Ma. I just used the old brain a little, and then I opened up my tool box and got out my drill and hack saw. And before long I had cut myself a neat little door in the floor, and I was laying down beside it with my old nose poked far enough through so I could enjoy the pleasant breeze as we went along. Then I opened up a can of tomatoes and ate them and that quenched my thirst for a while. I was fairly comfortable all afternoon.

About nine in the evening we parked on a switch to let a fast train go by; and I heard frogs clunking beside the track. So I slipped out through my little trapdoor in the dark and filled up my water can at a sort of a pond that I found. After which I got back in the car and had a fine night's sleep on the tractor seat cushions.

And now it is morning again and I have had a fine breakfast of canned shrimps, corn beef, potted ham, baked beans and asparagus tips. Gosh, Ma, I feel fine. I'm glad I didn't economize too much when I bought my rations.

Enough light leaks in through chinks and cracks and up through the trapdoor so I can see to write. We are making good time; I think we are now somewheres in Oklahoma.

Saturday, July 11, 1925.

Well, Ma, we are still rolling along. Yesterday we stopped at a town and a guy came along inspecting the cars, hitting at the wheels with a hammer, and looking underneath and everything. And it was only luck he didn't notice my trapdoor. So last night I sneaked out at another stop and dragged in some boards to use as a cover. Because the ones I had sawed out I had let drop through and get lost.

I have drilled myself a little peephole in each side of the car so I can get a better look at the scenery as we go along. I think we are now in Kansas.

Sunday, July 12, 1925.

Still rolling along. Sometimes I get lonesome and then it is nice to have the tractor, it is so big and friendly looking. I have just been looking over my tools and wrist watch and they are all O.K.

Wednesday, July 15.

We laid over all last night on a siding in a railroad yard. I sneaked out and walked around, and we was in a great big city which turned out to be St. Louis. I bought some oranges in a store and some papers with picture supplements. I have stuck a lot of the pictures up on the walls, and old Box Car No. 377,482 looks like a regular home inside.

We are now rolling along again, and I guess we are in Illinois.

Sunday, July 19.

Gosh, Ma, this is a long trip! And holy Moses but I am tired of being cooped up in this car. If nine days in a box car is this bad, what must it be to get twenty years in the penitentiary?

Last night I seen lots of factories and chimneys shooting flames up into the sky, which was very beautiful. I have figured out that it must have been Pittsburgh, but I ain't quite sure.

Monday, July 20.

Still moving along, just now through woods and mountains. This United States is a big country all right.

Tuesday, July 21, 1925.

New York at last! When it first got light this morning, I looked out my peephole, and I seen right away that we was coming into the big town. Thousands and thousands of houses stretched out mile after mile. I was so pleased that I couldn't think of nothing except that this endless ride had come to an end at last.

I used up the last of the water taking a shave and a good wash, and I got myself all slicked up. I had eaten up all the rations except two cans of beans which I left behind as a sort of present to the railroad company in gratitude for the free ride.

The first place we stopped I dropped through the trapdoor with my suitcase and tools and ran acrost five or six tracks and down a bank and around some sheds into a street. A brakeman on the train saw me and yelled at me, but I didn't pay no attention.

I walked down the street a ways, and found a little restaurant where I ordered a ham sandwich.

And what do you suppose, Ma? The dirty crooks charged me twenty-five cents for the ham sandwich, and it wasn't a swell dump neither. I paid it; but I got even with them. There was a large fresh bottle of catchup on the table and I used it all on my sandwich.

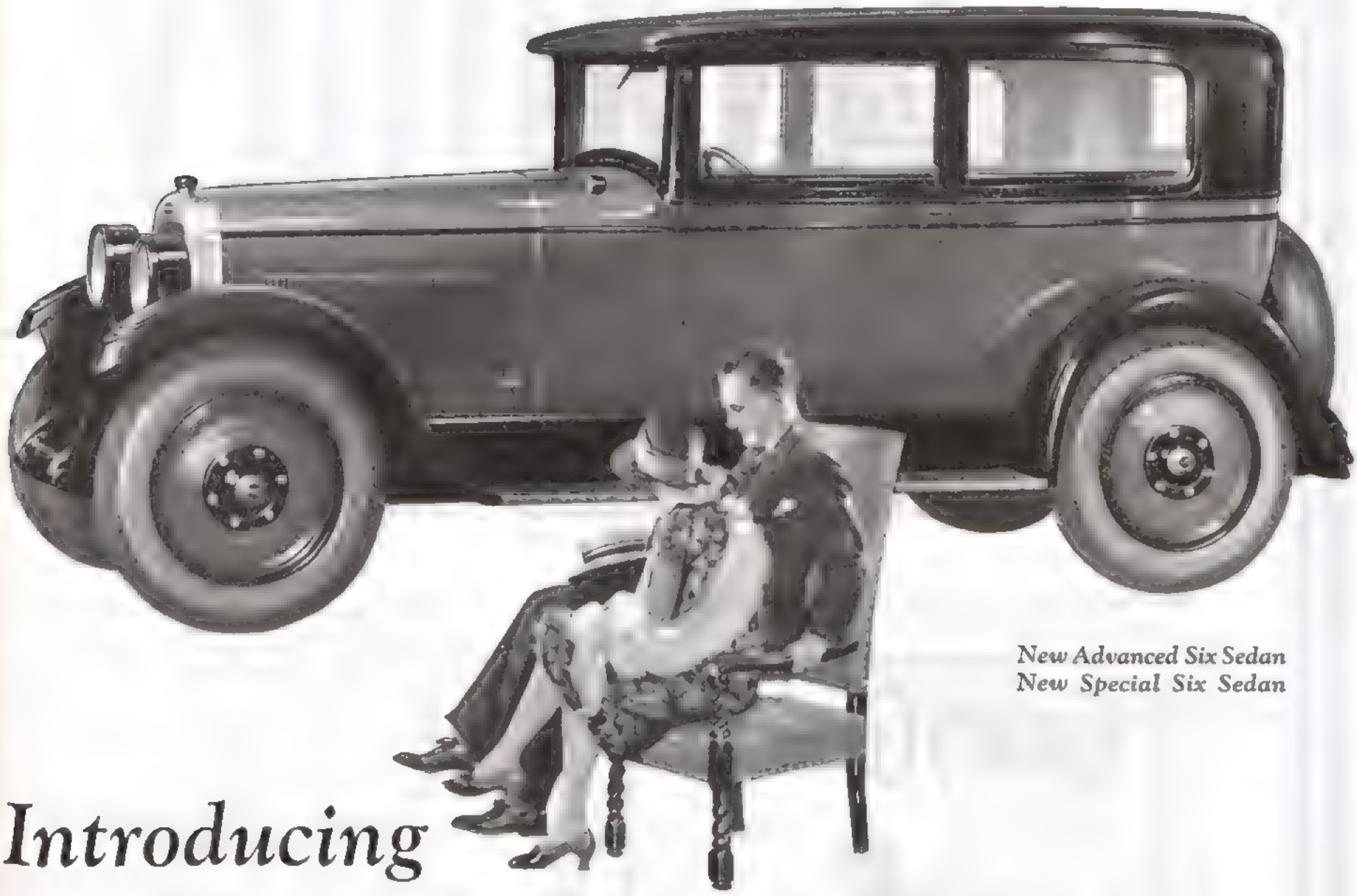
Gosh, Ma, that old sandwich was just swimming in catchup!

And another way I am getting even is by sitting here a while at their table finishing this letter to you. But pretty soon I must go and look up the tractor office.

(Continued on Page 92)

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value



New Advanced Six Sedan
New Special Six Sedan

Introducing the New Advanced Six Sedan

From every viewpoint this new Nash enclosed car is a master stroke in motor car manufacture.

Plus its superbly artistic body design are engineering refinements of the highest order.

And the price is set at so low a figure as to clinch conclusively the truth of the statement that *"Nash Leads the World in Motor Car Value."*

This body is a Nash-Seaman creation, and brilliantly exemplifies the ablest work of craftsmen known the world over for the distinctive beauty of their designs.

Your attention is directed particularly to the roof construction—*a new French-type design exclusive in America to Nash.*

The doors are exceptionally wide so that those riding in the parlor-car type front seats need only lean forward slightly to allow easy access to the broad rear seat.

4-wheel brakes of exclusive Nash design, full balloon tires and 5 disc wheels are included in the price *at no extra cost.*

THE NASH MOTORS COMPANY · *Kenosha, Wisconsin*

1268

THE NEW The Country Gentleman

With the 164-Page September Issue -- Out Today--The Country Gentleman Becomes a Monthly Magazine

SEPTEMBER, 1925
5¢ IN THE U.S.A. THREE YEARS $1
The Country Gentleman
Albert Payson Terhune—Thomas R. Marshall—Vilhjalmur Stefansson
Andrew W. Mellon—E. Davenport—Paul de Kruif—Frank O. Lowden

This change is the logical development of the editorial policy we initiated some months ago—a policy which has won us many new friends. It permits the widening of editorial scope and interest requisite to make *The Country Gentleman* the foremost magazine in America for people whose homes, or whose interests, are in the country.

The September issue—out today—contains 164 pages. It is printed on the same quality of paper as that used in *The Saturday Evening Post*, and carries illustrations and advertisements in color. Subscribers now on our books will receive the full number of copies for which their orders were accepted.

Ask your newsdealer for a copy of *The Country Gentleman* in its new form. Five cents a copy—or, by subscription, 3 years for $1.00. Buy the September issue—164 pages of interest and entertainment, same sized page as *The Saturday Evening Post*—you will like it!

5¢ the copy - 3 Years for $1.

MONTHLY Gentleman

Some of the features in the September Issue :

EX-GOV. FRANK O. LOWDEN

A call to industry to help agriculture, by the man who refused the Vice-Presidency to work for farmers.

SHORT STORIES

Short Stories by Mary Heaton Vorse, Ferdinand Reyher, Howard Brubaker and Edith Barnard Delano.

MODERN MARYS and MARTHAS

Mary Sherman, President of the General Federation of Women's Clubs, discusses the 1925 brand of home life.

CROPS, POULTRY and LIVESTOCK

The Departments of poultry, fruit, crops, livestock, dairying and handy mechanics are all treated by experts.

ANDREW W. MELLON

The Secretary of the Treasury tells how we can cut down our Federal income taxes and cut out our Federal inheritance taxes.

HENRY FORD'S DANCING CLASS

Just how Henry Ford hopes to kill jazz and revive the graceful dances of grandfather's day is described by Samuel Crowther.

VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON

This famous scientist and Arctic explorer tells of the baffling mysteries of Australia's great desert.

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

In this issue there starts a hair-raising mystery serial—a hunt for treasure with a dog taking a thrilling part.

GARDENS and HOMES

Beautifully illustrated, *The Country Gentleman* is the guide for every country garden, and its architects plan livable country homes.

THOMAS R. MARSHALL

In the last article prepared before his death our late Vice-President told how he tried to reform the Senate—and what happened to him.

E. DAVENPORT

Dean of Agriculture of Illinois for many years, Mr. Davenport here begins his autobiography—A SON OF THE TIMBERLANDS.

RADIO FOR EVERYBODY

From every angle radio is discussed by leading authorities. Hints and helps for the radio fan.

THE OUTDOOR BOY GIRLS' LIFE

Covering the interests and activities of the country boy and girl from twelve to eighteen years of age.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The Country Gentleman *The Ladies' Home Journal* *The Saturday Evening Post*

You can subscribe through any newsdealer or authorized agent or send your order direct to *The Country Gentleman*, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

(Continued from Page 88)

Well, Ma, I'll let you know how I come out. Your son,

ELMER MARTIN.

On Train between
Philadelphia and New York,
Tuesday Afternoon, July 21, 1925.

HELLO MA: A funny thing happened just after I finished my letter to you this morning. I went out and mailed it in a box in front of the restaurant, and then I went back and asked the lady cashier whether she knew where West Sixteenth Street was.

Of course I wasn't going there or anything, but I just thought it would be interesting to know.

"I'm afraid I can't help you," she said. "You see, I only came to Philadelphia last week."

Gosh, Ma, I like to fell over. Like a flash it come over me what I had done—I had got off at the wrong town.

But I didn't let on. I walked out and leaned against a telephone pole, and for a couple of minutes I just felt sick—partly on account of finding myself in Philadelphia and partly on account of having had more catchup than usual for breakfast.

But I soon got myself going again. I found a trolley car that took me down to the station, and I bought a ticket to New York. So here I am, riding along in a regular passenger car. I only got a little over five dollars left, but I am arriving in New York like a gentleman. Your son,

ELMER MARTIN.

New York, Thursday, July 23, 1925.

DEAR MA: Well, I got to New York on Tuesday afternoon and more has happened to me since then than had happened to me in all my life before.

I arrived too late in the afternoon to go to the tractor office, so I went to a hotel that a guy on the train told me about. I had wanted to go to the Waldorf-Astoria, but finally decided on this other, which is called the Mills Hotel and is slightly less expensive.

I took a walk that evening and just happened to pass by West Sixteenth Street. So I followed along until I came to Mary Jane's number. At first I thought I would go right up and ring the bell, but finally I decided not to, and came back to the hotel and went to bed.

The next morning I started out to look for the tractor office, and it happened that I came past West Sixteenth Street again. I stood around a while in front of the house, and finally I went into a little stationery store on the corner and looked over the magazines for an hour or so until the Greek in charge told me I better buy something or else get out. Then I stood around outside for a while, and all at once her door opened and down the steps came Mary Jane herself.

She was very much surprised to see me, and I had met her so sudden that I hadn't had time to think of anything to say. But finally I said "Hello." And she said "Hello." And we walked along down the street.

After a while she said, "Why did you run away without saying good-by to me that day in Prairie Flower?"

Then I just busted loose and told her all about it and how I had run away because I was ashamed to stick around, being such a low-down, no-account bum, and a cheat and a liar and not fit for such a nice girl as her to go around with. And then I told her how I had worked with Luke and really learned something about the tractor business, and had resolved never to tell no lies anymore, and how I had tried to go around with various girls in Dallas, but they none of them seemed to amount to anything as compared to her. And I told her I had come to New York to look for a job in the tractor business. We walked along and I told her all about myself, and finally we came to a little park called Washington Square. We sat down on a bench and I asked her what she was doing.

She said she had just lost her own job on account of the place where she worked as a stenographer shutting up. She was looking for another place, which seemed to be pretty hard to find. And she needed to find something fairly soon on account of having spent so much money on her vacation trip to Texas, and on account of her father and mother both being dead and nobody in New York that could help her.

Then I cussed myself out for a dirty bum for having talked about nothing but my own troubles and thought about nobody but myself, when all the time she was having a harder time than I was.

But as long as I didn't have no job, I couldn't be of any help to her. So we went and looked up the address of the Farmers' Friend Tractor Company in a telephone book. It was on Broadway near Fiftieth Street.

We went up there on the Subway and Mary Jane waited outside while I went in to ask for a job.

The manager was in the front office, but he was busy talking to a man called Mr. Jones, so I sat down to wait till they got through. I couldn't help hearing what they said, and it seemed that Mr. Jones owned a big sugar plantation in Porto Rico, and he was buying a ten-ton Earthworm tractor to work down there.

"I want that tractor right away this morning," said Mr. Jones, "so I can load it on the boat to sail tomorrow."

"We have had more orders lately than we could fill," said the manager, "but fortunately a tractor we had shipped from Texas has just got in this morning."

"Where is it?" asked Mr. Jones.

"At the West Twenty-sixth Street Pier," said the manager. "It came across the North River—freight car and all—on a barge. Tell me where your boat is and I'll have one of my men drive the tractor over."

"East Twenty-second Street," said Mr. Jones. "But never mind taking it over. The mechanic I'm expecting to hire to go to Porto Rico will be here in a few minutes. I'll run him over in my car to the North River and we'll drive the tractor across town ourselves."

Then they talked about various things and finally the manager saw me sitting over in the corner, and he said, "Did you wish to see me?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "I would like a job working on tractors."

Now I had planned out a wonderful line of talk and how I would tell this guy that I was a graduate of Cornell, and had been to an automobile school in Kansas City, and had had years of experience, and was a first-class tractor expert. But somehow when I thought about Mary Jane standing outside and waiting for me and how I had told her I was through with lying, why somehow it didn't seem right for me to tell that guy anything but what was absolutely true.

So I told him about how I first fell in love with tractors the day I arrived in Dallas, and how I got a job as an expert repair man.

"And how did you come out?" asked the manager.

"I lasted three days," I said, "which was really pretty good—considering I had never seen an Earthworm tractor before—and then I was fired."

"Yes," said the manager, "that was really pretty good—considering." And then he and this Mr. Jones just busted out laughing and for some reason they thought it was one of the funniest things they ever heard. So I told them how later on I had worked for Luke Torkle for two months for nothing, and had learned a lot about tractors. And I told them how I had come to New York in the box car, and if they didn't believe it, they could go over and look at the tractor that had just come in, and they would find the two cans of beans and that would prove it. Then I asked the manager could he give me a job.

And right away he answered no, he could not, because he had plenty of help already. And he didn't think he would need me later on either. So I said good-by and walked out the door. I told Mary Jane what had happened.

"After talking to you this morning, Mary Jane," I said, "I just couldn't tell all them lies I had figured up. I'm sorry I didn't get the job, but I'm glad I was honest anyway."

"I'm glad too," said Mary Jane. And we walked along down Broadway.

But we wasn't very happy. She didn't have no job, and I didn't have no job. And neither of us had any money to speak of. So we walked along very slow and mournful.

After we had walked a mile or two we come to a place called Madison Square, and we sat down on a bench. And after a while we heard a big roaring noise. I looked up and seen a beautiful ten-ton Earthworm tractor coming from the west along Twenty-third Street, and a-rolling along through the traffic just as pretty as you please.

"Look!" I said to Mary Jane. "That is the tractor I brought with me from Dallas; and that man beside the driver is Mr. Jones. The driver must be the man he is going to take to Porto Rico."

"Listen," said Mary Jane, "there is something the matter with that tractor."

I listened. Sure enough, it was missing and coughing; and just as it got to the corner of Twenty-third Street and Broadway it stopped dead, right where the car tracks crossed in front of a building called the Flatiron. In about one minute there was trolley cars from four directions beginning to line up. And the trolley cars began to block the automobiles, and in about two minutes it was the worst mess you ever seen, with cops running around and hollering and automobiles honking and nobody knowing just what to do.

Mary Jane and I walked out as near the tractor as we could get, and there was three cops bawling out Mr. Jones and telling him to move his old tractor to hell out of there. And Mr. Jones' operator was cranking away like mad, but the motor wouldn't even give a cough.

"What's the matter with it?" said Mr. Jones.

"I don't know," said the operator. And I won't repeat what Mr. Jones said then. The operator kept on spinning the crank, which on a ten-ton tractor is up on top the machine between the seat and the hood.

One of the cops made a big truck back up to the tractor and hollered out, "Get a chain there, youse guys, and we'll drag that tractor out of the way!" Which was a good idea, except that nobody had any chain. And by this time all the streets in all directions—Broadway and Twenty-third Street and Fifth Avenue—was choked with a terrible jam of trolley cars and automobiles and big busses and trucks. Finally somebody must have turned in a fire alarm, because here came all the fire apparatus, with bells clanging and siren horns blowing, nosing their way into the traffic as best they could. The cops hollered louder and louder, the operator cranked harder and harder and Mr. Jones got madder and madder.

So I stepped up and I said, "Mr. Jones, would you like me to drive your tractor away from here for you?"

"My gosh, yes," he said—"if you can."

So I told the operator to come down off the tractor. He climbed down and I climbed up. By this time there must have been a couple of thousand people gathered around in among all the trolleys and trucks and things. They was all hollering and shouting, but when they seen me get up on the machine there come a sort of a hush. They was all looking to see what I would do.

I looked first at the cap of the gasoline tank and what I seen made me smile.

"Mary Jane," I said, "lend me a hairpin."

She passed one up. I gave the cap a poke, waited a minute for the gas to flow into the carburetor, gave the crank a spin and the motor started with a roar. And, Ma, you ought to have heard the crowd cheer. Gosh, Ma, it was wonderful!

"Come on, Mary Jane," I said, and helped her up on the seat. Mr. Jones yelled three words at his operator: "You are fired!" And then he climbed up beside us. I grabbed the handle bars, let in the clutch and we went rolling along down Twenty-third Street, while the traffic straightened itself out again. And before long we were at the steamboat wharf.

Right away Mr. Jones said, "Aren't you the man that was talking to the manager up at the tractor office?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

"Then you want a job as a tractor mechanic?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well," said Mr. Jones, "I liked the way you talked to that manager. I like a man that is honest enough to tell about his failures as well as his successes. And I like the way you took hold and got me out of that mess at Madison Square."

"Yes, sir," I said.

"I have fired my other operator," he went on. "I had a two-year contract all made out, but fortunately we hadn't signed it yet. So if you want the job, you can have it."

"All right," I said, "I'll take it."

"Wait a minute," he said, "till I tell you the conditions. I will pay you two hundred dollars a month and all expenses, including your passage down to Porto Rico and back again. But you have to sign a contract to stay two years. I agree to keep you that long. It doesn't pay me to take anyone down there for less time than that."

"Fair enough," I said, "except there is just one thing more. Do you pay the passage money for a man's wife to go along?"

Mr. Jones looked at me and then he looked at Mary Jane. Mary Jane got all sort of fussed and embarrassed, and Mr. Jones laughed and said, "All right, passage furnished for man and wife."

All this happened yesterday, Ma. And today I am writing this on the steamboat. Mary Jane is sitting beside me, and we are now going past the old Statue of Liberty. I will send this letter back by the pilot.

Your son,

ELMER MARTIN.

P. S. Gosh, Ma, it's wonderful. I got a chance to use my tools, I got a swell job, I got a two-year contract, I got a use for the wrist watch, I got a peach of a girl, I got married at the City Hall yesterday afternoon to Mary Jane.

The NEW MARMON

"It's a Great Automobile"

"It's a Great Automobile"

MUD or MACADAM
– it's all the same to a Marmon

MARMON safety, Marmon's sheer adequacy, Marmon's infallibility and unfailing trustworthiness are now available in a complete line of five New Marmon Standard Closed Cars at practically open car price. The body lines and colorings are new—refreshingly so—but the chassis and engine represent years of concentration on a single type, progressively refined and improved.

Open Cars, $3165. Closed Cars, $3295 to $3975, f.o.b. Indianapolis, exclusive of tax

ONLY MARMON PROVIDES MAXIMUM *BUILT-IN* SAFETY

EUROPE TAKES TO THE AIR

(Continued from Page 4)

slightly modified at the end of June, 1925, is a political question of the first order, intimately connected with that complicated problem of French security which for the past six years has evaded solution by the chancelleries of Europe, and does not come within the scope of this article. But their repercussions are far-reaching and manifold. They have had many effects not in the least intended by their authors.

Not the least of these is the extraordinary stimulus they have proved to the skill and ingenuity of the German aircraft designers. As a method of keeping Germany out of the air, or even of permanently hampering the development of her aviation, the Nine Rules have conspicuously failed. It is safe to say that Great Britain would very cheerfully subscribe to their entire abolition. But they derive directly from the Versailles Treaty; and France, in her unabated terror of a German war of revenge, will not voluntarily alter one jot or tittle of that treaty; she is acutely afraid that once that document of her hard-won victory commences to undergo modification, the process will not speedily cease. In the meantime, Germany, while both bitterly resenting those rules and evading them to the best of her ability, sardonically enforces them on the embarrassed countries which framed them. Every request for foreign flying facilities over Germany is met with the reply that until the Nine Rules are abolished, or at least considerably modified, Germany has no concessions to make.

Time Saving by Air Travel

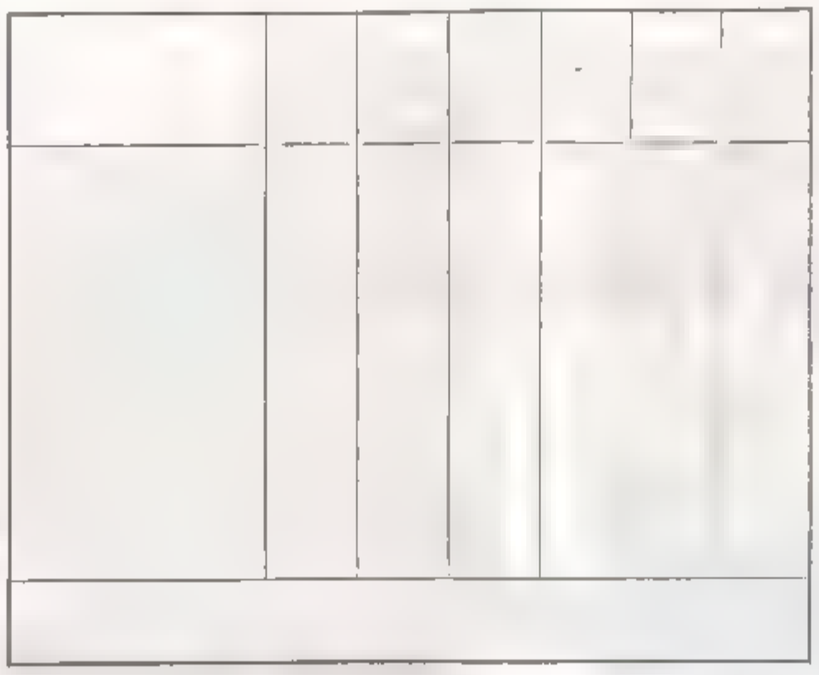
Great Britain is probably the country that suffers most from their operation. The British, for example, are very anxious to extend their Cologne air route to Prague, which is obviously destined one day to become the chief international air-traffic center for Southern Central Europe. The price of the German permission is—modification of the Nine Rules. More important, Great Britain wishes ardently to establish an aeroplane service to India. Her best route is across Germany. The alternative and less direct route across France is practically barred by the French law which insists that all internal air traffic in France shall be the monopoly of French companies; consequently, although a British aeroplane flying to India might descend, as it would need to do, at Paris, Lyons and Marseilles, it could not carry passengers or freight between those intermediate points—a prohibition which makes the line uneconomical. The route to India by way of Germany is the bait held out by the Germans to the British for the abolition of the Nine Rules, and the chief reason why Great Britain would oppose no obstacle to their abandonment if the French could be brought to agree to it.

The French themselves suffer less from their enforcement—they look toward the Mediterranean for the main development of their long-distance air lines—but nevertheless their aerial communication with Poland and Czecho-Slovakia has been seriously impeded. For a long time their aeroplanes continued to fly across Germany from Strasburg to Prague in defiance of the German Government, but engine trouble forced so many machines to descend in Germany—where they were promptly confiscated—that the route has been abandoned, and they now fly roundabout over the perilous mountain districts by way of Zurich and Innsbruck to Prague.

One incidental result of all this is that Amsterdam has become for the time being the principal international air-traffic center of Europe. If one desires to fly from London or Paris to Berlin, Copenhagen, Moscow, Norway or Sweden, it is equally necessary to go to Amsterdam and change there either into a German machine or a German-built machine owned by a Swedish company, but belonging to the Europa Union controlled by the German Junkers' firm. In the case of this big machine, which recently conveyed as many as thirteen passengers from Malmö by way of Hamburg to Amsterdam, the German authorities conveniently close their eyes to the infraction of the Nine Rules; in the case of all others, they are rigorously enforced.

Nevertheless, despite this great political obstacle, the Continent, as will be seen from the map used with this article, is covered with an astonishing network of regularly operated air lines. And it must be remembered that over a great many of these routes there is a double service run by two competing companies.

The time saved to the traveler on these air routes, at a fractional extra cost, is considerable, increasing rapidly at a ratio in proportion to the increase of distance:



To take another example, it is now theoretically possible for a traveler, should he improbably wish to do so, and should he make his connections, to leave Moscow on Monday morning by air to Königsberg, take the night train thence to Berlin, leave Berlin by air on Tuesday morning, arrive in Paris that evening, take the night train to Toulouse, and fly thence early Wednesday morning to Casablanca, in Morocco, arriving at 6:15 P.M. of Wednesday evening. Less than three days! By the air route his fare would cost him approximately $200. It would certainly take him about ten days by the ordinary route and, equally certain, cost him more. This, of course, is an extreme case, but illuminative. In comparing the cost of air travel with railroad and boat travel, it must, moreover, be remembered that the air cost is practically net; there are no incidental expenses en route.

Will commercial aviation ever become self-supporting and a profitable business proposition for the companies concerned? In England, Germany and Holland, at least, it is firmly believed that it will. But the day of commercially earned dividends for aerial traffic companies is yet distant. Great Britain is the only first-class power in Europe which has been thoroughly frank about its subsidies to civil aviation, and analysis of the British effort shows more clearly than any other the financial difficulties with which air transport had and still has to contend.

At the end of the war, the aircraft constructors of Europe found, with dramatic suddenness, that their occupation was gone. At a stroke, their works were converted from scenes of intense activity into halls of desolation, echoing with emptiness. There were in France and Britain immense war stocks of aeroplanes and engines which the respective governments were only too willing to sell for peaceful purposes to any buyer.

In Germany, of course, the situation was different. The victorious Allies set themselves vigorously to destroy practically the entire German accumulation of machines and motors; an elimination of obsolescent material, incidentally, for which the German aircraft industry, in the long run, owes them a big debt of gratitude.

Accordingly, the European aircraft constructors naturally turned to the only field of activity that remained—the organization of commercial air companies, using at first ex-government material, but doubtless with the ultimate hope of producing new fleets of commercial machines. At that time the intense competitive rivalry between the military air forces of France and Britain—and the resulting activity in the aircraft manufacturing industry in those two countries—could scarcely be foreseen. The point to be remembered is that European civil aviation was initiated by constructors of aircraft, and not by men experienced in the operation of transport companies. This fact explains many of the vicissitudes of the initial period.

The first in the field was the British aeroplane constructor, Mr. Holt Thomas. He organized a company called Aircraft Transport and Travel, Ltd., which, on August 25, 1919, inaugurated a daily service between London and Paris, using converted De Haviland war machines—the pioneer regular passenger air service of the world. But rivals were close on his heels. A few days later, on the first of September, Mr. Handley Page, another British constructor, launched another service between London and Paris under the title of Handley Page Transport, Ltd. This company worked in conjunction with the first of the French companies, the Messageries Aériennes, each flying three times a week each way.

Croydon Aerodrome, the present air port of London, was not at that time open to civilian traffic, and the Holt Thomas machines started from Hounslow, while Handley Page and his French coadjutor went from the Handley Page works at Cricklewood. At the Paris end, the aerodrome of Le Bourget was used then as now. The single fare was fifteen guineas—two and a half times the present rate—and far too high for serious competition with the regular route by train and boat. Neither of the British companies received any government assistance whatever. By the end of 1919, however, they had made 467 flights and carried 870 passengers over a total distance of 104,000 miles.

The season of 1920 began with high hopes. The world was then still in the full flush of postwar optimism. Everything looked good. In May, 1920, the Holt Thomas company doubled its service to Paris. The Handley Page company, which had severed its connection with the French company and now ran in competition with it, not only ran daily to Paris but opened a daily service to Brussels and a thrice-weekly service to Amsterdam. Another company came into the lists, formed by Instone & Co., a large firm of coal exporters—the first invasion of air transport by people unconcerned with aircraft construction—and ran twice weekly to Paris. A fourth British rival, the Air Post of Banks, made a brief appearance.

Meanwhile the French company, assisted by generous government subsidies, was competing vigorously. The fares were reduced by a third, to ten guineas for the single trip London-Paris, which was about double the railroad figure.

Troubles in the Air

Throughout the summer of 1920 things went fairly well, although the removal of the London terminal aerodrome from Hounslow to the more distant Croydon was a distinct handicap that remains to this day. From April to September, 1920, the British lines made 1997 flights.

Then came the world-wide slump and the crash in civil aviation as in everything else. Bank credits were restricted, passengers dropped off, and—totally unsupported by their government—the British companies saw themselves sliding rapidly to ruin. The Handley Page London-Amsterdam service closed down on the thirtieth of October, and a few days later the London-Brussels line was likewise suspended. The pioneer company, Aircraft Transport and Travel, Ltd., became extinct on December 17, 1920. But through the winter the Handley Page and the Instone companies struggled desperately, and at an increasing loss, to keep the service running between London-Paris.

The climax came in February, 1921. The French Messageries Aériennes, alive to the embarrassment of the British companies, and benefiting by an increase in its subsidy from the French Government, made a bold coup to knock its rivals out of business and acquire a monopoly of the London-Paris route. It suddenly reduced its fare from ten guineas to six, a rate at which no unsubsidized company could then hope to compete. The result was immediate. On February 28, 1921, both the Handley Page and the Instone companies ceased operation. It was a historical date. The period

(Continued on Page 98)

The Interior of a Vickers Vimy, Used by the Imperial Airways, Limited

A hundred yards of light from a half inch lamp

When the flashlight with a tiny MAZDA lamp throws a bright beam across the road, do you ever wonder at its brilliance—its direct aim—its dependability? This small but powerful lamp was developed in the Laboratories contributing to MAZDA SERVICE.

MAZDA SERVICE explores the world for new ideas on incandescent lamps, and works out the scientific developments that have already brought modern lighting to such high efficiency. The benefits of this research are given to those incandescent lamp manufacturers entitled to use the symbol MAZDA on their lamps. And only the manufacturers so served may use the MAZDA mark.

MAZDA

THE MARK OF A RESEARCH SERVICE

RESEARCH LABORATORIES *of*
GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY

The very limited current of the little battery made the problem of the flashlight lamp no easy one. The filament in the lamp is but a fifth of the thickness of a human hair—and closely coiled. It is accurately centered to throw its beam rightly. It is made with the utmost refinement of design and manufacture

Ford

Introducing Important Changes in Bodies and Chassis

Added Beauty and Utility

Closed Cars in Colors

No Increase in Prices

Now on Display at all Authorized Ford Dealers

Note These New Features

The Tudor Sedan

Color—Channel Green with upholstery to harmonize. All-steel body. Nickeled radiator shell and headlamp rims. Lower seats, both front seats tilting. One-piece ventilating windshield. Leather-cloth sun visor of new design, closed at both ends. Standard equipment includes starter, cord tires, demountable rims, windshield wiper, rear view mirror and dash lamp. Balloon tires $25 extra . . . . . *Price f. o. b. Detroit* $580

The Coupe

Color—Channel Green with upholstery to harmonize. All-steel body. Nickeled radiator shell and headlamp rims. One-piece ventilating windshield. Unusually wide rear deck with doubled compartment capacity. Leather-cloth sun visor, closed at both ends. Standard equipment includes starter, cord tires, demountable rims, windshield wiper, rear view mirror and dash lamp. Balloon tires $25 extra. . . *Price f. o. b. Detroit* $520

BODY designs of distinctive beauty, together with many important chassis refinements contributing to comfort and convenience, distinguish Ford cars now displayed by Authorized Ford Dealers.

A pronounced stream-line treatment has been effected by dropping the chassis and by lowering and lengthening the bodies. This has, of course, also resulted in more roominess for driver and passengers.

The Tudor Sedan, Coupe and open bodies are of all-steel construction.

Ford Closed Cars are now finished in attractive colors with nickeled radiator shells. The Tudor Sedan and Coupe are in a deep Channel Green, the Fordor in rich Windsor Maroon—all with interior upholstery to harmonize.

The radiator is set slightly higher and the hood is lengthened, further emphasizing the improved stream-line effect of the body. Fenders on all cars are larger, more attractive, affording greater protection.

The steering wheel is larger and set lower to accommodate the driver. Seats have been moved back and are low, deep, wide and very comfortable.

Another marked convenience has been accomplished in the Tudor Sedan, Coupe and open cars by placing the gasoline tank—of greater capacity—beneath the cowl, where it affords better gravity flow and can be easily filled from the outside. The gasoline sediment bulb, usually difficult of access, is conveniently located under the hood.

A fan bracket of improved design permits quick and simple adjustment of fan belt. The fan has been raised, greatly increasing cooling efficiency.

Wider transmission brake drum and band insure smoother braking action, increased braking power and longer life. Rear wheel brake drums are greatly enlarged, and lined with asbestos composition. They are of the self-energizing type so that braking becomes both smooth and positive.

These and other marked improvements will be gladly shown in detail by all Authorized Ford Dealers.

Ford Motor Company

Detroit, Mich.

The Fordor Sedan

Color—Windsor Maroon with upholstery to harmonize. Composite body. Nickeled radiator shell and headlamp rims. Leather-cloth sun visor, closed at both ends. Standard equipment includes starter, cord tires, demountable rims, domelight, windshield wiper, rear view mirror and dash lamp. Balloon tires $25 extra. . . . . *Price f. o. b. Detroit* $660

The Touring

Color—Black. All-steel body of stream-line design. Double ventilating windshield. Ford leather-cloth one-man top. Tool box under front seat. Standard equipment includes cord tires, weather-proof side curtains opening with all doors, windshield wiper and nickeled headlamp rims. Starter and demountable rims $85 extra. Balloon tires $25 extra. . . . *Price f. o. b. Detroit* $290

The Runabout

Color—Black. All-steel body. Double ventilating windshield. Wide rear deck with compartment space greatly increased. Tool box under seat. Standard equipment includes cord tires, storm curtains opening with both doors, windshield wiper and nickeled headlamp rims. Starter and demountable rims $85 extra. Balloon tires $25 extra. . . . . *Price f. o. b. Detroit* $260

(Continued from Page 94)

of nonsubsidized British commercial aviation—the only nonsubsidized air transport in Europe—was at an end.

There was an instant outcry in the British press. The British public woke up suddenly to the fact that British civil aviation had ceased to exist, and in response to its clamor the British Government took prompt action. Mr. Winston Churchill was then the Minister for Air. He summoned a committee and in a few days issued a temporary scheme of subsidy to the Handley Page and Instone companies which enabled them to resume their services.

This scheme, which came into effect March 19, 1921, was originally intended to last only for seven months, but was subsequently extended to the end of March, 1922. Under it, the British Government guaranteed to the two companies a subsidy of 10 per cent on their commercial receipts, together with seventy-five pounds for each complete flight London to Paris or vice versa. The state further guaranteed the companies against loss over the period stated, but the total liability to the government under the scheme was limited.

The summer of 1921 was exceptionally fine. The fare was considerably reduced. Traffic went up. From March 19, 1921, to April 1, 1922, the two British companies carried 5804 passengers between London and Paris in 1072 flights; an average of 5.4 passengers per machine. This was certainly a greater traffic than anyone had expected, yet commercially the result was a blank disappointment. The net earned receipts for both companies combined were £29,424. The total operating expenses were £120,493. The deficit, of course, was met by the subsidy. In other words, it cost £20-15-3 to transport each passenger, and the passenger paid only £6-6.

State Subsidy Schemes

An analysis of the operating costs over that period reveals that whereas flying costs amounted to £4-2-6 per passenger, and ground costs amounted to £10-6-2, the other overhead charges—administration and the like—alone came to £6-6-7 per passenger; rather more than the price of his ticket. This excessive overhead is still the Old Man of the Sea upon the shoulders of European aviation; it costs, of course, practically as much to run an international organization that transports five passengers each way twice a day as it does for the transport of 500 each way per diem; but, all allowances made, it is still excessive, and government subsidies do not tend to reduce it.

April 1, 1922, saw the inauguration of a new "permanent" scheme of subsidy to the British air lines. This gave, in addition to 25 per cent of the total commercial receipts, a grant of three pounds per passenger and threepence a pound on freight, besides the free gift of a certain quantity of flying material and the reimbursement by the state of 50 per cent of the insurance premiums paid by the companies. The maximum government liability was fixed at £200,000. Attracted by this improved prospect, a new company—the Daimler Hire Company—appeared on the London-Paris route and the Instone Company reopened the London-Brussels line. But the summer of 1922 was wet and unpleasant. The number of passengers was far from increasing proportionately to the accommodation offered.

This new "permanent" scheme crashed after only six months' working. In that six months, from April to October, the number of passengers transported on the London-Paris route was 5860; fifty-six more than the total for the previous twelve months. But they had been carried in 1588 machine flights; 516 more than the total for the previous year. There was an even greater loss on each passenger carried than in 1921. The contribution of the state worked out at £11-5-10 per passenger. It was obvious that the London-Paris route could not at that time support three competing British companies. The government had had to intervene in June with additional subsidies. In October, 1922, it produced yet another revised scheme to keep its air-transport companies in existence.

By this revised scheme, competition on any route was eliminated. The routes were divided up among the companies as follows:

COMPANY	SERVICE	ANNUAL MINIMUM SERVICES IN EACH DIRECTION	ANNUAL MINIMUM TOTAL MILEAGE	ANNUAL MAXIMUM SUBSIDY £
HANDLEY PAGE TRANS-				
INSTONE AIR LINE, LTD.	London-Brussels-Cologne	300		25,000
DAIMLER HIRE, LTD.	Manchester-London-Amsterdam-Hamburg-Berlin			
BRITISH MARINE AIR NAVIGATION CO., LTD.	Southampton-Cherbourg, Havre and Channel Islands			

In addition, the first three firms received a free grant of aircraft material to the value of £28,500, together with 30 per cent of the cost of new material up to a maximum of £15,000 each for the year 1923-4. The Marine company received 50 per cent of the cost of new material up to a maximum of £21,000.

This scheme endured until March 31, 1924. On the London-Paris route the Handley Page Transport line more than held its own against the very much more heavily subsidized French lines and, upon receiving an additional subsidy from the Swiss Government, it extended its service to Zurich.

The Instone line managed, despite trouble with the German Government, to maintain its service to Cologne; but an extension thence to Prague, under an additional subsidy from the British and Czecho-Slovakian governments, failed to materialize owing to the refusal of the German Government to permit flight over its territory. Nevertheless, the Daimler company, working in conjunction with the German Aero-Lloyd, succeeded in arranging for three return trips a week to Berlin. The Marine Air Navigation Company only effected a few services to the Channel Islands, and none to the French ports.

In the meantime the British Government had summoned another committee to devise a really permanent mode of maintaining in existence those commercial air services which, it was now realized, could not survive without a government subsidy. The committee reported, on February 15, 1923, in favor of an amalgamation of all the existing companies into one.

This monopoly company, Imperial Air-ways, Ltd., of which Sir Eric Geddes is managing director, came into being on April 1, 1924. It undertook to operate services for the transport of passengers, mails and freight over the routes hitherto operated by the Handley Page, Instone, Daimler and British Marine Air Navigation companies. Its capital is £1,000,000, with £500,000 paid up, and it is given one definite subsidy of £1,000,000, payable in ten annual installments, diminishing from an initial £137,000 in each of the first four years to £32,000 in the last year. In exchange, the company must fly an average annual mileage of 1,000,000 miles, and the use of all-British flying material is compulsory. The British Government undertakes, of course, as it always has done, the staffing and upkeep of the civil aviation aerodromes, and allots to the purposes of civil aviation, in addition to the subsidy, an average of £230,000 a year.

The new scheme commenced inauspiciously with a strike of pilots at the Croydon Aerodrome, which paralyzed all services for the whole of April and the first part of May, 1924; consequently the figures for that year show only ten and a half months' operation. Nevertheless, the total for 1924 gives 13,601 passengers carried, together with 541 tons of freight. From January, 1925, to April, 1925, the last period for which complete figures are available, 2000 passengers and 133 tons of freight were transported. But it is the summer months that bring the passenger traffic, and the total this year will certainly reach a record. Approximately 1500 passengers were carried in the month of May alone.

Air Lines

The following is a schedule of the services maintained:

1. London-Paris-Basel-Zurich—Three services to and from Paris daily with one extension to and from Zurich.

Fares—

London-Paris, single £6-6, return £11-11

London-Basel, single £8-0-0, return £15-15.

London-Zurich, single £9-0-0, return £17-0-0.

This service connects at Basel with the Belgian Sabena Company to Brussels and Amsterdam, and at Zurich with the Swiss Ad Astra Aero Company to Munich and Vienna.

2. London-Ostend—One service daily each way.
Fare: Single £3-3-0, return £6-0-0.

3. London-Brussels—One service daily each way.
Fare: Single £4-4-0, return £8.

4. London-Cologne—Two services daily each way.
Fare: Single £6, return £10-10.

5. London-Amsterdam—One service daily each way.

This service connects with the German Aero-Lloyd to Hanover and Berlin, and with the Swedish Aero-Transport Company to Hamburg, Copenhagen and Malmö.

Fares: London-Amsterdam, single £4.
London-Hamburg or Berlin, single £8.
London-Copenhagen, single £10-2.
London-Malmö, single £10-8.
Return fares exactly double single fare.

6. Amsterdam-Cologne—One service daily each way.
Fare: £2.

7. Cologne-Paris—One service daily each way.
Fare: £4-10.

The seaplane service from Southampton to the Channel Islands is suspended pending the acquisition of new flying material.

As with all other European air companies, each passenger is allowed fifteen kilos of free baggage, and a reasonable amount up

(Continued on Page 100)

This Sign Takes the Gamble Out of Tire Buying

There is no gamble left in tire buying when you do business with the Federal Authorized Sales Agent, the man near you who displays this sign.

He first sells you the Federal Tire which he knows from experience is best fitted for your particular needs. He then makes it his business to see that you get the real, helpful attention you deserve as long as you use Federals.

Any one of these five Federal Tires will cut your tire costs and eliminate your tire disappointments.

(Continued from Page 98)

to about thirty kilos each in excess can be taken in the passenger machine upon payment of a small surcharge. On very few European airways are any adequate arrangements made for the conveyance of more than hand baggage, but the British company makes a specialty of forwarding passengers' trunks by freight machines, and if notice is given twenty-four hours in advance, collects them from passengers' domiciles in London and forwards them by air to domicile in Paris or Amsterdam—or vice versa—simultaneously with the arrival of the owner. The charge for this is twenty-eight shillings per 112 pounds. For other destinations, the service is from aerodrome to aerodrome only, and the rates vary according to distance.

The standard machine used by this company is the twin-engined fourteen-passenger Handley Page W-8, and the regulations provide that every machine carrying ten or more passengers shall be flown by two pilots, side by side. These machines are always on the London-Paris route; for Amsterdam, Brussels and Cologne, eight or ten seater De Havilands or Vickers Vulcans are usually employed. Two large three-engined twenty-seater machines, which will be the largest flown by any European air company, are in course of construction.

Steering by Wireless

All machines are fitted with wireless telephony, and every aeroplane is constantly in touch with Croydon from the moment it starts until it arrives at its destination. The greatest enemy of British aviation is fog, and a system of cross-bearing wireless direction finding, working on a parallax with Croydon in Surrey and Pulham in Norfolk, has been instituted which is remarkably successful. Pilots frequently fly their machines by directional wireless alone in thick weather, without ever seeing the ground at all. The aerodrome at Croydon boasts of possessing a finer technical installation than any other aerodrome in the world, and in addition to flood lights for night landing, is now being equipped with fog-piercing Neon lights. Regular night flying to Paris has long been contemplated, and all preparations for it, including a chain of aerial lighthouses from Croydon to the coast, have been made; but it has not yet been put into operation.

Imperial Airways maintains an all-the-year-round regularity of 93 per cent, and it is safe to say that no other company in Europe either subjects its engines and aircraft to such rigorous inspection or gets so high a percentage of work out of its material. Certainly no other company operates so many services with so few machines. The rival French company, which works exclusively the London-Paris line, has more aeroplanes in service. Even by the end of 1925, when certain new deliveries are completed, the British company will possess only about eighteen aeroplanes, and several of these are distinctly obsolescent. The company in fact is trying to make a commercial success of air transport by an intensive exploitation of the minimum amount of material—with the corollary, of course, that if the number of passengers offering themselves suddenly doubled it could not carry them. It is a system both short-sighted and uneconomical—it has been stated that the overhead charges are 75 per cent of the total operating costs; a heavier proportion than in the bankrupt initial period of three competing companies—and it shows signs of breaking down. At the end of the first year's working, in June, 1925, the company was already appealing to the British Government for more money.

British air transport suffers from the great disadvantage that none of its own routes are sufficiently long to offer any very great economic advantages over the railroad, and that its London terminal is at an excessive distance from the capital. The London-Manchester service had to be given up for the reason that it was actually quicker to go by train. On short journeys, such as from London to Paris or Brussels, very nearly as much time is spent in the motor cars as in the air. The air route to Paris, when allowance is made for the time occupied in getting to the cities from the aerodromes at Croydon and Le Bourget, gives only three hours priority over the ordinary way—and it is certainly only the appalling discomfort of the average train and boat journey between the two capitals, as contrasted with the absolute comfort by aeroplane, that brings to the air lines the number of passengers they get.

The rival French company is acutely alive to this disadvantage, and at the time of writing this article it is instituting experimental flights with amphibian machines direct from the Seine to the Thames at Hammersmith. The menace of this French capital-to-capital service is put forward by the British company as the reason for its request to the government for more funds.

Apparently it has no money wherewith to purchase amphibian machines to fly in competition.

Nor does British commercial aviation benefit sufficiently from the carriage of mails—which one day will be the main source of revenue for air-transport companies. Alone among the nations, the United States of America seems to have fully realized that the aeroplane is preëminently the mail carrier of the future.

The British Post Office equally subscribes to the principle that mails should be transported by whatever happens to be the quickest route, but maintains that in view of the time lost in transit to and from aerodromes on the short routes operated by the British company the air is not necessarily the quickest way, and that the time saved is in any case not important enough to justify abandoning the traditional route. It permits an air post; but, as in every other European country, letters for transmission by it have to bear a special surcharge stamp and be posted in special receptacles—which are very far from being at every street corner. Only far afield, on the air service operated between Cairo and Bagdad by the military machines of the Royal Air Force, is the carriage of mails a serious factor in British aviation. Nevertheless, in 1924, Imperial Airways carried nearly twenty-three tons of mails and postal parcels.

The Element of Safety

Unlike the French system, the British Government does not concern itself with the management of its subsidized air company. The Department of Civil Aviation at the Air Ministry confines itself to facilitating in every possible way the international connections of British aviation, to running the aerodromes, maintaining an official aircraft inspection department which exercises a rigid control over the airworthiness of every engine and every plane that goes up from Croydon, and to educating the British public to air travel. Its very energetic and capable chief, Sir Sefton Brancker, recently gave an object lesson to that public by flying 17,000 miles to India and back in an ordinary taxi plane of the De Haviland Company.

This company does not operate any regular line and receives no subsidy, but for the past four years it has been running a taxi service for private hirers at the rate of two shillings a mile. The company makes a boast that it is ready to fly its clients at a moment's notice to any part of the world, and its machines have gone all over the Continent and the North of Africa, on several occasions making tours of 10,000 miles.

For those who still imagine that travel by air is a provocatively perilous adventure, the accompanying table which practically sums up the history of British commercial aviation, is instructive. The figures apply to regular air routes only, and exclude joy riding.

In six years, with a total flown distance of 3,759,000 miles and 53,571 passengers transported, it has to deplore only four fatal accidents, with a loss of thirteen lives.

To turn to the other European countries, civil aviation in Holland corresponds more nearly to the British system than do the air-transport organizations of the two other great aviation countries, France and Germany. The British and Dutch governments subsidize their air companies with the sole and sincere purpose of helping them to be self-supporting commercial propositions as soon as possible. The French Government frankly regards civil aviation as a reserve to her military air force; and Germany—well, Germany is permitted no military air force at all.

	[illegible] Dec. '19	Jan. '20 to Dec. '20	Jan. '21 to Dec. '21	Jan. '22 to Dec. '22	Jan. '23 to Dec. '23	Jan. '24 to Dec. '24 (12 Months)	Jan., '25 to April, '25
Mileage flown	104,000	644,000	225,000	717,000	943,000	936,000	190,000
Machine flights	467	2,854	993	3,625	4,765	4,892	990
Passengers carried	870	5,799	5,356	10,393	15,552	13,601	2,000
Fatal accidents	1	1	nil	nil	1	1	nil
Passengers killed	1	2	nil	nil	3	7	nil
Passengers injured	2	2	nil	1	nil	nil	nil

The Flying Dutchmen

The Dutch company, the Koninklijke Luchtvaart-Maatschappij, familiarly know as the K. L. M., is an extremely efficient organization, managed from its beginning by one of the outstanding personalities of European aviation, Mr. Plesman, formerly of the Dutch Flying Corps. This company was founded in 1919 by a syndicate formed from the most important steamship companies and bankers in Holland, and the Royal Dutch Petroleum Company, through one of its subsidiaries, is represented on the board. Its nominal capital is 5,000,000 gulden, of which 1,500,000 is actually paid up. It commenced with a two-year arrangement, covering 1920 and 1921, with the Dutch Government, receiving a subsidy for each year. The Dutch Government then gave it a four-year contract, covering 1923-4-5-6, guaranteeing a lump sum subsidy of 300,000 gulden each year. In exchange, the company has to perform a minimum yearly mileage of 600,000 kilometers. But, almost alone among government-subsidized air companies, it is under no compulsion to buy its air material, as the British, French and German companies are, from national or any other specified sources. It is free to purchase any types of machine and engine in any market of the world.

The K. L. M. started operations on May 17, 1920, on the route Amsterdam-Rotterdam-London with chartered British machines. Since April 14, 1921, however, it has used exclusively Amsterdam-built Fokker planes with British Siddeley-Puma engines.

These machines are all monoplanes with an extremely thick wooden cantilever wing, and although somewhat slow—their air speed is about eighty miles an hour, as compared with 100 miles an hour on French and British machines—they are claimed to be the safest aeroplanes on any European service. The chief risk in air travel is that the engine may suddenly develop a defect and the machine lose flying speed, stall and nose-dive—and crash. To the majority of commercial aircraft, this may happen if the pilot attempts to climb or turn too steeply, thus losing speed.

With the Fokker thick wing, this accident is said to be practically impossible. Mr. Fokker demonstrated this himself with a fully loaded eight-passenger K. L. M. regular machine at Croydon in April, 1925, before a highly interested deputation from the British Air Ministry. He took his machine up to 1500 feet, stood it on its tail, stopped the engine—and nothing happened. The plane merely commenced to flutter earthward, rather like a leaf falling. There would have been a nasty jar if it had touched ground, but almost certainly no fatal accident. The K. L. M. prides itself considerably on using this type of aeroplane, and on the fact that one of its ordinary machines, taken straight off the Amsterdam-London route, was used in the very successful Dutch flight from Holland to Batavia this year.

The company maintains a daily service each way between Amsterdam-Rotterdam-London, Amsterdam-Rotterdam-Paris, Rotterdam-Amsterdam-Hamburg-Copenhagen; and, in conjunction with the German Aero-Lloyd, Amsterdam-Bremen-Hamburg. During the summer months the service to London is doubled. The fares are forty-eight gulden to London, Paris or Hamburg; thirty-six gulden to Bremen; seventy-five gulden to Copenhagen. It has fourteen machines in service, of which four are the large eight-passenger Fokker VII, with dual pilot control. Its all-the-year-round regularity of service is about 90 per cent, and the interruptions are almost exclusively caused by bad weather conditions in the winter months. Interruptions from technical causes have been virtually nil. During the summer, it claims a regularity of 100 per cent. Up to June 1, 1925, it had flown 2,500,000 kilometers since commencing with Dutch machines in April, 1921. And up to date, in the whole five-year period of its existence, it has only had one accident—a mysterious affair, in which a pilot with two passengers went up from Croydon in a fog and was never heard of again. Presumably he mistook the sea surface of the Channel for mist and dived headlong to the bottom.

Cutting Down Overhead

In addition to operating its own routes, the K. L. M. manages the Schiphol Aerodrome at Amsterdam for all the foreign lines running into the aerodrome, and Amsterdam now rates as the second air port of the world, ranking immediately after London for volume of traffic.

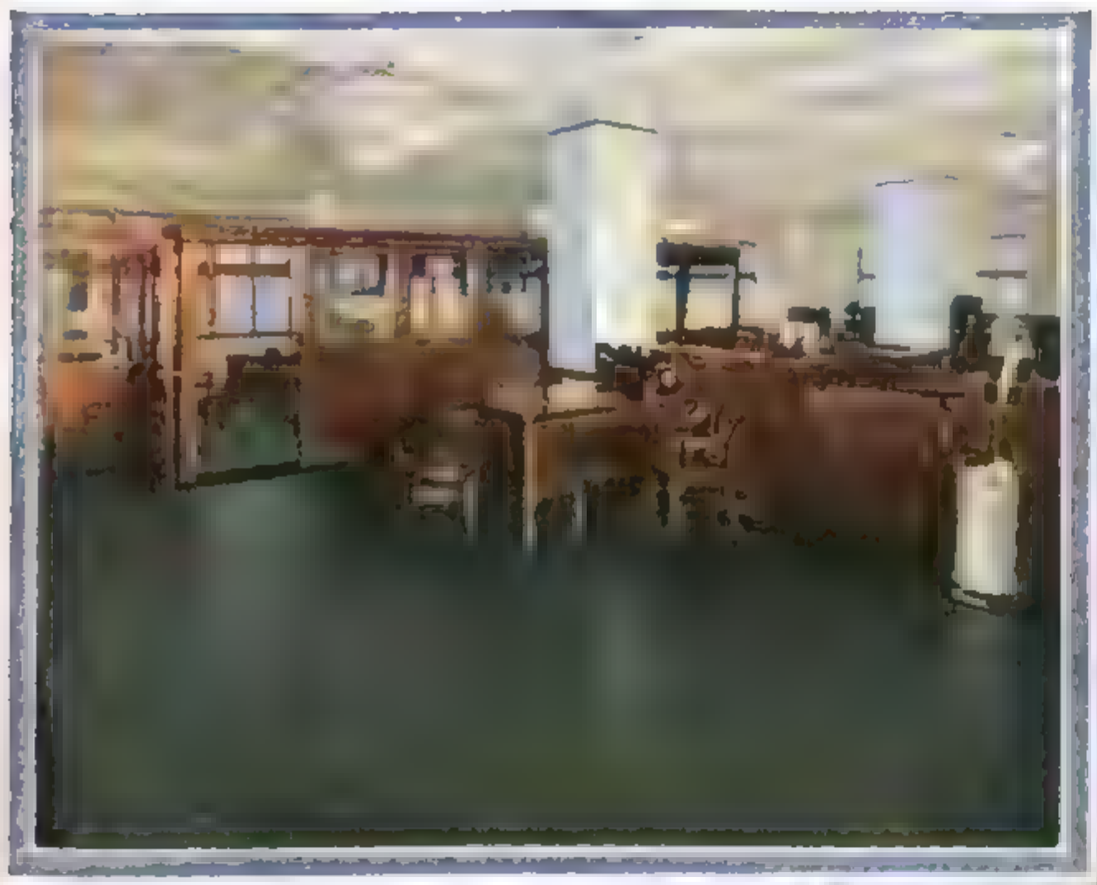
The Dutch company gives the impression of being operated with very much less in the way of overhead administration charges than its British rival. Certainly, it earns a very much greater proportion of revenue to total costs than most other European air companies, perhaps greater than any other company. For 1921, the earned receipts were 33.7 per cent of the total expenses; for 1922, 27.2 per cent, 1923, 34.3 per cent; 1924, 47.6 per cent; and for 1925 they are working out at about 50 per cent or more. This is exclusive of subsidy.

These statistics are those prepared in the head office at The Hague for the private guidance of the management, and few other air-transport companies could or would allow their similar statistics to be seen by an outsider's eye. At any rate, they are very shy of exhibiting them. It looks as if the K. L. M. would be the first air company to become a self-supporting commercial enterprise.

Holland is a small country, and only under very skillful management can its air-transport industry hope to compete with the immensely greater resources and opportunities of Britain, France and Germany; but it has every reason to be proud of its national air company. In my personal experience of most of the European air lines, few have seemed to me so efficiently conducted in every way as the Koninklijke Luchtvaart Maatschappij.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of three articles by Mr. Austin. The next will appear in an early issue.

Philadelphia architect recommends linoleum for *fine business floors*



The investment offices you see above have floors of quiet dignity. These floors are Armstrong's Jaspé Linoleum.

SINCE 1912, Mr. Thomas Edward Ash, Philadelphia architect, has been erecting banks, office buildings, and other public structures. He knows that the public demands good-looking floors, but does its best to make them bad-looking floors. He also knows that his clients want floors that not only meet this public demand, but floors that are easy to care for and long-lasting as well.

For over twelve years he has successfully satisfied this twofold requirement by specifying linoleum for fine business floors.

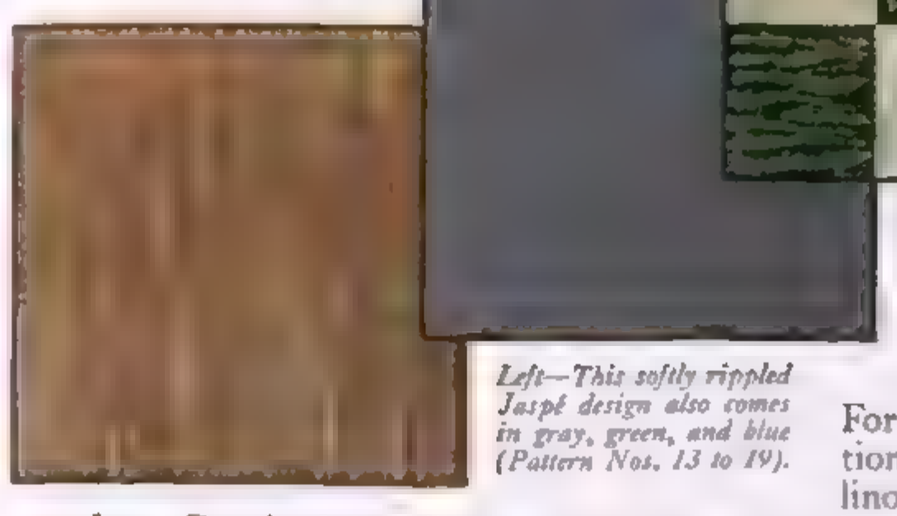
Often a new client has asked him, "How long will a linoleum floor last?" Mr. Ash's answer has always been, "At least twenty-five years. I know a number of linoleum floors over twenty-five years old that are good for many more years of service."

All of the linoleum floors that Mr. Ash has installed are giving an equally good account of themselves. Of course, these floors have been laid as a fine linoleum floor should always be laid—not tacked down, but firmly cemented in place over a lining of builders' deadening felt. Where the underfloor is concrete, the felt lining may be omitted, but its use makes for greater comfort and warmth. With a wood underfloor, the felt should always be used, for it takes up any expansion or contraction in the wood.

Mr. Ash has found that when linoleum is laid this permanent way, it forms a seamless, flat-as-a-table floor. His clients have found that such a floor is easy to clean. A nightly brushing quickly removes all traces of the public's heedlessness. An occasional waxing and polishing preserves the smooth, lustrous surface. Rarely does a linoleum floor have to be scrubbed. It *never* needs refinishing.

This office of Herbert E. Smith, patent attorney of Spokane, Wash., cannot fail to impress clients by its trim, businesslike appearance. Not a little of the pleasing effect is due to the patterned floor of Armstrong's Linoleum (Pattern No. 350)

Right—Another new Armstrong design for business floors is this Marble Inlaid Pattern No. 72. Center—Plain Linoleum No. 22.



Left—This softly rippled Jaspé design also comes in gray, green, and blue (Pattern Nos. 13 to 19).

There is another feature of linoleum floors that has proved particularly helpful to Mr. Ash in designing attractive, dignified business interiors. *Linoleum floors are handsome floors.*

The pictures on this page illustrate the trim, businesslike appearance of Armstrong's Linoleum Floors. A visit to a merchant near you who displays the many new business floor designs in Armstrong's Linoleum will give you an even better idea of the many distinctive effects you can achieve with these inexpensive, quickly-installed floors.

Consult with this merchant. He will gladly give you estimates for replacing your old floors with these easy-to-clean floors of lasting beauty.

"Business Floors" sent free

For a clear, concise discussion of the installation and care of modern business floors of linoleum, write for "Business Floors." This interesting book contains colorplates of suitable patterns for business use. It also shows a number of different installations in banks, shops, churches, schools. A post card or letter brings this book to you all charges paid. Write Armstrong Cork Company, *Linoleum Division*, 855 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Look for the CIRCLE A *trade-mark on the burlap back*

Ⓐ

Armstrong's Linoleum *for every floor in the house*

AS A WOMAN THINKS

(Continued from Page 21)

creeds miss their cue, in my opinion, is when they fail to realize that the Scriptures are a sort of key to which we may refer and find the answer to the equation we are. They contain the history of all dead men and the prophecies of all living men and men to come. The smallest little squinched-up fraction of a saint can look in that Book and find out exactly what he is equal to and even how to become the whole unit of one. But we turn the trick. We do make ourselves according to the mind we use in the business. I do not know any more terrifyingly liberal provision made by Providence in our behalf. I have often wondered why the preachers do not say more about it, for it is far more convincing than the damnation gospel with which they used to set us afire.

I had no such wisdom of the Word as this, however, in the days of which I am now writing. I accepted Lundy's interpretations of the Gospels. And I was not very much worried about not being able to live up to his ideals in the Christian life. I existed in a state of mental obedience to certain religious convictions which were not my own. This was bad for me mentally and morally. I had considerable natural ability, but I remember distinctly being afraid to cut loose and think thoughts kin to my kind of mind lest I should sin against my husband's faith. The virtues that you get under such conditions do not really belong to you. You are trained to them as a leopard is trained to jump through fiery hoops in a circus without singeing his tail. Without suspecting such a thing, I was so artificial in my Christian life during this period that I was only a pathetically accomplished trick saint.

I was so much involved in the purely spiritual struggle of trying to live above and without the world until I was thirty years old that I became a sort of ignoramus. I cannot now recall what were the social and intellectual conditions of this period. I remember who the great preachers were, but not the name of a single statesman or public servant except one old congressman who used to do his electioneering at Sunday-school picnics. Readers of the circuit-rider stories must have observed that these are records in religious living to the exclusion of all earthly interests.

I suppose this is the reason why even My Book and Heart produces the impression upon some readers of being the chronicle of a narrow and dreary life. I do not think it is, you understand. It seems to me that almost any person with a provincial mind might fail to appreciate the literature of a foreign country with which he was totally unfamiliar. The spiritual world which I inhabited at that time is not known now by a great many people otherwise very well informed. They are unable therefore to appreciate the vividness and romance of such an existence. It seems drab to them because they live in sums and dividends and secular realities and the same kind of diversions, not in sublime illusions.

But try chasing an impractical saint up one Jacob's ladder after another for twelve years and find out for yourself what a varied and stimulating experience it is. Hunting big game in a jungle is nothing to the risks you take and the rarefied hardships you endure and the keen relief you feel now and then between adventures. I cannot claim that it was mentally exhilarating, but I developed considerable wing power of the spirit very helpful to me when I finally did go back, pick up my mind, shake some of the star dust off and begin to use it with a good conscience for my own benefit in this present world.

But never so long as I live can I escape the tragic effects upon my life of these early years. My mind is free now, and I can reason as clearly as the next one about what a dear and blessed gift from God the world has been to me; but in my heart I seem still to belong back there in the years upon the lower rungs of that ever-upward-stretching ladder I used to climb toward Lundy's God. I cannot get over feeling hard pressed spiritually sometimes, as if I was in dangerous need of chastening—I suppose the steel bridge never forgets the furnace in which its girders were melted and forged; I would give anything now and then to rest from this smelting sense of God and be comfortable in my carnal mind, but I never can be.

As the years passed there were happier periods, all of which have been recorded in My Book and Heart. The years in Oxford, for example.

More than one circumstance contributed to the relaxation I enjoyed there. The prim academic life of the little college town was stimulating and refreshing to me after the hard and lean years in the itineracy. We were relieved from the burden of souls, and Lundy was absorbed in his work as teacher of Greek in the college. This is the one interest he had that I could not share. I had worried and prayed with him through all the Gospels, but when it came to feeling my way through the enclitics and iota subscripts of a dead cross-stitch language I had no conscience about leaving him to his fate.

Now that I look back, this is a queer circumstance, that I never had the least ambition to keep pace with my husband mentally. I was not uneasy lest he should escape me by this route, as I always felt he might do in those frightfully arduous pilgrimages he made toward God in the spirit. Anything might happen to such a traveler, I feared. But I have always enjoyed the assurance of having a very dexterous mind, regardless of whether I had as much information or intellectual training as the other person had or not.

This is no more a conceit than a man feels in the strength of his muscles. He is not disposed to skin the cat in order to prove his physical power. He is much more apt to sit down comfortably observant while some weaker man boasts of his biceps. I have done a lot of that kind of sitting down in my life. Nothing fans me into such a state of peaceful mental somnambulance as the intellectual antics of a person who displays his learning, not from vanity always, but frequently because it is all he has got; no real sense, no wisdom of his own, merely much good stuff he has learned from other sources. He spreads it like a garment as any other decent person would to hide the thinness of his shanks.

My husband was not only a distinguished scholar and a great preacher but he had a brilliant, gallant mind of his own. Let him have it, and God be thanked, was my attitude. Whenever he flared intellectually, I turned out my light and watched with admiration such an aurora borealis of fine cold clear thinking as I have never seen in any book or heard from another man. Some radiance of his mind will remain upon the horizon of mine as long as I live. I can never tell how much of it has brightened the edges of the copy I have produced since those days. For I have been a cheerful plagiarist of light whenever I found it.

But if we came to loggerheads in an argument, as frequently happened, on any subject, whether it was religion, philosophy, poetry or the fatalistic mind of the ancient Greeks, I stepped out with gaffs on the legs of my native wit and met him as an unscrupulous wrestler meets an honest big man. I had all the advantages, because I was never constrained in the exercise of my mind by much real knowledge of the subject or by those precedents which govern a scrupulously trained intellect. I left him to furnish the information. My business was to digest it quick as a flash and use it then to prove my contention or to reject it for the same reason. I do not know what a casuist is, but he frequently accused me of being one, as if this was a fault of which I should be ashamed. But I never was. This grieved him. I am sure he felt that I would not overcome a certain vulgar insolence of ignorance, because I had no native reverence for learning.

Once when I was belaying the ancient Greeks like a ruffian he assumed the dignified manner of a gentleman and a scholar who must be patient with a Smart Aleck. As near as I can recall, this is the gist of that altercation:

"You do yourself discredit when you speak disparagingly of an illustrious people," he said.

I knew nothing of their civilization, art or literature. Then he went on to pay a tribute to the Greek intellect. It was symmetrical, dignified and beautiful as their architecture. Had I ever studied the glory and simplicity of the Parthenon? I admitted that I had not, but I was willing to concede that they had highly developed artistic instincts. Which, I had to infer, was the wrong phrase to use.

"They had brains, brains!" he retorted hotly.

"I would no more revere a man for his brains than for the hair on his head," I shot back; "the quality and quantity of both are determined by purely physical conditions, the climate, the food they eat, their habits as human beings. I judge the Greeks by what they have produced."

"That is precisely what you cannot do intelligently, because you do not know what they produced."

"Yes, I know the effects ——"

"You are profoundly ignorant of the effects of Greek culture upon the world," he interrupted.

"Culture" was one of Lundy's words, never a favorite with me. I am not denying there is such a thing, but whether it is beneficent depends in my opinion upon the moderation with which you absorb it and balance it with better, sturdier elements of character, like honest bigotry and hard-headed convictions. It is a boastful word with a bad reputation in advanced stages of civilization. It too frequently became the elegance by which the distance between morality and immorality is shortened.

Lundy, however, loved it, with no such barbaric instincts as I had to warn him against it. And I suffered much from the personal uses he made of it during what may be called the Hellenic period of our married life.

This time I made a clean sweep and cut Greek culture to the bone.

"There was something wrong with their culture," I returned, "because they did not survive it as a nation. Men are destroyed by their own minds, their systems of thought. What the ancient Greeks produced with all their art and learning and culture are these modern Greeks. They have the same hair, the same brains. They are out of the same stock, but they are no longer sculptors and philosophers. Nobody quotes them or imitates them. The fatalistic mind back of all their culture made slaves and little men of their descendants."

Lundy regarded me for a moment in regretful silence, as we sometimes measure someone who is dear to us who is determined not to be like us.

"Corra," he said reproachfully, "you have an underhanded mind. You deliberately missed my point."

"I made my own point, which was better than being run through by yours," I laughed.

Then I had to listen to his explanation of how there were now no Greeks of that breed. The Persians had destroyed that great race.

His scholarly indignation frequently rose to the pitch of sarcasm. But I was never abashed. I could not be made to hang my head mentally or to feel what is now called the inferiority complex. If you can finance the outrageous courage of ignorance with a certain secret wisdom of your own, you stand a very good chance of disconcerting a learned man in an argument. I always came out of these intellectual scrimmages exhilarated like a ragged young sparrow that has enjoyed an upward flight upon an eagle's wings.

One little trait I venture to record by way of illustrating how shrewd a woman's mind can be at ducking out of sight at the right moment. Lundy was resentful like most learned men or unlearned for that matter—if it appeared that I was about to get the better of the contention. He felt the trickery of wit at his expense, a petticoated Puck putting Bottom's head on a wise man's shoulders. Intellectual rage caused him to blink. Whenever he regarded me with this fluttering blue gaze I cast the argument aside, rushed to him, laid my head upon his knees as if these knees were the executioner's block and invited him to strike in case he desired to make such a disposition of a fool. In such a manner I was always able to restore the equilibrium of love and charity between us without his ever suspecting that this was balm I laid upon his wounded vanity.

I have now a certain misty tinge of time in the colors of my mind, elegant wisps of culture, pseudo evidences of learning obtained from my association with Lundy. I have practically no accurate information on any subject, which is one reason I so rarely burden the reader with a quotation; but I have the sense and feeling of all these things Lundy studied his lifetime to learn. I walked for years in the rich pastures of his mind.

The literary life of Oxford was the most youthful and strident feature of this old college town. I do not know how the dean of the English department contrived to mislead so many young men, but year after year a certain percentage of the senior class were imbued with the idea that they had some kind of gift for literary creation or literary criticism. The latter predominated. During the winter months they shook the very battlements of English literature. They spared nobody from Henry Fielding to Dickens. Never shall I forget the way the feathers of the Brontë sisters used to fly when half a dozen of these young whelps seized upon Jane Eyre. I was in my George Eliot stage at the time and suffered a graver mind, but I recall with no flattery to myself the part I took in these discussions. There may be such a thing as a mature mind under the age of forty, but if so it is the result of premature gray matter. I was still in the adolescent period mentally and found great refreshment in the group of young-rooster intellectuals who frequently came to the house. We worked out our theories and opinions on one another as growing children wrestle.

We settled everything except the relative merits of the new school of realism in fiction as compared to the old school of romanticism. This was a burning question then. As I remember, Émile Zola was the father of the realists. He had written a particularly disgusting novel, the title of which I do not recall; but one scene in it I am compelled against my will to remember—which, I suppose, proves that Zola was indeed a realist, because I have forgotten ten thousand lines of poetry that entranced me more.

This was a description of the decomposed body of a soldier plowed up on a battlefield after the Franco-Prussian War. Zola omitted not one worm from this picture. Yorick's skull was a clean white bone as compared with this horrible pollution of what had been a man. He made realism stink for five pages. I shall never be willing to confound this monstrous insensate vitalizing of the processes of death with the convincing romanticism of life, which is what the best literature is. However, my opinion is prejudiced in this matter, for I am an incurable romanticist, from the first chapter of Genesis to the last breath I draw. I think the world of life is one bright illusion conferred upon us by a good God, and

(Continued on Page 107)

Illustration suggested by one of the sets in the Paramount Picture
"THE TEN COMMANDMENTS"
A Cecil B. De Mille Production
produced by
Famous Players-Lasky Corporation
"The Ten Commandments" is a picture for all times, above the ebb and flow of each little season's popularity. One of the most astounding photoplays ever made, it is an entertainment that will never grow old! Whenever it comes to your theatre, don't miss it!

There's a new world working for your entertainment

More and better entertainment is being created today than ever before.

In the United States 9,000 theatres run six or seven days a week, 1,500 are open four or five days, and 4,500 show pictures from one to three days.

In 1924, the sum of $100,000,000 was expended on new theatres.

The population of this new world engaged in furnishing you with entertainment is more than 300,000 permanent employees.

The total investment with which they operate is Fifteen Hundred *Millions* of dollars, and *growing!*

All this has come from better pictures, the shadows that come and go on the silver screen!

The organizations within this new world are associated under ex-Postmaster General Will H. Hays with a purpose.

That purpose is that the entire world shall enjoy more and better pictures. Romance and adventure are a need of our hearts, and the films are often dreams come true.

As one of the foremost film organizations, Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, Producers of Paramount Pictures, is proud to be in the lead in every effort toward motion picture improvement in both production and presentation.

"If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town!"

LEND A HAND

We believe in the urgent necessity for reforestation as a preventative of grave danger to the entire United States.

We are supporting the work of reforestation and believe that you want to support it, too. If you do—mail this coupon—today.

American Reforestation Association,
428 Bradbury Bldg., Bway. at 3rd St.,
Los Angeles, Cal.

Enter my name as a member of your Association and send me a copy of your book, "Reforesters of America," and membership certificate
My membership fee of two dollars ($2) is enclosed.

NAME
ADDRESS .....
CITY ..... STATE

Paramount Pictures

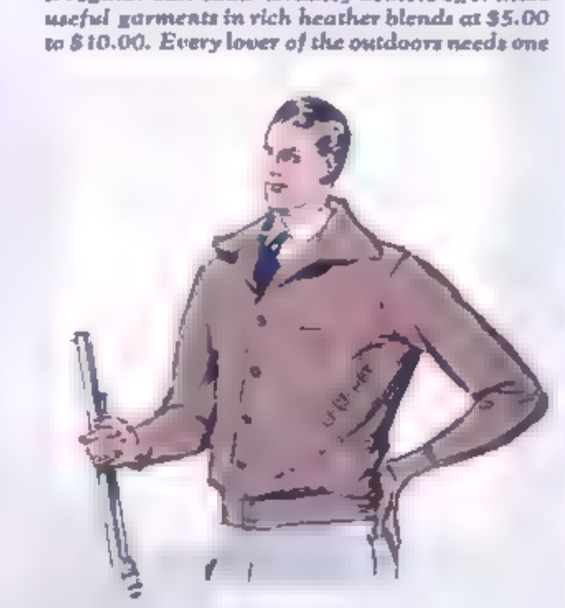
School Days Are Bradley Knitted Outerwear Days

Bradley Knitted Outerwear serves a wide variety of uses for everyone. But its advantages are doubly numerous for the boy or girl in school and the college man or girl. This is the reason all Bradley dealers are now showing an unusually wide variety of types, patterns and colors especially suited for school wear. A few of these types are shown on these pages. Note the store that advertises Bradley Knitted Outerwear. You will find it easier—and less expensive—to make your selections at that store.

BRADLEY KNITTING COMPANY, Delavan, Wisconsin

The popularity of Bradley's "Turtle Neck" Sweaters will sweep through the high school and college set this fall and winter. Some are plain colored—some are knitted in attractive jacquarded patterns. You'll be a little ahead of the rest if you select yours now. $6.50 to $14.00

No young lady or young man is quite prepared for the campus, hiking or picnics without a Bradley Shawl Collar Shaker-knit Coat. They are lofty, substantial garments, heavily knit. They are available in a variety of colors, some with contrasting collar and front—all are clear, permanent, non-fading colors. They are the best values available at $9.00 to $18.00



Bradley Knitted Ribbed Jackets are warm but not bulky. They may be worn in comfort under a regular suit coat. Bradley dealers offer these useful garments in rich heather blends at $5.00 to $10.00. Every lover of the outdoors needs one

Bradley's Knitted Lumber Jacs for men and boys will be widely favored by the younger set this fall and winter. Bradley's colors and patterns are exceedingly striking and attractive. You'll like these smart blouses at $5.00 to $14.00. Matching socks in men's sizes may also be had

Just pull it over and you are ready to go! That is why young fellows like to own a Bradley Shaker-knit Pullover. The one above has a new improvement—the Bradley close-hugging cricket neck. You can get one in your favorite color for $7.00 to $11.00

Every girl in school needs one of these Bradley Knitted Coats with belt. They are serviceable and good looking. There is a variety of colors to choose from at $4.00 to $6.00. Ask your Bradley dealer

Live boys can't be bothered with coats and overcoats. They want the freedom of a Bradley Knitted Coat. Why not let them have it? The style above is offered in many serviceable colors with contrasting shawl collar and tail, at $3.50 to $6.00

Slip into a Bradley KNIT-WEAR and back to school

All the freedom and snap that youth should have are found in either of these Bradley Sweaters. The one at the right is a sturdy shawl collar coat and is sold for $5.00 to $9.00 by Bradley dealers. The boy at the left is wearing a Bradley shawl collar pullover. This sells for $6.00 to $8.00

ONCE MORE young America is scurrying hither and thither in vacation-worn clothes, thrilled with the prospect of being made ready for September and school days. These excited boys and girls are looking for jaunty, comfortable apparel that reflects the spirit and ideas of youth. Most of them can tell you that the smartest knit wear in town is advertised and displayed by Bradley dealers.

And what are the busy parents looking for? They are looking for healthful and sturdy apparel that will stand all manner of use and abuse—economical apparel that will continue to look well week after week, month after month. They, too, are again turning to Bradley Knitted Outerwear.

For years and years Bradley Knitted Outerwear has been a most happy and thrifty solution to the perennial school-clothes problem. Many fathers and mothers of today started to school each fall in new Bradley Sweaters. And Bradley Knitted Outerwear is still the choice of those who want the newest types, the smartest patterns and the greatest endurance. Follow a good example: Slip into a Bradley and back to school.

Slip into a

Bradley
KNIT WEAR

and back to school

There's no knee like the *triple knee* in Allen A Stockings for Children

We never know what they're up to—these adventuresome youngsters of ours. But mothers believe from their stockings that they must always walk on their knees.

Lectures on the care of clothes? Worse than useless—if you value your standing at all. For kids *will* get down on their knees in the dirt. It's the call of Nature herself.

So to save them bothersome nagging—(and lighten the darning bag) we put *triple* knees in these stockings. Extra thickness of fabric, inwoven, invisible. They wear and wear and wear.

You'll find it pays to insist on the genuine Allen-A triple knee stockings for these sturdy youngsters. There are styles for girls as well as boys, of course. Half hose and English-style sports hose ribbed to the toe. Most good stores carry Allen-A stockings priced at 25c, 35c, 50c and 75c the pair.

ALLEN A COMPANY, KENOSHA, WIS.

Allen A

Hosiery

For Men, Women and Children

Underwear

For Men and Boys Only

(Continued from Page 102)

that if it becomes anything else, that also is an illusion by which we damn ourselves.

The secret of all things is as far from us as the East is from the West and as His ways are from our ways. Therefore, the higher standard we reach in pure romance the nearer we are to truth. I prefer Milton's poetry, the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, my choice of the Psalms, and a few of the elder hymns to anything Mr. H. G. Wells can think or write about the beginnings of life or the history of Christianity. It is interesting copy and contains much entrancing information, but Mr. Wells has too much sense and too little faith in the right direction to be the medium of the Lord's divine illusion, which clothes us like a garment and is the only protection we have against the destructive rationalism of the mortal mind.

We have daily examples now of an educational system which encourages license in thinking along these lines. Two youths who graduated with distinction from two leading universities developed such unscrupulous intellects that they planned a monstrous crime. They had an ambition to commit a "perfect crime," as formerly Christian education inspired men to achieve honor. They executed a murder and proceeded with their plans for blackmail, ransom and the scientific torture of their victims. They were not originally perverts. Now they must be regarded as criminally insane. They are the products of the rational system in education and of the ever-increasing intellectual slums produced by the license of this system.

Oxford was a narrow-minded little community, but it was pigeon-breasted morally. The only disciple of Zola in the town was an innocent young man from another state. He was by way of becoming a novelist at that time, but turned out to be a historian. He graduated in vain from the English departments of five universities and was finally reduced to recording facts and dates and rewriting information that he could not digest. It was a form of mental regurgitation. A great many people have it. The one rash thing he ever did was to espouse the cause of realism in fiction, which none of us knew or cared enough to attack. He came in frequently to discuss the subject with me, chiefly, I suppose, because no one else would listen to him.

I have always been interested in bores. They are in my opinion the strangest of human phenomena, probably the one type of character impossible to dramatize. Has anyone ever read a novel entitled The Bore? You have not, because the creative mind cannot produce him. He is automatic mentally. He can learn, frequently more than an intelligent man, but he cannot think. He is without imagination and the personal messengers of sensibility. He never knows or suspects how the other fellow feels. Poor —— could talk indefinitely without the glint of a thought to brighten his durable conversation. To me it has ever been fascinating to watch a good brain work that was totally disconnected from life, charm or personality.

Nothing was further from my plans than to become a writer, but I must have already begun the practice of studying characters, for I remember all those people whom I knew then, not their faces but their attributes, their inside minds. Otherwise, I am inclined to believe now that this was not an important period in my own mental development. It seems to me that I had very little raiment on my thoughts, not much sweetness or color. That bright and halcyon past which came back to me later in a dark time was eclipsed by some sort of adolescent egotism of the mind. I remember being very smart, which is a form of stupidity. I try not to remember it, but it occurs to me that I may have felt intellectual. I entertained views too noble or too bitter to be true. I must have done some soul stretching of my mental neck.

Nothing that I have ever written about myself humbles me so much as this confession, for I have observed the same state of mind in others. It is ugly, insincere and leads to maudlin movements, agitations and other disorders of our times, especially among women. The wonder to me now is that I did not get the idea that I had a message for the world. God in His mercy saved me from feminine screech of this emotion which so many of us mistake for noble inspiration. But it is queer how thoughts you had long ago and the very scene of these thoughts come back to you after you have lived a dozen later lives. I recall something now that indicates how narrow the margin was then between me and one of the threadbare fallacies of my sex:

Lundy and I were walking late in the afternoon through the college campus. I remember the deepening twilight beneath the trees. I wore a dark dress. I was young, slender, pale, homely—what I mean is that I remember feeling this way, sad and put upon. Lundy was stepping along innocently beside me, gracefully silent, no doubt enjoying this silence, for he was one who never practiced speech as a relief for intellectual hysteria. He could retain his thoughts like a gentleman. Suddenly I let out what I was thinking about the world's injustice to women. We were the victims of the whole social and domestic order of mankind. We were the bond servants of a civilization which we had no part in making. We had no rights, only duties to perform, and so on and so forth. I cannot think now how I came by such thoughts. I must have read something along this line, and, like ——, was suffering from mental regurgitation.

What brought me to my own personal senses was the look Lundy gave me, not reproachful, but startled, as if he had received a thrust and wondered if he deserved it. We walked on, staring straight ahead; but I could feel my husband searching himself, looking for his sins against me, and his harshness. This was unendurable. I sat down beside the road and made haste to renege. All at once it was clear how good this man had been to me, how hard he worked that I might be a little more comfortable, how patient he was with my ruffian mind, and how he had given me all the love he could spare from his jealous God. And now—appalling thought—what if he went off on one of his remorseful tangents, his ever uncertain peace destroyed by my complaint?

Never did a woman praise her husband more fervently than I did for the next few minutes. I laughed and stroked his legs. He would not sit down! He had the rigid air of a man who preferred to take his punishment standing up. I vowed I was only teasing him. As a matter of fact, I was not thinking of my own husband at all when I began to drool about the wrongs of women. I must have been seeking martyrdom at large.

This was one of those little epochs we make in living. I passed as quick as a flash through an enlightening mental process. From that moment I escaped the idea of grievances from which many women suffer too much in their imaginations. I have been a sluggard ever since about correcting the abuses from which women suffer. I have never been able to cast myself or my pen whole-heartedly into a campaign to clean up the men and bring them to repentance for their trespasses against us. Let somebody else do it! Because, of course, it must be done before we repent of the wrongs we practice against them, such as headaches, indifference, inefficiency and extravagance. Upon those occasions when I have been even slightly moved to do my duty toward chastening them, I always think of Lundy, the astonished blue look he gave me that time on the campus in Oxford, as if this was the first he knew of his unkindness and injustice to the woman rib in his side. I remember him, the whole mind the man of him had at that moment, and I cannot believe in the light of his kind heart that men really mean to be unfair to women, any more than we mean to be as exasperating as we are to them sometimes.

We are both the victims of some secret plan of Nature in this business. Men are overbearing on account of the kind of gender they are, and women have nervous squalls on account of the kind of gender they are. If they were entirely compatible, the one to the other, their children might be poor, spiritless creatures. For love certainly is a fearfully eager, exacting and destructive influence upon the dead level of peace. Therefore incompatibility never seemed to me reasonable grounds for divorce. On the contrary, it must be in Nature the best of all genealogical grounds for those two afflicted people to continue to live together.

The success of marriage does not depend upon how well it is financed with money or social position, but almost entirely upon how much love and wit you can put into it. Maybe there is some grave inequality of mind or spirit or quality between you in the beginning, but go on living together and presently there will be six of one and half a dozen of the other. You will develop practically the same horse power of perversity, even if the man becomes ferociously impatient and the wife sinks away into cowardly patience.

There is nothing known to man as exasperating as an infernally patient woman. She is either mean or lacking in wit. She never seems to realize that domestic temper in a man is a form of hysteria and should be treated accordingly with a dash of cold water, figuratively speaking, or some sort of shock, which is not meant to be a suggestion of license in conduct. He would ask no better excuse for a tantrum or a tyranny than for his wife to commit a fault. But there are a thousand ways of twisting the tail of a perverse man's temper without ceasing to be an artless lady. All you have to do is to put your mind on it. The Lord has endowed every woman with special talents for this emergency.

I know one charming little gentlewoman who married a very ordinary man who never had the opportunity to control anything or anybody until he achieved this lovely wife. Then he set in to exercise his powers along this line. If he had been the warden of a penitentiary he could not have been more exacting than he was as the master of his own house and the husband of this woman. The marvel was the sweet way she went on showing her admiration and affection for him. Some of us were disposed to pity her as a poor creature without spirit. Then I caught on to her game.

When her husband was present she never ceased to augment him by telling what he would permit her to do, or more particularly what he would not allow her to do, say or think. Each revelation was, of course, accompanied by an exchange of eye-flashing intelligence between those present and frequently by an embarrassed flush on the husband's face. Nothing could stop her from making these revelations of his meanness and tyranny, always as if she approved of him to the point of boasting. We heard that when he reprimanded her for exposing his private authority she remained artless and too simple to be managed.

"But you know, dear, you did say I should not go to that meeting, and I wanted them to understand why I would not accept their invitation," and so on and so forth. In the course of two years she let in the light of so much public opinion on this man and his methods as an overbearing husband that now he practically runs to open the door to her every wish. He is tremendously concerned that his neighbors shall know his wife may do as she almighty pleases. And so she does. It was one of the most diverting and enlightening dramas of married life I have seen in years, played without a single mis-said line, and ended, you may say, with much secret applause.

If it appears that I have turned my light too far forward through the years in the immediately preceding pages, I can only say that we must follow the beam while it shines when one is trailing the mind, even if it is your own mind. This was as good a

(Continued on Page 109)

from Saw Mill to Bungalow

—WHEREVER MEN DEPEND UPON CUTTING TOOLS MOST

The favorite circular saw of the big mills is a Simonds. Skilled carpenters and other craftsmen should choose a Simonds Hand Saw when they want the best. For mills and craftsmen know that a Simonds Saw can only be produced by Simonds. They know, too, that a characteristic Simonds cutting edge is made possible only by using the specially processed steel, developed through nearly a century of experience. Ask your hardware or mill supply dealer for these saws or write us for catalog.

SIMONDS SAW & STEEL COMPANY
Fitchburg, Mass.
"The Saw Makers" *Established 1832*
Branch Stores and Service Shops in Principal Cities

SIMONDS
Pronounced SI-MONDS
SAWS FILES KNIVES STEEL

The Shops, Kohler Village

Kohler Village is developing a finer community life just as surely as the great Kohler factories where enameled plumbing ware and private electric plants are made — are developing an ever finer sense of craftsmanship

SHOWERS and cooler! Safe from summer heat in the clean coolness of a bathroom with beautiful fixtures of Kohler Ware! . . . Let Kohler Ware help *you* to realize your ideal bathroom, or the additional bathrooms which your family may need. This fine ware is not expensive; it costs no more than any other that you would care to consider. Ask your plumber to show you Kohler fixtures. Look for the name "Kohler" fused in the immaculately white enamel. May we send you Booklet E?

KOHLER CO., *Founded* 1873, KOHLER, WIS.
Shipping Point, Sheboygan, Wis. • *Branches in Principal Cities*

KOHLER OF KOHLER

Enameled Plumbing Ware

(Continued from Page 107)

place as any to set down the effects of that first and last interview with my husband concerning the grievances of women. The reader will recognize it as the veracious record of a strictly feminine mind whatever else he may think.

If I may be permitted to comment upon my own copy in thinking, I should say that once a woman's mind is divorced from her affections it is a trifle unbalanced and untrustworthy no matter how brilliantly and broadly she uses it. It ricochets like a ball fired at a low angle of elevation which is apt to fall back upon her own destiny disastrously. A good many of these duds are already dropping behind the Nineteenth Amendment. I cannot see much improvement in the character of women, though they are more alert mentally and less satisfied. They have gained something they wanted and they have lost something they needed personally and privately. I have felt obliged for conscience's sake to believe in equal rights for women, but the best success I ever had along this line has been to go out and win by my own works and wits the rights I preferred and that would be the most becoming to me in the end.

I have a vague recollection of Cæsar or some such person having said that the Romans were made indolent and effeminate by the importation of luxuries from the provinces—a free translation, but the gist of what he meant. I cannot tell what might have happened to me if we had gone on living in Oxford and if Lundy had continued to hold the chair of Greek in Emory College. We were as poor as possible, but I had my little luxuries from the various provinces of literature. Every college community titters with quotations from the best writers and speakers. I was subject during this period to short-sighted aspirations, such, for example, as trying to understand prosody. But I could make nothing of this science of poetry, not even with Lundy's illuminating assistance. I remember at another time reading Guizot's History of France. This was a real experience and came near starting me to thinking.

There is something in the quality of the French mind to which I have always felt a reluctant kinship. They are the only people I know who can leap into an enormous vocabulary of words and beat them up with the wings of their spirit into a fine hysterical eloquence.

I cannot tell how I missed my cue, but my suspicion now is that I must have made a more or less deliberate effort to develop mentally. I do recall regretfully certain intellectual flutterings which are never to be confounded with the stirrings of the creative mind.

When it is all over, or nearly over, and we look back with the wisdom of all our experiences gained, we know that love is the best thing in life and that it leads through whatever shadows to the best things we are capable of. So I know now that my devotion to little Faith was more stimulating and informing than anything else.

In contrast to this tender happiness I enjoyed as a mother, I was never free from a nameless fear and anxiety for my husband. It turned out that his duties as the head of the Greek department in the college did not divert his mind from that absorbing passion for peace in God. Rather the fatalism of the Greek mind reacted disastrously upon his own mind. In addition to this his vitality was depleted by overwork. No matter how pale saints are—and I have observed that as a rule they have poor complexions—I shall always contend that it is easier to step up and trust the Lord if you are in good health.

Lundy's strength began to fail and he passed more frequently into those dark periods of despair. So I labored with him in good faith according to his interpretation of the Scriptures. I remember now the premonitions I had of unimaginable misfortunes.

Years passed and our fate had come upon us, driving us far from our little world at Oxford before I finally realized that this was not a spiritual condition from which Lundy suffered, but a very real and dangerous disorder of the mind; melancholia, which took one form after another of religious mania.

I have written out in another place the life we lived during this period, but not the terror and silence that fell upon me. This cannot be set down in words; the frantic efforts I made to save him from himself, and to protect him from that terrible world in the church. I know where the spirit of all tragedies dwells—in the silence which you dare not break by even one call for help. I contracted the habit of holding my breath in these years of suspense. Even when my body slept it seemed to me my heart was forever sitting up with Lundy in the dark hours of the night.

This was long before the Great War, but I distinctly recall how I used to wish I could find relief in a real battle, see the dreadful face of my enemy and feel his wounds rather than face the powers and principalities of Lundy's terrible darkness.

I fell sick under the strain and lay at the very doors of death for a long time, but not wishfully. I survived the predictions of various physicians for no other reason, I believe, than that I felt obliged to live and stand by my husband.

I did it. No one can say I failed him or ever drew back once from the shadows that finally engulfed him. I had written A Circuit Rider's Wife and put the crown he so richly deserved upon him before he passed away. I remember being in a hurry to do that.

But now returning briefly to the effects of such a life and such experiences upon the mind, I have this to say:

If fear and love could enter great rocks they would move with the swiftness of wings, and little stones would speak. And the harsh depths of mountains would be broken up and fountains of living waters would gush from their breasts. They would all live and feel and think. This, as near as I can tell it, in numbers far too great, is what happened to me. I had to get some sort of immortal use of my mind or perish in a terrible defeat. So I not only believe in God; I know such things of His mercies as cannot be contradicted by any of the wisdom of this world.

I have really a very inferior intellect. I have had no sensible or orderly training as a thinker, but I can think by the will of the Word. I shall never be in the prison of circumstances or any other walls of men, because the mind I have somehow won can escape through the keyhole of any fate. I love my dust, my little valley of the green earth and the sky above it. I have ten thousand pleasant fancies for living as long as possible in the flesh, and it is perfectly clear to me that I shall not die when this appearance of me passes away. Such experiences as I have had are convincing of immortality. This is not to boast, but to return thanks, for I am so in love with life I am ready to risk the adventure of going on living without the familiar convenience of being in the body. The only time I feel any outrageous measure of conceit is when some sophisticated person thinks I have had a narrow and dreary life. Then it seems to me I hear a pea rattling in a gourd somewhere.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

ON THE INSIDE

(Continued from Page 34)

to stand on the platform and scan the car windows. One was a tall young man with a rather shabby overcoat, very well-polished shoes and a new hat that was as yet unused to his head and sat a bit high on it. He had come in a cheap little car. The other was a woman of that indefinite age between thirty-five and forty who was well dressed and well kept, but not noticeable with her ordinary brown hair and pale-blue eyes except for the eagerness in her face, which was the replica of the look in the face of the young man. They stood side by side and did not notice each other, and Senator Ward, swinging down from his car and hastening to the brown-haired woman, did not see at first that Patsy Mackay had come out of the next Pullman swiftly, abandoning a collection of brown alligator bags to the porter, and was holding out both hands to the tall young man.

He caught them rapturously and pulled her close to him.

"No, Tony, we mustn't. Please don't. Not here."

"It's been so long," he said, "so fiendishly long. You've been away for years and years."

"Has it really seemed so long?"

"Oh, much longer," he assured her vaguely, still holding the hand that she had forgotten to retrieve; "and you've grown so dazzling. Lovelier than ever!"

"You're very thin, Tony."

"Am I?" he asked indifferently. "Well, it's because you've been away. It was wonderful of you to telegraph me that I could meet you."

"Then you might collect those bags the porter is so tired of. The brown ones. Let's take them to that wheezy chariot of yours."

She turned and saw Senator Ward eying her uncertainly.

"Thank you again for a nice dinner," she called cordially, giving him an opportunity to bring his wife up, if he wished.

He did so, very promptly, seeming to overcome a slight reluctance in his wife's manner which Patsy shrewdly guessed had been put there by many rebuffs. She had heard before this that things had not been made too easy for the second Mrs. Ward, even though the first one had never been popular. But there was surely nothing in this woman's appearance to cavil at, and as her husband looked at her and she back at him, Patsy felt an ache in her own throat. There could be no doubt in the world that these two cared for each other, and it made Patsy both happy and wistful. So she smiled at the senator's wife from her own little pinnacle of superior social position and with all the charm and sympathy she owned, and watched them drive away in their limousine while Tony got his car in action.

She had introduced Tony in transit with her bags and the senator said briskly that he had heard of Mr. Marlow's activities in the Legion. That was all. As they jerked up the street, for Tony's car had a rebellious motion, he turned to her.

"You are so sweet!" he said.

She wanted to thank him properly for that adulation, but the street was public and she could not, their engagement still being implicit rather than announced. She had gone South for four months to make sure of herself, and every letter as well as every day had made her more sure. Now that she was back the whole world was singing.

But he was thin. She had seen in her first minute how the lines of his face had sharpened. And in spite of the new hat he didn't look prosperous.

"You've been working too hard, Tony."

"Not hard enough," he said. "I wanted to have a new car to meet you with."

"I would have been lonely for this one," she said, holding herself up by the battered window strap as they struck a bump in the road.

"That's just like you," he said, turning to her gratefully; "just like you. You're so decent even when I maul you around in an old boat like this."

"Tony, you're bitter. What's the matter with you?"

He looked at her with joy and misery, one hand on his wheel.

"You're so beautiful, so wonderful. When you stepped out of that train this morning I wondered how I dared, with practically nothing to give you."

"Hush!" she warned him; "that's silly. We've plenty between us."

"It can't be that way," he said. "However, we needn't go into that when you're just home and it's heaven to see you."

But it was too near the surface for him to keep down. It had been partly the shock of seeing her again, the contrast between her and the old car, partly other discouragements. Before he left her he reverted to it again.

"It's dreadful when I can give you so little, to hang on like this. But I'm going to get things for you, Patsy. I swear I am."

"I have plenty of things."

"Not things I've given you. And I had such plans. By the time you came back I meant " He broke off.

"What's been happening, Tony? You seem so down, so low in your mind."

"Oh, nothing. A few little disappointments. That's all."

"What kind of disappointment?"

"Nothing much. I didn't get some business I expected and rather wanted—for your sake—I mean for ours."

"If you want to do something for my sake," suggested Patsy, "get your flesh on your bones. I've always had the most absurd prejudice against skeletons. Who's been ruining your life anyway while I've been gone? What was it?"

He tried to evade, but uselessly.

"Why, it was nothing at all, Patsy dear. Just the ordinary course of business."

"Then you'll have to get out of business if it has that effect on you," said Patsy; and again, "What was it?"

"Some work I'd been sort of gunning for. It was a matter of handling the legal end for this new government development out here—the reforestation that is being done, after the forest fires. I really know quite a lot about it and I've been going around Sundays getting more familiar with it. It meant a lot of adjustments with settlers whose lands have been burned over, examining titles, proving claims. I'd sort of had my eye on it, for I've been spoken to about it, you see. But it didn't break."

"Why not?"

He grinned. "Oh, I couldn't put my finger exactly on the sore spot. But I was informally given to understand that possibly I had been a little too aggressive in politics to suit some of the powers who had the awarding of the work."

"Too aggressive? When you've been giving up time and energy and thought to see if you couldn't help out by getting a disinterested man or two on committees?" asked Patsy indignantly.

"Evans is off me, you know; has been for a long time. And he's pretty close to Ward."

"You mean Senator Ward?"

"Well, he's the one who really has the chance to make recommendations on it—see? But it doesn't matter, dear; I'll find something else. Only it was disappointing to see three or four thousand dollars slip away. Work isn't so plentiful just now, even for the big firms. And I wanted it badly."

"I'd certainly like to tell that man Ward what I think of him," exploded Patsy. "When I think that I ate his whitefish and strawberries last night!"

"It's not Ward," said Tony quickly. "Ward doesn't know me from a bale of hay probably. He simply takes recommendations on it from local politicians and lawyers who know politics."

"And they wouldn't recommend you?"

"It looked friendly for a while. Then the atmosphere changed and the thing was held in abeyance, you see. They stalled on it, the way they do, because the money isn't quite available yet. But I heard informally that Hunt and Lawson were to get it. They are Ward's regular lawyers. You see I'm not in a position to make politicians bend the knee even if I played that game. They think I've nothing to offer and am just a stir-stick. But I could have done a good, honest piece of work, I know."

"But you must still have a chance if it isn't settled."

"Not in the world. I could tell that when I talked to Evans the other day. He was decidedly cool and noncommittal. And I picked the news up elsewhere."

"Do you suppose," said Patsy, "that I might say something to Senator Ward? We got pretty chummy last night."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Tony. "What do you think I am! Patsy, you wouldn't do a thing like that!"

"Why not?"

He was very red and very emphatic.

"My dear girl, don't you see what sort of a person that makes me out? Why, Patsy, it's all right to ask for a job for the old war horse, but not for me! I've got to play my own game. Promise me, Patsy, you wouldn't dream of such a thing. Promise! I couldn't stand that, you know!"

He held her wrists rather too tight for affection.

"Oh, well, if you feel that way about it, I promise," said Patsy, twisting.

"You won't forget?"

He was so dead in earnest that she could not help but catch his tone.

"Of course I won't if I say I won't. I always keep my promises."

Tony breathed a long sigh of relief.

"You're such a darling," he sighed; "but I had a brain storm for a minute. You see I simply must make good on my own. It's bad enough that you have money—I wish you didn't. I wish you were a threadbare young person ——"

"You'd unwish that quick enough if you saw me threadbare," laughed Patsy, and then more gently she reached up and patted that very lean cheek. "Don't be silly. Money is a terribly incidental thing, you know. You mustn't be so stiff-necked."

"I certainly haven't been stiff-necked, asking a creature of limousines and pearls to marry me."

"Want to take it back?"

"Oh, my darling ——"

So that was that and satisfactorily answered. But it did not make Tony any fatter, nor alter the fact that when he got down to his office rather late that morning it really didn't matter whether he was late or not. For there was only enough business to keep him going for a couple of hours, and after that he tried to pretend there was more, and failing that, sat in his office and waited for it to blow in the door while he drew little sketches of Patsy on his blotter and talked silently and grimly to a close friend of his, called self-respect, and asked what that friend would think of him if he married a woman and let her pay his rent and buy her food with the money which her first husband had lavished on her. It couldn't be done. He had to get a little farther ahead. He finally put on the new hat that rose so high and went across to Fleming's office to see what was happening in the ore business and if any odd legal jobs were springing up out of the mines.

Patsy's homecoming was received with some enthusiasm by the press. They sent reporters out to interview her about the great Washington meeting and quoted her clever pithy remarks about its events and significance in detail with accompanying pictures. She had been put on some committees which included women of national prominence who were unquestioned aristocrats of society as well as of intellect and achievement, and it amused Patsy to see that her political work had suddenly grown interesting to many local social leaders who had formerly ignored it as a rather awkward whim of Patsy's. These ladies had a fashion now of rounding her up at parties and saying plaintively that they wished they had something interesting to do, and that life was really extremely boring, what with seeing the same people every day and knowing the incomes and scandals of their friends so well.

It was at a large afternoon party in June, one of the wedding receptions which cluster around June brides to their complete indifference and their mothers' glory, when Patsy next saw Senator Ward's wife. She had come late herself, stretching the hour of invitation to its limit, and the big drawing-rooms were crowded with people as she entered. Patsy knew most of them and she was glad to see them. She was happy and warm with friendship. The sun was bright outside and it was time to open up her summer place and decoy Tony there with a small and carefully selected house party so that she might fatten him. Also she somehow liked to think of brides and happy girls, as if she belonged in that June group, although she and Tony had made no announcement of their plans. That was Tony's fault. He said he must see his way clear to food and rent first, and that he couldn't take her on a wedding trip in a car that broke down every half hour.

Patsy went from group to group, picking up a remark here and a word of gossip there and greeted everywhere with a little more than common interest.

Inside the door of the dining room a maid handed her a fragile plate of food and a lace napkin and she balanced them deftly, making her way to a crowd of her own contemporaries, most of them successfully married and airing all the confidence that goes with young completeness.

"Oh, Patsy," they said, "how smart you are! There's a million dollars clinging to you! Where'd you find it?"

"Like it?" asked Patsy, preening a little, for she herself thought the pale-green georgette dress wasn't so bad.

"For a suffragette you certainly do get good effects."

"Oh, it's awfully good form to be a politician, you know," said Patsy. "Come on and join the flock."

"They all don't get away with it the way you do," answered someone else. "Say, Patsy, are you awfully chummy with the new Mrs. Ward?"

Patsy followed the indicated glance and saw, over near the door, in a chair which was something like an island because the ones on either side were markedly vacant, the ordinary, inconspicuous face of Mrs. Ward, bent over a heaped plate of refreshments which she seemed to be trying to eat unconcernedly, though her cheeks were red and hot.

"What's up?" asked Patsy.

"I think it's the limit of Helen to ask her here," said one of the women. "She just did it because her husband made her, I suppose. She isn't going to get by, that's all. Imagine thinking you can run in every little stenographer just because she happens to be a senator's wife. And after all the things they say about her!"

"I'm sort of sorry for her—mislaid like that," remarked Patsy.

"I don't know why. She got what she wanted. She can get all the fun she wants out of it. People here aren't going to take her up, senator's wife or no senator's wife. Too many people knew Lucia."

"But nobody liked Lucia," said Patsy, referring to the first Mrs. Ward; "most people hated her. Where is she?"

"She's in a villa in Italy. She married Dick Tyler, you know."

Patsy screwed up her mouth in reflection. She hadn't liked the first Mrs. Ward, a bold, noisy woman who hadn't been content to let age come on decently, though she had been as old as Joe. Joe, who knew her well, had always said she was an ugly-tempered girl and had openly said at the time of the divorce that Ward had always done the best he could with an impossible situation. Senator Ward had quickly taken what legal blame there was to take, though everyone knew that his wife had demanded her freedom, with rich old Dicky Tyler in the offing. Then, when the senator had married this girl who had been his stenographer, Lucia Ward Tyler had tossed her handsome, shrewish, dyed head and said ugly things. Possibly if the second Mrs. Ward had had more courage, had borne herself more sturdily and said things in return she might not have been so badly treated. But she was a gentle creature with a poor spirit, and she shrank so fearfully from rebuffs that, with the social psychology common to a crowd of little boys and a crowd of society women, the rebuffs rained upon her. Yet the wife of a senator had to show herself now and then and there were many husbands who insisted that their wives include Mrs. Ward on their larger invitation lists.

Patsy looked at the isolated lady, guessing at the difficulty with which every mouthful of food slipped down her wretched throat. She hadn't thought kindly of the Wards lately, since Tony had told her his story.

Granted that it wasn't entirely his fault that Tony had been done out of a job, still it was hard to forgive Ward for even having the power to take the flesh off her fiancé with worry. In a quiet way she was cherishing a grievance.

Yet now she did the only thing possible to her. She couldn't even turn her eyes away from the incident and ignore it. She crossed the room and took one of the chairs by the deserted Mrs. Ward.

"How are you, Mrs. Ward?" she asked cheerfully. "I'm so glad to see you again."

Mrs. Ward gave the apparition in green georgette one quick frightened glance and then she saw who it was and that there was nothing but friendliness in Patsy's pretty face. Her second look was almost pathetically weighted with gratitude.

"I think she's wonderful," said Mrs. Ward with enthusiasm to her husband that night as she spoke of Patsy Mackay.

"I guess she's very clever."

"Oh, more than that—generous and kind. She took me around and introduced me to so many women as if they ought to be glad to meet me."

"So they ought."

"They don't always act that way," Mrs. Ward said with a small sigh, for she seldom complained of her social tortures. "But Mrs. Mackay made them."

"I wonder what she has up her sleeve?" commented the senator.

"Oh, don't talk that way, Jimmy."

"Well, as you say, she's very clever, and she's in politics. She's terribly indiscreet though."

"How?"

He smiled at the memory of the train conversation.

"She asked me if I wanted to be in the cabinet."

"But you do."

"My dear child, I don't go around telling people that, do I?"

"No," said his wife, "but I was thinking that Mrs. Mackay is the sort of person to tell the truth to. She's so very honest herself."

"Clever," repeated the senator.

"I wish I were. I'm not much help to you, am I, Jimmy?"

He smiled at her, becoming at once a different person.

"Help! I never had a moment's real happiness until I married you, dearest."

It was the third of July when the Associated Press shot a startling wire across the country. The political correspondents who had been idling over their desks sat up. A member of the President's cabinet had been killed in an accident. The papers devoted themselves to lengthy speculations about his successor. In Washington, where he had been summoned immediately, Senator Ward kept out of public sight and had many secret conferences. The time had come sooner than he had anticipated. He was surprised, but the lines were all out, and he knew he was the man for the place. It was only fitting to give the Middle West one cabinet portfolio, and this was an appointment which could not hang fire until fall. Ward deserved it, said his friends, and he was very much in line. A party man, a senior senator, a man who had had long experience in his own private business, and whose business record was both straight and successful. Of course there was that little trouble about his wife, which some fool reporter had to write a special dispatch on just now. It didn't matter what the facts were about Ward, or how decent he'd been, said the wise ones; it was unfortunate that he couldn't produce a wife who was sweetly ready for her silver wedding. That was what the country wanted. However, this could be smoothed over. Ward's friends insisted on that and hurried his appointment, for a threatening rumble was coming from his own part of the country that there was also Mawson to be considered.

Mawson was a renegade party man with a spotted political record, but he had a following, and a noisy one, who seemed determined to make themselves heard and saw their chance.

Patsy had read the news of the accident with horror.

"The scramble has already begun for the dead man's shoes," said Tony. "I suppose you know there was a meeting last night at Evans' house—or do you?"

"No," said Patsy, "I'm not on the inside. What's the idea?"

"To indorse Ward of course."

"Dear Mr. Ward," said Patsy mockingly, "who told me he had no such ambitions. They didn't call a meeting of the state central committee, did they?"

"No. Some of Ward's enemies are on that. This will be quick and quiet. Of course he stands very well in the Senate. He's personally awfully well liked. So if he gets appointed he's pretty sure to be ratified. But I wonder—I shouldn't wonder if they'd drop around casually to see you, Patsy."

"Why pick on me?"

"Support from the women."

"What kind?"

"Indorsement. Telegrams, you know, and stuff like that."

"I shall assure them," said Patsy, "that I know Mr. Ward has no such ambitions. That's what he told me."

The first telephone intimation that Tony had guessed aright came within thirty-six hours of his warning.

"Mrs. Mackay," said a suave voice over the wire, "this is Fred Evans speaking. How are you? You've been doing great work, I understand, and receiving many honors. Mrs. Mackay, there is a movement on foot, a kind of spontaneous movement, to suggest Senator Ward for the cabinet post now vacant. Yes. Of course you know all about the vacancy. We want the movement to be sponsored especially by his friends in this part of the country."

"Are you sure Senator Ward wants such a place?" asked Patsy naïvely. "He told me not long ago that he had absolutely no such ambitions."

Evans' face at his own end of the line was a study.

"Well," he said, "we know the senator's the man for the place, Mrs. Mackay, and we just must put him in there in spite of himself. I thought it would be a nice thing if you and a few of the ladies would send in a request—not a petition, but a number of telegrams to the authorities who could push the thing in Washington. If you could give us a list of women who would send such wires we'd be glad to attend to it from this office at no expense to them of course."

Patsy interrupted. She was as suave as before.

"I don't know enough about that sort of thing," she protested. "Let me think it over, Mr. Evans. I don't see why I'd be any use anyway."

(Continued on Page 118)

A home at Rockford, Ill
Designed by the Blust Design Co

An economical home can be both beautiful and enduring

THAT house you plan to build · · · · You want it beautiful and inviting, of course · · · Livable, too—cool in summer and warm in winter · · · And assuredly, you want it built of materials that are at once economical and highest in quality.

Any good architect or builder will tell you how perfectly Creo-Dipt Stained Shingles meet these requirements. For these fine, straight grained cedar shingles are as practical as they are good looking. There is no upkeep cost—no paint bills for many, many years. Age merely serves to make them mellower—even more beautiful.

But see for yourself how attractive a Creo-Dipt home can be. Send 25c for our beautiful portfolio containing large photographs of actual Creo-Dipt homes designed by prominent architects in all sections of the country.

With it we will send you, *free*, a color pad showing the alluring effects that Creo-Dipt Shingles make possible. Restful, soft-toned browns · · · · Greens that are bright and cheerful · · · Neat, trim grays · · · Beautiful Dixie White · · · Innumerable shades from which to choose.

By all means consider the use of Creo-Dipt Stained Shingles in your new home. They're always in good taste, always durable and, above all, always economical.

CREO-DIPT COMPANY, INC.
General Offices: 1009 Oliver Street, North Tonawanda, New York
In Canada: Creo-Dipt Company, Ltd. - - 1610 Royal Bank Bldg., Toronto
Plants located for easy shipping at North Tonawanda N. Y. St Paul, Minn., Kansas City, Mo., and Vancouver, B. C. Lumber dealers everywhere carry Standard Creo-Dipt colors in stock

For Sidewalls and Roofs

If you own a drab old house

Write for our free booklet "Giving the Old House a New Lease on Life." It will tell you how many home owners are rebeautifying and revaluing old houses, by putting Creo-Dipt Stained Shingles right over the old clapboards of the sidewalls.

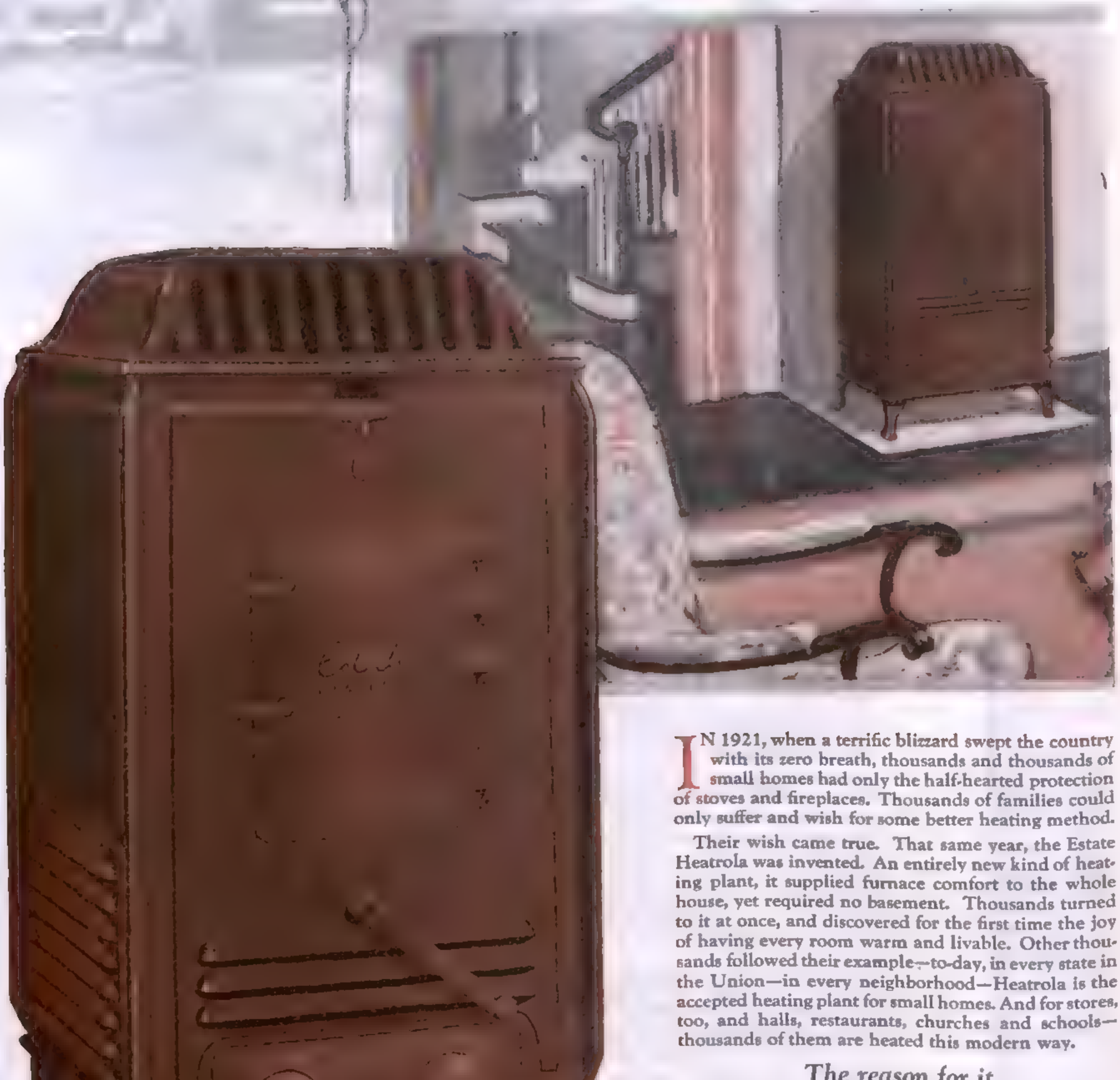
"CREO-DIPT"

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. AND CANADA

STAINED SHINGLES

IN FOUR

. . . Heatrola has worked



IN 1921, when a terrific blizzard swept the country with its zero breath, thousands and thousands of small homes had only the half-hearted protection of stoves and fireplaces. Thousands of families could only suffer and wish for some better heating method.

Their wish came true. That same year, the Estate Heatrola was invented. An entirely new kind of heating plant, it supplied furnace comfort to the whole house, yet required no basement. Thousands turned to it at once, and discovered for the first time the joy of having every room warm and livable. Other thousands followed their example—to-day, in every state in the Union—in every neighborhood—Heatrola is the accepted heating plant for small homes. And for stores, too, and halls, restaurants, churches and schools—thousands of them are heated this modern way.

The reason for it

Why is Heatrola so popular? The secret is this: Heatrola does not radiate heat as a stove does, overheating half a room, and entirely neglecting the other half—it *circulates* heat throughout the whole house like a furnace. Warm, moist air is in constant circulation—more than 16,000 cubic feet of air passing through Heatrola every

There is only one Heatrola
—Estate builds it

Estate

SHORT YEARS

this sweeping change in small home heating

hour. Upstairs rooms are as comfortable as those down stairs. "Hard-to-heat" corners are as cozy as the room in which Heatrola stands. Furnace comfort everywhere.

New beauty, new convenience

Heatrola also brings to small homes a new beauty and a new convenience. With its vitreous enamel finish, smooth as glass and everlasting, Heatrola looks for all the world like a fine mahogany cabinet. And it is as easy to keep clean—just dust it off with a cloth, no polishing or shining. And no dirt, no dust in the house—Heatrola's patented construction prevents this.

. . and a new saving, too

Heatrola heats the entire house to an even temperature—does the work of a basement furnace, yet it uses no more fuel than a stove. Made to burn any kind of coal—also wood.

So easy to own one

The Heatrola dealer in your town is waiting to show you Heatrolas already in operation—Heatrolas owned by people you know. He will tell you how, by making a small down payment, you can have this modern heating plant installed in your home, too. Or write us for complete information.

Save 15 per cent on your new home!

If you are planning to build, let us tell you about the big new idea in home building—about a new method that will give you a better house at a much lower cost. Our booklet, "Seven Modern Cellarless Houses," shows attractive cellarless house plans designed by The Architects' Small House Service Bureau. Mail the coupon for your copy.

The Intensi-Fire—exclusive with Heatrola

Estate Heatrola is as different in construction and performance as it is in appearance. Note particularly the DOUBLE air circulation produced by these exclusive Intensi-Fire Air Ducts, built into the Heatrola, directly in the path of the flame.

WRITE *for Free Booklet!!*

THE ESTATE STOVE COMPANY
Hamilton, Ohio

☐ Please send me, free, a copy of "Furnace Comfort for Small Homes."

☐ I am planning to build. How can Heatrola save 15% on the cost of my new home?

(Check the one you wish)

Name .....

Street No. or R. F. D. .....

Post Office .....

State .....

(4)

THE ESTATE STOVE COMPANY, Hamilton, Ohio

Pacific Coast Office and Display Room: The Furniture Exchange, 180 New Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.
Chicago Office and Display Room: The American Furniture Mart

Builders since 1845 of the famous Estates. A stove, furnace and range for every requirement—for cooking and heating with coal, wood, gas and electricity

HEATROLA

—and in one hundred foreign ports"

Wherever men live and build . . . wherever they work in wood . . . there you find one name with a meaning that never changes. That name is STANLEY and that meaning is *highest quality*. Everywhere in America and in one hundred foreign ports Stanley Tools and Hardware are respected. From Kadiak to Mozambique! From Coronel to Shikoku! STANLEY, New Britain, Conn., U. S. A.

STANLEY

For Better Garages

Stanley garage hinges, latches, bolts and door holders are thoroughly satisfactory in service and so well designed that they also are appreciated for their decorative value. This garage hardware will add definitely to the pleasing appearance of any home garage.

GARAGE HARDWARE

STANLEY S.W

Carpenters prefer them

They know that the design, the balance, the very 'feel' of Stanley Tools makes work lighter and that their better quality gives them longer life. Every resource of this company is pledged to maintain the standard of quality upon which our reputation has been built.

CARPENTERS TOOLS

STANLEY TOOLS

The Tools for the Home

Four-Square Household Tools make quick work of the hundred and one little jobs around the house that call for tools. Basically of Stanley quality, they are made in a finish and with a simplicity of construction which meet the needs of the householder.

FOUR-SQUARE HOUSEHOLD TOOLS

(Continued from Page 110)

"But there's nothing to it. I know you're a friend of the senator's ——"

It was useless. He turned from the telephone, as she concluded the conversation, and frowned to himself. Ward's telegram asking specifically that "Mrs. Mackay and such women as she may recommend wire immediately to the President," lay before him.

"Now why is she acting ugly?" speculated Evans. "She's waiting to get her orders from someone. Who controls her anyhow?"

He racked his brain, while all Patsy had to do was to sit tight and watch his efforts. He saw Dicky Sloane, who, forgetting old scores, called her up to ask her to help Senator Ward and do everything in her power.

"But what is in my power?"

"Oh, just send a friendly wire to the President."

Several gentlemen in the state senate telephoned in like persuasive manner. Patsy saw that the word had gone out to get the women's indorsement at all costs, and she knew only too well why. Someone was raising objection to Ward's appointment on the ground that it would be a scandal on account of his divorce, and they wanted women, important women, whose names could be explained, party women, to indorse him quickly. But Patsy held the key to the women's indorsement and she saw no reason why the men refused to be frank about why they wanted it.

The really important women called her up and asked her what to do. And she kept the matter in mid-air. She was not sure that she should yield to this pressure. All the secret plans and conferences left the women out; all the decisions were made without them; why at the crucial moment should the women let themselves be used? She had a sore memory of the city campaign which made her want to avoid indorsements.

Miss Potter, who ran the publicity for the party, came to see her, seething with enthusiasm.

"Think of having a cabinet officer from this state!" she urged.

"Yes," said Patsy; "if he is the best person in the country for the place, it's all right."

"But Mawson," said Miss Potter, "is a crook! He's no good, and Mr. Ward is sure to get it."

"Then why do they need the women so badly?" asked Patsy.

"Women are always called in a time of crisis," said Miss Potter sententiously and without bothering to keep to the point.

Patsy laughed.

But she stopped laughing when Mr. Granger cabled her from abroad. His message was brief, "My advice you do all possible cabinet matter."

It was clear that they were trying very hard to find out what influence, what pressure could make her do what they wanted. But the pressure made her resentful. She was determined not to take orders that way. Let them work it by themselves. It was July and hot and Tony had refused to come to the cottage, taking all the fun out of it for her, so she, too, stayed in town. He had said he couldn't afford it, and she knew that the reason he couldn't afford it was because he had been done out of that work. Because he had been too aggressive in politics!

Well, she'd be passive enough now for both of them. If Ward was any good, let him get in on his own. Tony, she thought, wouldn't even let a woman make a request for him, much less badger one into doing it. Ward could learn from him.

So she sat at home on the hot July afternoon and told Inga not to disturb her with telephone calls. But it was dull in the library.

"A lady to see you, Mrs. Mackay," said Inga.

"Who?"

"She said it was Mrs. Ward."

"Mrs. Ward?" asked Patsy curiously. "I'm afraid I can't see her, Inga. Yes, I will. Ask her to come in."

The very hesitant posture of Mrs. Ward between the taffeta portières was significant.

"Come in," asked Patsy, but very gravely, for this visit was more than a social one.

Mrs. Ward was pale. She looked fagged, as if she had not slept, and at Patsy's indication she sat down on a divan. But not as one who calls easily and pleasantly.

Patsy wondered how she would begin, how much skill she would show in swinging around to the subject, and was surprised at her attack.

"I know that you know why I am here," said Mrs. Ward. "I am a little ashamed of coming, Mrs. Mackay. And I tell you truly that if it had been any other woman whom they asked me to see I could not have done it. But I thought perhaps if I came here without any make-believe, with the kind of honesty that you yourself have, I might be able to get through."

"Of course," answered Patsy simply. "But you ought not to let yourself be forced to do political errands, ought you? Isn't that apt to be rather disastrous to one's self-respect, Mrs. Ward?"

"Perhaps it is. But there are things I want more than my own self-respect"

"You want me to indorse your husband's candidacy for the cabinet post he wants. Is that it?"

"If you will, Mrs. Mackay. He needs the women back of him. The whole thing hinges on whether the appointment would be satisfactory to the women."

That was all for a moment. The two women seemed to have fallen into their own thoughts. It was all in the open in two sentences, brief and frank. Then Patsy spoke again:

"I've been holding off on that, Mrs. Ward, partly because I don't like the way the men treat the women. They leave them out of the secret councils and the important plans and they deny their plans—as your husband denied to me that he had any interest in this cabinet place—and then when things get desperate, as they are now, they come to us, not even stating the case frankly in its difficulties as you have done, but still quibbling and evading, asking for an indorsement with a lot of fine phrases. It's not the way I want to be used in politics myself, Mrs. Ward. I want to play a game more out from cover than these men will play, either with themselves or with me."

"You're right, of course," said Mrs. Ward, "but you see this time the silence is for my sake, at least in part. My husband said to keep my name out. He offered to give up the place, I know, when there was a rumor that the old scandal would be dragged into it. But I wouldn't let him. Because I know he's fit for it, Mrs. Mackay. You know that all the best men think that. He can really help the country. He has planned for it and studied for it and dreamed of it. I don't think I could bear it if now when the chance has come I should be the means of keeping him out of it, if I should have to think for the rest of my life that it was my mistake in marrying him that thwarted him in what he wanted most."

"He wanted you most," said Patsy, "didn't he?"

The white-faced woman's lips trembled.

"Perhaps," she said, "that's the other reason why I had the courage to come here today, Mrs. Mackay. He went through such a lot for me. I thought I'd tell you that, and tell you that there's not any truth in the things they said about my not being decent. It's not true. I had nothing to do with him and he never said anything or thought anything of marrying me until his first wife cast him off, and he took the blame for that too. They wanted me to come here and talk to you and try to find someone, some way to influence you. They said to ask you what you wanted, to be skillful. I've not dared that. I've been honest. All I've come for is to tell you what I want and why I want it. It's not for myself, Mrs. Mackay. I'm not much good as a senator's wife and it won't be easier as the wife of a member of the cabinet. I wish he were a shoemaker! I've wished it ever since we were married. But since he wants it so much and since it's my fault he's blocked, I thought I'd come to you for help, and I'll do anything in the world that I can for you, not as a political trade but because you heard my story."

She stopped and the tears were in her eyes. Patsy's young face was very sweet and very silent.

"Well," she said, "all my big reasons for not helping your husband were true enough, but I think he is the logical person for that place. I'll do what I can for you both. Only, there was another reason, a personal reason, why it was hard to help your husband. Somehow I think you'll understand it, for the reason trails back just as yours does, to a man. You see your husband could have helped the man I want to marry ——"

"And he didn't?"

"I don't suppose he even knew about it. He did just what was natural, was guided by his leaders."

"But why didn't you ask my husband?"

"Tony wouldn't let me," said Patsy. "He has a constitutional prejudice against being assisted by a woman. That's my problem. Yet I know, as you know about your husband, that Tony has fitted himself for this job."

"I'm glad you're going to marry again," said Mrs. Ward. "Won't you tell me his name?"

"His name is Anthony Marlow. Isn't it a nice name? Anthony Marlow. And he's a lawyer. I think," added Patsy reflectively, "that if anyone has any influence over me, Mrs. Ward, it is Anthony Marlow."

The two ladies smiled wisely at each other and Patsy rang for tea, iced and cold.

"And when I come to Washington, you'll probably be a cabinet lady," said Patsy. "May I come and make an obeisance?"

"Come to see us on your wedding trip, cabinet or not," invited the senator's wife.

She held Patsy's hand for a minute in a kind of timid caress. Like clever politicians, they had made no promises except in implication.

"What has passed between us ——" began Mrs. Ward.

"Is inside stuff," said Patsy, smiling; "our own kind."

Tony chuckled one evening, some fifty hours later. He had speeded up in his car, which had an almost merry knock in its engine.

"They came around to see me this afternoon about what, do you suppose? To ask me to use my influence with you." He chuckled again.

"And what did you say?"

"Naturally I told them I didn't have any."

"Oh, you galoot!" said Patsy mournfully. "Why didn't you tell them you were the only human being who had any influence with me?"

"Would it have made you send the wires?"

"No. I sent those late yesterday afternoon. I got half a dozen women to follow suit. I hope they turn the trick."

"It was the only thing to do," Tony said pleasantly. "You see there's no use in not falling in line when you can. And after all he's a good sort, and he'll probably get in. Much better than Mawson. We all know that."

"Will you be glad?"

"I don't really care tonight," said Tony, "for I've my own bit of grand news, my dear. What do you know? I got that job about the reforestation after all my worrying."

"You didn't!"

"I sure did. Peter Watson called me up this afternoon. Now isn't that slick? When are we getting up that house party on the St. Croix River? For I'm driving up in a new car, a small but reliable one."

"But what," marveled Patsy guilelessly, "was the reason you got it after all, do you suppose?"

"I don't know. Some inside stuff, I suppose. Say, Patsy, you didn't ——"

"Didn't what?"

"Didn't ask for that work for me? You didn't take it up with Ward?"

"I certainly did not," said Patsy righteously. "But, Tony, now that you are in affluent circumstances, won't you please get over being stiff-necked? Can we announce our engagement now?"

"From the housetops!" shouted Tony.

OUT-OF-DOORS

(Continued from Page 48)

But these drives do not establish the balance. The method is altogether wrong. One of the laws of the out-of-doors is that when food is plentiful life grows abundantly; and when live things need food they take it and food becomes scarce; then the eaters die from starvation or seek other feed grounds and the balance is tilted to an exact equalization.

The jack rabbits have no enemies now, to speak of, and thus are out of proportion. Stop killing the carnivorous animals and birds, which live on them and their young, and the rabbit drives will not be essential. Last year I rode horseback to Cheyenne and on my way saw a rancher pouring coal oil on a great colony of red ants. He was not using the land where the ants lived, for it was too poor. But he didn't like the great hills dotting that barren stretch. If he but knew that those little workers were carrying subsoil to the surface, mixing nitrogenous matter with it, fertilizing such spots with all manner of animal and vegetable life, and that that very ground would some day be made capable of growing at least grass, he would not have destroyed the ants.

All he said to me was, "It's a right good blessing the Lord has given us that ants ain't the size of mice."

"Why?" I asked.

"All us humans would have to live on boats."

"Don't you think," I suggested, "that ants allow moisture, air and all beneficial qualities to soil to get down into the land?"

"Huh?"

"And won't ants pick out the high spots where wind plays and water runs away the quickest?"

"I dunno," he answered.

I gave that fellow the name of a book to read and have made a friend out of him. He sent me Fabre's work, the Sacred Beetle, and wrote on the fly leaf, "When a tumblebug can do what Fabre says in this book, I've interfered with Nature for the very last time."

And I believe that most men would react the same way if confronted with the real facts of Nature. At any event, much progress is being made by means of the Boy Scouts, good literature, understanding Nature talks over the radio, and the state and governmental change in attitudes.

Let Nature alone. She's a slow old lady, but she knows exactly what she is doing all the time—and she has plenty of time to carry out her schemes.

CLEM YORE.

THE KEY TO

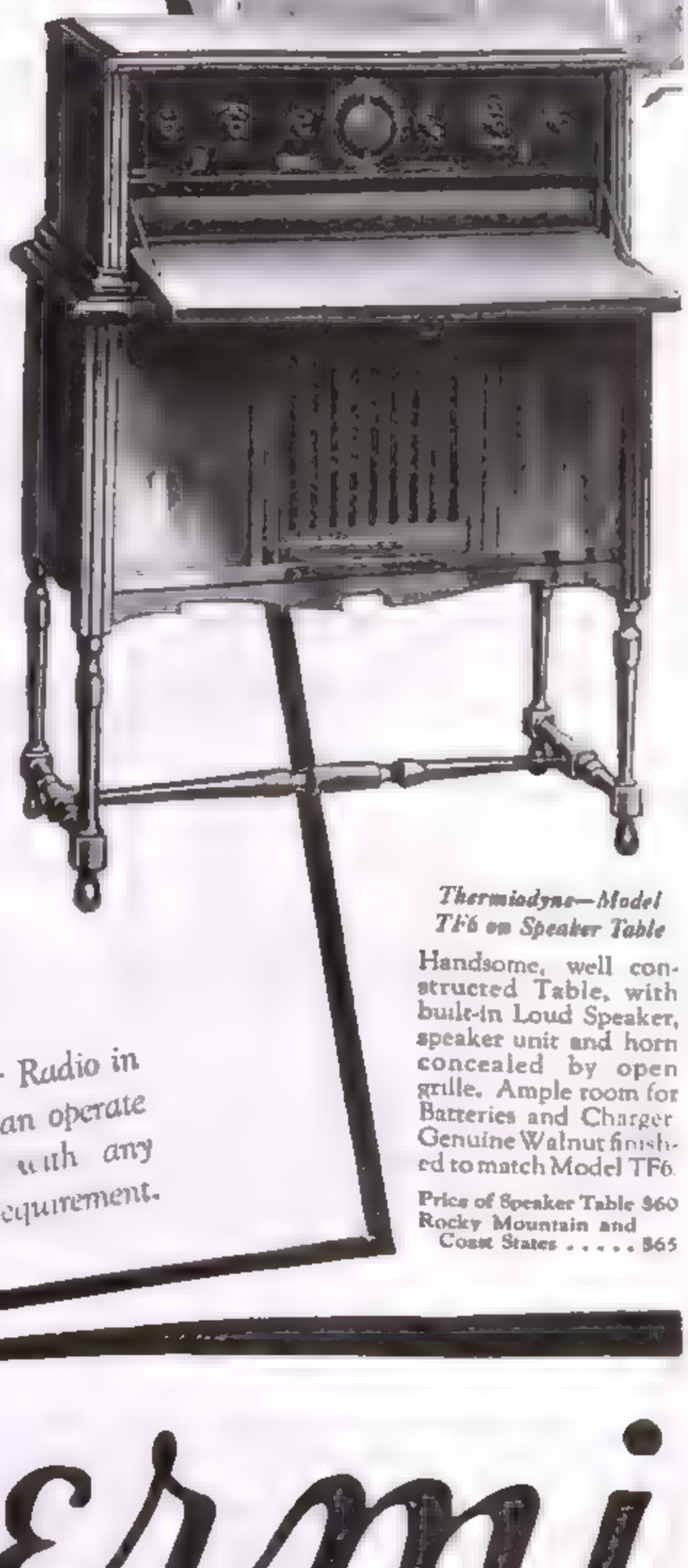
Simplified Reception

JUST as you stand before your door, turn your key in the lock and step over the threshold into your home—just so do you turn THERMIODYNE's wonderful Master Control to the given wavelength of the broadcasting station you want to bring in, and by the magic of THERMIODYNE's Simplified Reception enter instantly the wonder world of Super Program broadcasting.

THERMIODYNE—Aladdin of Radio—is the master key to the air and makes the ever-increasing wealth of radio entertainment as easily available to women and children, to elders and to youngsters, as to the husband, father or brother who is usually the family "radio expert". Its operation is absolutely non-technical. No futile "fishing" to find something to bring in, no fussy manipulation of dials and knobs to "tune in", and no squeals, howls or distortion to "tune out".

THERMIODYNE is always in full command of whatever may be "on the air"—at any time and under the hand of any person.

THERMIODYNE stands pre-eminently for Radio in the Home—for ANYONE in the home can operate it. Beautiful cabinets to harmonize with any surroundings. Prices to suit every requirement.



Thermiodyne—Model TF6 on Speaker Table

Handsome, well constructed Table, with built-in Loud Speaker, speaker unit and horn concealed by open grille. Ample room for Batteries and Charger. Genuine Walnut finished to match Model TF6.

Price of Speaker Table $60
Rocky Mountain and Coast States $65

Thermiodyne—Model TF5—Five Tubes

Master Control Radio built on same successful principles as TF6. Phenomenal selectivity, distance-getting ability and tone quality. Two Stages of Thermionic Frequency, Detector, and two Stages of Audio Frequency. Master Control. Outdoor Antenna. Finished in duo-tone Walnut.

Price (without accessories) $100
Rocky Mountain and Coast States . . . $110

Thermi

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. [Ther-MĪ

THE AIR

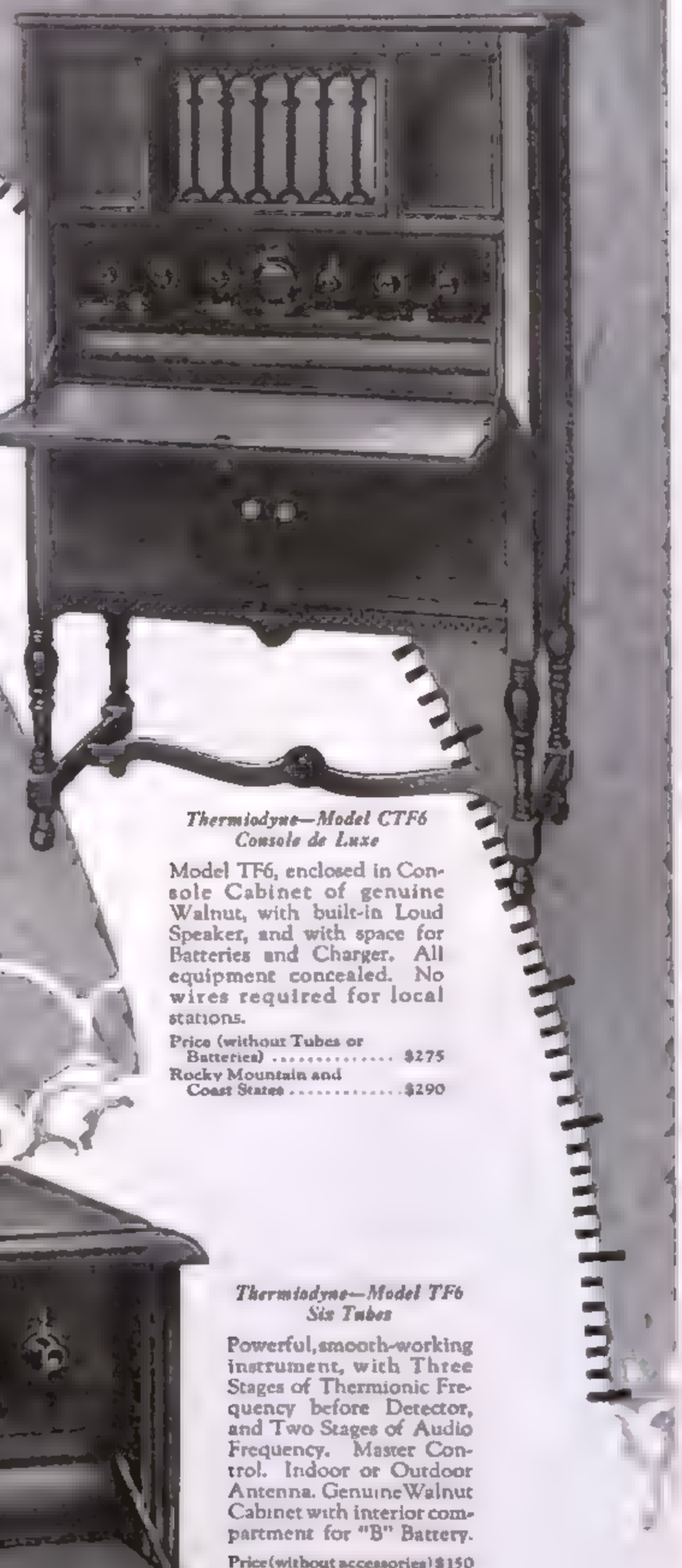
Master Control

THERMIODYNE'S scientifically designed circuit, embodying the successfully demonstrated principle of Three-Stage Thermionic Frequency and its creation of the principle of Master Control, constitute the crowning achievement of radio engineering progress to date. THERMIODYNE is standardized both as to circuit and assembly and is based on principles that cannot change.

Sturdy, powerful, selective—THERMIODYNE cuts straight through local interference to the station selected, brings it in *instantly* and holds it against all comers——in loud-speaker volume and with clarity and natural tone quality—with extreme simplicity of operation, ease of control and powers of reception that confidently challenge the performance of any other receiving set at any price.

With no antenna whatever, THERMIODYNE brings loud-speaker volume from nearby local stations. With *an indoor antenna*—merely a single strand of insulated wire laid in the picture moulding of a room—it gives loud-speaker volume from stations in nearby cities. With *an outdoor antenna*, it gives wonderful loud-speaker reception from still more distant stations, in tones clear, smooth and resonant.

Ask any authorized dealer to demonstrate THERMIODYNE. Send for our new folder illustrating and describing the entire THERMIODYNE line.



Thermiodyne—Model CTF6
Console de Luxe

Model TF6, enclosed in Console Cabinet of genuine Walnut, with built-in Loud Speaker, and with space for Batteries and Charger. All equipment concealed. No wires required for local stations.

Price (without Tubes or Batteries) $275
Rocky Mountain and Coast States $290

Thermiodyne—Model TF6
Six Tubes

Powerful, smooth-working instrument, with Three Stages of Thermionic Frequency before Detector, and Two Stages of Audio Frequency. Master Control. Indoor or Outdoor Antenna. Genuine Walnut Cabinet with interior compartment for "B" Battery.

Price (without accessories) $150
Rocky Mountain and Coast States $160

odyne

.odyne] *Licensed under Trube & other patents pending*

DEALERS—If you are not a THERMIODYNE dealer, don't wait. Speak up for the territory you would like to have. Get in touch with us *at once*, and let us notify your distributor that you are interested. Make your application *today!*

THERMIODYNE RADIO CORPORATION
1819 Broadway, New York City
Canadian Sales Office: Dominion Thermiodyne Radio, Ltd.
427 Phillips Place, Montreal, Quebec

LITERARY DARK HORSES

(Continued from Page 46)

the amazing price of ten cents a copy. Such a sale had never been tried before, and the pile disappeared rapidly; in fact so fast that the publisher printed a new edition at full price, then another and another; and the rest is familiar history.

A few years ago, a sweet-faced brown-eyed little lady sat down at her desk in a country vicarage not far from London, nibbled her pen awhile in pensive meditation, then started a book. As the months went on, the book grew until finally it was finished and she launched it upon its journey across the seas.

Not being notable for any especial skill in characterization or for depth of philosophy, when it landed at a publisher's office the members of the firm promptly declined it. To them it was pleasant enough, but, well—just another book. The wife of one of the members, however, noticed it on her husband's desk. The title, The Rosary, appealed to her; she took it home and read it, and saw in it attractive qualities that had somehow escaped the men. The author, she could plainly see, had given the best of herself to the book, put in it all the thoughts and fancies and sentiment she liked best, and all in an unconscious and rather winning way. At once the American lady urged on her husband acceptance. It would sell, she prophesied, and widely too.

So the little love story was again taken up in conference and, with some reluctance, finally accepted, simply because of the importunity of one reader not professionally connected with the staff. And at first the judgment of the publishers seemed justified. For all through the first year The Rosary dragged painfully along. But a canny Scot conceived the idea of broadcasting a postcard advertising the book, and with a few bars of Nevin's famous melody of the same name as the book, on the back. Immediately the sale picked up, and grew until sales had mounted to half a million copies, and in later years thousands more were sold in the cheaper edition. Which incident proves that a story need not be either pretentious or very wise to win success. The author must have, of course, considerable narrative skill; but the other ingredients are simple—put in, with the whole heart and single mind, the best of yourself. Gene Stratton Porter is another case in point.

Living Up to its Name

Over The Top made rich an author of quite a different type. At first the manuscript was nothing much but an adventurous soldier boy, Guy Empey, with a vivid memory, searing experiences, an untutored sense of the dramatic, some real flashes of genius, and a fetching and ready wit. Found by a trained writer who had the knack of smelting out the gold in the man, a book was produced in June, 1917. But the finished product looked rather dubious in advance to booksellers, who had, that year, untold numbers of war books gathering dust on their shelves. Still, it was quite different from the usual records of the war journalists, clever as they often were. This presented, with a pleasing gusto, the reactions of a cocky slangy soldier in the ranks to the great happenings over the seas. In short, it was fresh and new; and within a week after publication it could be seen that it had got off to a flying start and was likely to make publishing history. Issued in June, by January, seven months later, it had sold 404,000 copies. Nor did it stop there. And it did more than merely sell out its own large editions, for it created a new *genre*, so to speak, starting a flood of similar narratives, some of which, like Private Peat, passed the hundred-thousand mark. A bear market for war books was turned into an abnormally prosperous bullish one for publishers and booksellers; and the little soldier deposited to his credit in the bank $145,000 in royalties, and goodly sums from lectures, motion pictures and other by-products besides.

Now it must not be thought that only novels gain the coveted places in the best-selling lists. Recently, ironic biographies and histories, such as Strachey's Queen Victoria and Guedalla's The Second Empire; and other works of quite different vein—Papini's Life of Christ, Bok's autobiography, Doctor Traprock's Kawa, Roosevelt's Letters to His Children, the Wellsian Outlines—too, have had great commercial success.

Saved From the Junk Heap

Farmer's Cook Book has for years been up in the running, and many a children's book. In fact, the writing of juveniles often proves more profitable than adult fiction, since novels usually drop off in demand in from six to twelve months, while a good juvenile like Little Women, Doctor Dolittle, and the Burgess books increases in popularity from year to year.

The good fortune of the last named is, I think, as much of a surprise to Thornton Burgess himself as to the publishers. He was, some years back, on the staff of a magazine, but due to the frequent changes in that field found himself, one gray morning, out of a job. In his quandary he appealed to a friend, V. R. Schenck, of Springfield, and was advised to write some children's stories like one or two that he had already submitted to magazines and which he himself had almost forgotten.

He tackled the job, wrote half a dozen, sold them to a syndicate; then came back to his friend in utter despair.

"They want thirty!" he exclaimed in horror. "I've given 'em six; planned out six more; but to save my life I can't think up another idea."

But he did—hundreds of them, as children all over the world know well, under the title of the Bedtime Stories. And he never had to look for a job again.

Then there are books born out of or before their time. There is the case of Green Mansions, by W. H. Hudson, for example. Although considered by the best of critics as among the most delightful of writers, twenty years' work with the pen had netted him scarcely more than two hundred pounds a year. And when Green Mansions was first issued, it fell almost stillborn from the press; much of the edition was remaindered; the electrotype plates later melted down.

Years passed, and a new publisher, chancing on an amazing tribute to Hudson by Galsworthy, then at the height of his fame, printed a new edition, capitalized the appreciation by printing it on the jacket and in the newspapers, and, before his death not long ago, the venerable author had the satisfaction of seeing his neglected child run into many editions. Almost too late for him to enjoy this poetic justice, he came at last into his own.

Blood and Sand, by the Spaniard, Ibanez, sold a scarce twelve hundred at its debut and soon went to the junk heap. When, under the astute jockeyship of Mr. John Macrae, The Four Horsemen rode rampant through the land, the earlier and even more admirable tale came in on the flood for a considerable sale. And Conrad, too, had something like this satisfaction. Lord Jim, when it first appeared, twenty-odd years ago, appealed to something like twelve hundred American purchasers. Now there are as many claimants for the title of Conrad's discoverer as there are apple trees to which Washington tied his horse, roof-trees under which he slept, or original members of the Florodora Sextet. And each of his titles runs, if not high in the six-figure class, at least into very respectable figures, for one must remember that the very ablest books, though they may gain a fine audience, will rarely sell as well as the more popular and ephemeral.

We have not said much about titles, and sometimes they are real slogans that are responsible for much of a book's success. If an author cannot land on a happy label that is exceedingly pat, a neat compact one that is easily remembered is safer than one that is too alliterative or too euphonious. Strong names of hero or heroine have often been found to be adequate; but such christenings are not now so much in favor.

And it is best to avoid suggestions of unhappiness in naming a book. Never, for example, use words like "sorrow," "doom" or "disaster" in a title. If you do you are likely to bring all three down on your own head. As a rule, the American reader prefers connotations of triumph, of optimism if not light-heartedness, although he will stand for a harsh, even uncouth title, if it at once provokes his curiosity.

Of the titles already mentioned, The Rosary was good in its day because of the linking up with the world-famous song and its suggestion of sentiment. For a long title, The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come was musical yet not too euphonious. And for adventure stories The Thundering Herd and To the Last Man, of Zane Grey—that dentist, by the way, referred to in an earlier article—hold enough of romance, action and dramatic picture to help swell a sale.

Gauging the Public Taste

As for If Winter Comes, that was poetic and at the same time it aroused curiosity among all who did not remember Shelley's lines. And The Sheik, though it excited enough curiosity and amusement, did not raise that loud guffaw which always proves disastrous.

Headlines like A Summer in Arcady and Aftermath are appropriate for idyllic stories like those charming tales of James Lane Allen; but they are not so apt to catch the crowd of today, which takes more readily to something piquant. And names like The Cathedral are appropriate and always adequate for such substantial and serious works of fiction as Walpole's fine novel. And never do quotations from Shakspere and the Bible—A Certain Rich Man, The Inside of the Cup, The Mettle of the Pasture—seem to stale.

Now nothing much has been said about taste or the pregauging of it, which is the worst problem of all for the publisher. And what can be said in closing this brief review of a most fascinating business? Two thousand years ago, the poet in Latin—which it is now not fashionable to quote—said that dispute over tastes was distasteful. That, of course, was a half truth, like so many clever statements; and he must have written it with his tongue in his cheek. He really knew better.

For, though there never will be any codified book of rules that will enable one instantly to determine if a book, picture or piece of music be artistically good or bad, this much may be granted: That the majority decision, slowly arrived at through the years, of those trained in and supposed to know the best standards, is more often right than wrong. And if we follow such judgments, not slavishly or blindly, but with discretion and some attempt at analysis of the standards responsible for the decisions, we shall not be so far off the road; and, further, we shall find that in the process we ourselves have grown in taste and intellectual stature.

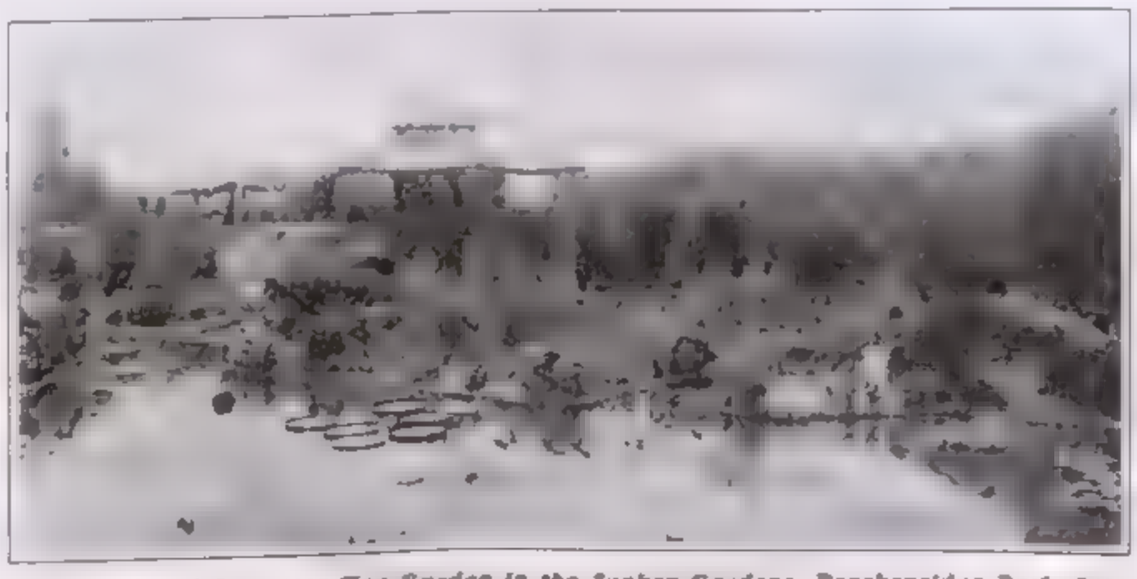
The Popularity of Froth

Times, customs, and, with them, standards change. Still, the snap judgments of the untrained majority are seldom so nearly right as the trained judgments, not of a clique but of the sound, broad-minded majority—over the years, let us repeat, for it takes time to give perspective. The public rarely knows what it really wants beforehand or what it will like, though it may sometimes, after it has seen it, and in the long run will approve of much of the best, if by best we mean not the too exquisite or precious, but that which combines with beauty vitality and robustness.

Then, too, most of us who should know better, after all, are mentally lazy; and at the first showing the light and sensational draw in the crowds. We take the easiest way; drop in at the frothy revue or musical comedy rather than go next door to Justice or Richard III. Of course, as for all things, there are times for the former, hours of mental depression when such selections are wise. But somehow we seem to choose them most of the time—take in these shows and the condensed newspapers, when, once in their pages, we would get quite as much relaxation and entertainment from, say, Cellini's Autobiography, Samuel Pepys, Moby Dick, Maria Chapdelaine, My Antonia, Napoleon's Memoirs, O. Henry, The Three Musketeers, or The Luck of Roaring Camp, and with our entertainment would derive another sort of profit—from catching some new glimpse of beauty or truth through reading or hearing noble thoughts nobly expressed. And we can admit that, I think, though we Anglo-Saxons do not like to sentimentalize openly or to wear our hearts on our sleeves.

I wish that in such matters there were some way of appealing to national pride. If we could find it, this problem of both publisher and author would be solved. The Architectural League, architects, and the magazines of that trade, with the aid of some of the "popular" ones, have raised our standards, have inspired in average Americans the desire to own beautiful as well as useful homes, until ours are on a par with and often superior to those of modern continental Europe. So, too, there should be some way—I write this rather wistfully—of inspiring in us a like pride in the books we read and own. On that plane, in spite of our marked advance on so many others, we are way behind France; in fact, are still like little children.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Anderson.



Lily Pond and Japanese Tea Garden in the Sunken Gardens, Brackenridge Park, San Antonio, Texas. This Beauty Spot was Developed From an Abandoned Rock Quarry

RE~FRESH YOURSELF !

Enjoy the sociable drink ~ the beverage that's so good others are always glad to join you ~

SOLD EVERYWHERE / FIVE CENTS IS THE PRICE

Mr. Saturday Evening Postman

~please deliver this advertisement to

Mrs. Don't-Like-It,

who lives on

Haven't-Tried-It Street

in Every City

DEAR MADAM: So you haven't tried it. But you *know* you don't like it.

Well, that's human nature. We all believe that we "don't like" certain things just because we imagine that we *wouldn't* like them if we tried them.

Still—perhaps you won't mind telling us why you *think* you don't like Carnation Milk.

DO you suppose it gives a peculiar taste to food? *It doesn't.* In fact, many very particular cooks insist that it makes things taste *lots better.*

Do you suppose that this milk is syrupy sweet and thick? *It isn't.* Not a grain of sugar is added to it. And it has the easy-pouring consistency of nice rich cream.

Do you suppose that something is put into Carnation Milk to make it keep? *Nothing is.* Or do you suppose that some of the healthful, nourishing properties are taken out? *No, they aren't.*

"FROM CONTENTED COWS"

WHAT *is* Carnation Milk? Why, it is simply pure, full-cream milk evaporated to double richness by extracting part of the natural water content.

It is put into airtight cans. Then it is sterilized. That makes it absolutely safe. And it accounts for the slight characteristic taste—the taste of purity—which you will notice when you sip a teaspoonful of this good milk.

Carnation is splendid for all cooking; satisfying for use in place of cream, at about one-third the cost; extraordinarily convenient to use and to keep on hand.

Get a few cans from your grocer today and *try it.* After that, we venture, we'll never again be able to address you as Mrs. Don't-Like-It.

Write for the Carnation Cook Book. It contains 100 of Mrs. Mary Blake's choicest recipes. It's free.

CARNATION MILK PRODUCTS COMPANY
832 Carnation Building, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin
932 Stuart Bldg., Seattle, Wash. • New York • Aylmer, Ont.

© 1925, Carnation Milk Products Co

VALOR

Continued from Page 12)

for laughter; straight-gazing dusky eyes and dusky hair—in short, the kind of girl a man would want to lift into a taxi and carry right off to the Ritz. But underneath all these soft surface charms of youth with which the South dowers so richly her daughters lay something deeper, which, through all the long, hot, empty days of solitude to come, was to stand her in good stead; to put it in a single word—valor. Without that she could not have survived.

Presently, in the midst of all this bright heyday of youth, she met a young scientist who was making a special study of leprosy. She threw in her lot with his. They were married and sailed to the Philippines. That fixes her decade—the joyous twenties. It takes youth to pull off such things. When Governor General Wood appointed her husband as chief pathologist to Culion she accompanied him to that lonely little desert isle. With the exception of an occasional vacation to offset the savage inroads of the climate, she has been there ever since.

It would be stark nonsense to say that the task she so enthusiastically set herself was not infernally, heartbreakingly hard. Here again we have a situation the peculiar hardship of which only women can fully comprehend. For hers was not the active but the passive part—to stand by, not to perform, but to make performance possible. To do, to act, to thrust oneself boldly into the hurly-burly and scramble of events, grapple them, bend them somehow to one's ends and become absorbed, concentrated in action—that is man's part and it carries its own high recompense, releasing the pent-up vital energies and yielding satisfaction, content. But this, from the very nature of the situation, was forbidden her. Hers was the woman's job of just everlastingly sticking around—and waiting, waiting, waiting.

A Climate That Saps Ambition

"Why didn't you write?" I asked her, for she has the gift of expression.

"I did, a little. But the climate gets you. It slows you down; it slacks your vitality, your purpose, your desire, your will. You begin to doubt yourself, your ability; you feel uncertain, wavering. You say to yourself, 'Is it, after all, worth while?' Writing seems futile." I shook my head at her. "Oh, but remember," she protested quickly, "that I haven't the vitality, the enthusiasm that I have in the States. The climate fixes that. The rains come down in torrents, like a wall, like a white canvas sheet, sticky, steamy, close. My hair is always dank.

"The entire middle of the day is siesta time—from one to four. Then the servants go to bed; nothing stirs; it is so still you can hear the lizards calling to one another outside. I've never learned to siesta. It is too hot to lie in bed. A heavy, palpable, ponderable heat—that Philippine midday heat. It's hard for me to concentrate. The futility of it somehow overcomes me, stops my pen. In front of my window I see the vast pageant of poignant beauty stretched endlessly before my eyes—the distant mountains, faint blue or deep violet, swimming in heat haze; the peacock-blue reef waters of the bay, magically lovely in their constantly changing colors and lights, so limpid that one can look down and see red and white coral trees and great brilliant-hued fish swimming lazily about; and the immensity, the emptiness and space of that big, beautiful, desolate pageant pierce me through and through with intense loneliness. It strikes me to the heart. Sometimes I feel as if I were actually hanging over the outer rim of the world—caught up, suspended there—and it seems to me as if I couldn't do anything until I get down off that rim. And those are the days when I turn and put my heart into little housewifish things. The climate, you see, is pretty deadly. Either you stand it—or you don't. It doesn't agree very well with me."

And so the days swam into months and the months drifted into years.

"Tell me about your days," I said.

"The trouble is," she exclaimed, "there's nothing to tell. They seem so empty, so useless, so vain. You see, I am not really doing anything myself."

I looked at her and said, "You're doing the hardest thing on this globe"; but I did not say it aloud. "Do you live in the village with the lepers?" I inquired instead.

She shook her head.

"Our quarters are off behind a hill. It's all up and down hill at Culion. The houses of the lepers, little shanties of palm or grass with thatched roofs, look for all the world like little baskets on stilts—hundreds of them climbing uphill. As far as possible, we try to have the lepers live normal lives. The village is much like other villages in the archipelago, with a plaza, stores and a theater. And outside of the village there are a few hundred leper farmers who till the soil, raise vegetables and chickens which we buy. But the soil is so shallow, rocky and barren that it's hard to earn a living: and, of course, many of them are too far gone to work.

Looking East Toward Home

"My house—I wonder if I can make you see it. A little green bungalow, clinging like a swallow's nest to the steep slope of a brown hill. It's set on a double terrace faced with stones to keep the precious garden soil from slipping down the hillside in the rains, and it usually looks out to sea across a riot of yellow cosmos, two broad bands of them against the peacock-blue reef water half a hillside below. All day it looks at that little point of Coron Island where a ship may come through. And at night it looks straight into the moonrise, toward the east—toward home. And at midnight, when the Southern Cross stands straight up, the topmost star stands right above the ridge of the hill. Funny, tiny things, perhaps, to remember, but they count so much out there! It matters a lot whether it's a blue day with whitecaps and far, clean, sharp hills on the farther islands which shut in the bay, or whether it's a hot, heavy, yellow day, with sunshine heavy as metal and cloud shadows slow and lazy on the hills. And the full-moon nights are nights to reckon by; you'd know them if you were blind by the tinkle of guitars all through the colony. The Filipinos sit in their doorways and meditate to music and sing eerie little scraps of song in minors and half tones, and the wild dogs come down from the hills, where they've been rummaging among the shallow graves, and howl

(Continued on Page 123)

The Plaza at Culion

Try This Wonderful NEW Way—75¢

The result of 206 experiments to find the one perfect polish. Cleans as well as polishes. Fine for varnish, Duco and enamel finishes. Easily and quickly applied with soft cloth. Gives a high, dry lustre that will not dull quickly or collect dust. Thousands write us such expressions as "My car has Duco finish and after using your polish it looks good as new, and besides it leaves the surface dry and not oily". Guaranteed harmless to the finest finish. Not recommended for old, weather beaten, checked (cracked) finishes.

Accept no substitutes. Write us if your dealer cannot supply you.

WARNER-PATTERSON CO.
914 South Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Trace the quick answer back to the sure eyesight

YOUNG Bob's hand shot up.

While Jack was wondering why he always felt so sleepy and listless in the class-room—and Jim was still squinting at his textbook—Bob had *seen* the answer.

Bob's parents knew the tremendous importance of normal eyesight to children. They knew that the only possible way to reveal any defect in the eyes is through an eye-examination. So they had Bob's eyes examined. The slight defect revealed was corrected easily (and in time), by the eyeglasses prescribed.

Hence Bob's quick answer—his better report cards—his freedom from those headaches, mysteriously afflicting so many children, which are really due to defective eyes.

It's your responsibility—you can't dodge it

Don't imagine for an instant that if *your* child is handicapped by poor eyesight, he will come and tell you about it. Rarely do people, young or old, tell you about their eyesight because they don't know they are handicapped. They have never seen through any eyes but their own.

Only an eyesight examination can give you the true facts about your child's eyes.

Ask about Wellsworth Windsor spectacle frames made in small sizes specially for children—attractive in appearance, extra durable and practically unbreakable.

Write us today for informative and interesting new booklet, "A New Age of Vision."

American Optical Company Southbridge Mass U S A

WELLSWORTH
PRODUCTS
for Better Eyesight

THE WORLD'S GREATEST FOUNDATION FOR BETTER EYESIGHT

ESTABLISHED 1833

© 1925 A. O. Co.

(Continued from Page 121)

and howl in keening circles, noses pointed to the moon, and the Moros beat on their wooden *agongs*, a hollow, throbbing rhythm, intolerable at first, and gradually exciting and curiously stirring, and sing Mohammedan prayers all up and down the chromatic scale.

"And if you should come to tea in my little green house—*marienda*, we call it in Spanish, not tea—you'd come just after siesta, at five o'clock, and the *sala* would still be screened against the sun so that it was greenish and cool and dim, and the floor—broad waxed boards of hard native wood—would reflect things dimly like dark water. We'd sit in deep lazy Chinese chairs about a Chinese tea table with a little old copper kettle and yellow Chinese cups and drink Peking tea with dried jasmine buds through it—pale tea, pale as basswood honey.

"You'd be sure to find a queer group there—perhaps Sister Marie, in her white linen habit and white Norman cap; perhaps one or two of the *damas de Filipinas*, nurses or doctors' wives in their gauzy butterfly sleeves and the long trains of their skirts wrapped spirally about them and trimmed primly out of the way; or there might be a Spanish padre there, or a visiting missionary or medico. And Dionisio, my little familiar, would come in with the sandwiches—the little toasted ones he loves to make for *importante* company, filled with cheese and Spanish pimiento, toasted rapidly on both sides and served in little hissing brown squares—always by 'Nisio himself, who adores being praised for them. He'd leave his red velvet slippers at the dining-room door and come in barefooted to serve us.

"This particular group might be a problem. He wouldn't ask me, because the years have taught him that my ideas of precedence aren't to be trusted, and always my guests are served by my little friend in the kitchen strictly according to precedence—'*es custombre, es necessita!*' And a priest would complicate matters; whether to serve him last as a man or first as a god would take a great deal of teetering about with the tray. 'Nisio uses his toes to pick up things from the floor—a dropped napkin, a newspaper—just two swift little gestures, hand and foot perfectly coördinated like a monkey; but I have explained that we don't pick up things with our toes in polite society and so he is trying to restrain that habit."

The Exiles

FOREFOOT deep in the white sea dust
And the North Star hard astern,
They hold their bows to the Southern Cross,
On the trail that knows no turn;
Over the line with the trade winds
To the track of the broad monsoon,
To the hot ripe sullen beaches
Of the lands of endless noon.
And they swear by their fires and hearthstones,
By their arrogant youth of heart,
They swear by the land that bore them,
They will go—and serve—and depart.

And they follow no beck of magic,
And they follow no gypsy cross,
And they drink of no deep nepenthe
To drowse them to arid loss;
They only follow a clean young flay
Where her outermost borders lie,
To serve her in casual dwellings
Under a hostile sky;
To do their work, or well or ill,
And lay them down to die,
With the four white stars for a crucifix
Above them where they lie.

And on the rim of the empty sea
They paint the towers of home,
Over the crouching mangrove swamps,
Spire and bridge and dome;
Where sullen fire trees smolder
In smoking tropic rain,
They hold their hungry fingers
To the hearths of home again;
And when an old familiar star
Swings down the alien skies,
They take it for a rendezvous,
A meeting place of eyes.

And never a rusty sea tramp
Goes stumbling out at dawn,
But they bless her gaunt sea-bitten bows
For the shores they'll thrust upon;
And never a ship threads through the reefs,
Between the snarling foam,
But they bless her anchors' crusted horns
That have bitten the sill of home—
Not even you who sit at her hearth,
Sharing her bread and her fate,
Have loved her more than the exiles
Who keep her outermost gate!

—Dorothy Paul.

A Keeper of Gypsy Fires

"And if you should come to dinner in my little green house, you'd find the same heterogeny of guests; but apart from that, I hope it would seem like New Orleans, for 'Nisio is a fairly good Creole by now and can roast native venison in Spanish claret and make a perfectly good gumbo—if he gets home from the cockpit in time. And afterward we'd go out into the *glorieta* summer house—and burn a *café brûlot* from the recipe that Ruth McEnery Stuart gave grandmother, and smoke among the orchids.

"All of which isn't Spanish or Filipino or picturesque; but the desert-island wife, or the China Coast wife, or the Manila wife—or any other sort of keeper of gypsy fires knows that the part of her home making which counts most is keeping under that alien roof a little feeling of home—not just home, but Home—some little corner of the States—so that one may forget about the sky line and the sea rim.

"My mornings are housewifish. 'Nisio taps at my door about eight—my husband having already breakfasted long ago and gone for the day—with my Creole breakfast tray, *café au lait* and Spanish toast. And then I see about the ordering for the day, keep one eye on the Number Two Boy, who ought to be waxing floors, but won't be without a *capitas*—overseer. They call it skating floors, because that's how they do it. They put on the wax by hand and then they put a flat pad on each bare foot and skate merrily up and down the wide bare boards until they shine mightily.

"The other eye I keep on 'Nisio, who is baking bread or helping me to ice tea cakes—for I had to learn to cook, among other things, when I went out there, my knowledge in that line having been strictly confined to the bride's usual culinary equipment, mayonnaise and layer cake. Or perhaps 'Nisio has whisked off down the hill to the *pantolan*, or boat landing, where the little native sailing vessels come in with supplies. Of course, we always keep a full stock of canned things to fall back upon, all of which is ordered from Manila once a month or so, just like plantation housekeeping, and we get all our meat and butter from Manila, just supplementing with local supplies.

"Our fresh vegetables and eggs come from the leper colony, which necessitates sterilization. And that has to be carefully supervised by me, for 'Nisio has only the vaguest idea of what sterilization means. It spoils the fresh vegetables and fruit to be withered by boiling water, but it has to be done.

"'"Nisio,' I say, 'was the water boiling that you used for the bananas?' He nods. 'Was it very, very hot?' I insist. 'Was it jumping?'

"'No, just little hot,' confesses 'Nisio. 'Only few bananas.' Little hot, you see, is good enough for few bananas; much hot only necessary for many bananas. And that's about the way his mind works on such things."

"Then there is danger of contagion?" I inquired.

"Some, of course. It has been pretty well established that leprosy is transmitted by contact. Children, for example, born in the colony of leprous parents, are born clean and grow up healthy, uncontaminated, if isolated from their parents and protected from exposure. Leprosy may lie dormant for seven years in an individual, who may manifest no outward signs and yet be a walking source of contagion to all with whom he comes into contact. That's what makes it so hard to trace. So we just exercise due precautions—and then dismiss the whole thing from our minds."

Easy to say, but how hard to perform! I looked in speechless admiration at this brave, delicate, charming woman, pale with the desert pallor, her buoyant vitality diminished, her weight reduced from one hundred and thirty pounds to less than a hundred. For she had just recovered from typhoid, with an aftermath of neurosis of the optic nerve, and for three months it had been a toss-up whether she would regain her vision or whether it would snap off suddenly as one switches off an electric light. Luckily, that calamity had not occurred.

Thinnish Days

That there was danger of contracting leprosy, I knew. An American woman in the Philippines had caught the dread malady—none knew how—and had been sent back to the States. And there was the tale told me by Doctor Cofer, former head of the board of health in Hawaii, of one of his resident doctors in the leper colony at Molokai; a man who feared the disease so profoundly that he took all manner of precautions, contracted it nevertheless—and committed suicide.

"You go among the lepers?"

She nodded.

"Certainly, when there is need. My husband, of course, is in and out among them all day. Often in the afternoons I'm out over the hill trails on my pony—a little gray Spanish stallion with a delightful sense of humor and a proclivity for standing on end, either end, without warning. We trot through the leper city, with Souris consulting me over his shoulder tolerantly and humorously about everything we pass—a leper with a string of fish, a leper with a basket on his head, a listless group of leper babies playing in the dust, a woman who comes out to wave at me or to gaze with everlastingly fresh consternation at a woman in boots and breeches. Souris pretends conscientiously toshy and buck at each group, and then we strike off down the hill trail and around the shoulder of the mountain into wild country, with bands of little gray monkeys in the trees and now and again a flock of tiny white parrots, or, rarer still, an arrogant jungle cock strutting across the trail with an arch of gorgeous tail.

"I seem to be telling you so poorly and thinly about my days—perhaps because they are themselves so thinnish!

"The special days are more interesting; days when a boat is in and there are letters, tons and tons of newspapers, boxes of supplies—and visitors; days when the Apo, the modest little yacht of General Wood, slides in unexpectedly and the governor goes through the colony, into all the wards

Adds Miles to Tires

CUTS in tires, like cuts in flesh, should be closed in a hurry.

Fill the gashes in auto casings with **Dutch Brand 2-in-1 Cut Filler.** It hardens quickly and becomes part of the tire, thus keeping out water, oil and sand. These destructive forces eventually rot the fabric and cause blowouts. You prevent this by the use of **Dutch Brand 2-in-1 Tire Cut Filler and secure** thousands of extra miles of wear from your tires.

Dutch Brand 2-in-1 Cut Filler is ready for use. No kneading or cement necessary—simply shoot it into the cut. Convenient, clean and easy to use.

Generous tube for 50c at your motor supply dealer's. Look for the orange and blue package with the checker border and Dutch Girl's head. If not yet in your dealer's stock, sent direct from factory on receipt of price and dealer's name.

Three others of the 15 high quality Dutch Brand Motor Aids—they keep down the upkeep.

VAN CLEEF BROS., Chicago

Manufacturers of Rubber and Chemical Products
Established 1910

National distribution through jobbing channels

An old-timer sets a quantity pace for pipe-smokers

A pound a week has been his quota for years. What is your record?

Every so often we get a "rise" out of a veteran dyed-in-the-wool pipe smoker.

Here is a remarkable letter from an old-time traveling man in Seattle who says he has smoked five-eighths of a ton of Edgeworth during the past twenty-four years.

He tried to keep his identity a secret. But one of our scouts tracked him down, induced him to sign the letter and permit its publication, on condition that his name would not be mentioned.

Larus & Bro. Co. Seattle, Wash.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen.

I have smoked a pipe for about forty-four years. In 1900 I read a report issued by some Federal Bureau in which it gave a rating of pureness of nearly all the then best known smoking tobaccos. If my memory has not played me a trick Edgeworth stood at the head of the list. I was sufficiently interested to try a can of Edgeworth. Since that time I have smoked nothing but Edgeworth, and when I tell you that I buy a one pound can every week, or fifty-two pounds a year, sometimes more, you will surmise that I am *some pipe fiend.*

A pound of tobacco per week for twenty-four years makes *twelve hundred and forty-eight pounds of Edgeworth,* five-eighths of a ton

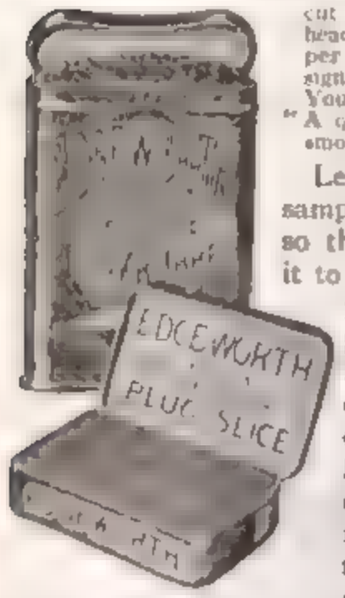
The reasons for my loyalty to Edgeworth are these:

It is always the same. I have bought Edgeworth in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Omaha, Nogales, Arizona, Texas, Kansas, Montana, Colorado, Wyoming, California, New Mexico, Washington and Iowa—Sioux City, Ia., being where I first tried it in 1900.

Another reason for my strong preference is that Edgeworth is sold everywhere, and that feature appeals strongly to a veteran smoker who dislikes to content himself with the "just as good" tobaccos. This letter is not for publication, but just intended as a notification that you have a few inveterate smokers scattered over the country who smoke and recommend Edgeworth because they believe it to be the best tobacco on the market.

I have purposely cut off the business heading of this paper and will just sign myself

Yours very truly,
"A qualified judge of smoking tobacco."



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 1-I South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

and laboratories, inspecting, suggesting, encouraging—you can't imagine how it lifts the morale—and then there's a luncheon on board; or if the Gran Señora, Mrs. Wood, is along, a sort of reception for the staff.

"And then there are the days when there is a colony fiesta or a visitors' boat for the lepers. Twice a year the governor sends down a free boat to stay overnight at the colony so that any of their relatives who would like to visit them may do so. I go into the colony on those days. The lepers come crowding down to the pier in queer, eager, apathetic—they can be both, somehow—sleepwalking crowds, hungry for their one glimpse of home and the outside world. The *parientes*—relatives—come ashore with their pitiful little gifts, mangoes and banana-leaf packages of soggy native *dulces*, half eager and half afraid to look at their unburied dead.

"Sometimes the meetings are too poignant to watch—the lepers, hungry to touch their people, then suddenly remembering and crouching back from them; relatives fainting at sight of the ravages of the disease in those who are getting worse; a mêlée of prayers and cries and supplications in Spanish and dialect. Last time, I remember, there was a woman who had come down to see her child, who had been buried the evening before, and she ran shrieking up and down the little steep streets, half demented, stopping each child to peer into its face and make sure it wasn't hers."

A Chance for Charity at Home

"But they are much more touching when they aren't consciously being tragic. I remember watching a leper violinist as he sat listening to one of the doctors, also a violinist, who played for them one evening in their theater. The leper's lesions were on his left hand. Two of the fingers were already pretty bad, and he sat looking at the well man's swift, supple fingers sliding up and down the strings of his violin, and then glancing down at his own, gnawed with leprosy, which would soon be useless. His eyes kept going back and forth between the two—and there was utter wilderness in them. His little old fiddle was all there was between him and just staring at the sea rim like most of the others.

"Mrs. Wood is unfailingly kind and generous to the colony, in which both she and the governor are profoundly interested. It is the governor, of course, who has made the whole thing possible. Mrs. Wood is continually sending *regalos* down for the needier ones, and usually asks me to distribute the things to them. One blazing hot day we piled long tables with the calico and slippers she had brought, and sent word to the lepers that I would come down at four in the afternoon to distribute them, when it would be cooler, after siesta. And the sisters told me that the whole shuffling, pitiful crowd of sick people had stood for four mortal hours in that metallic heat, just for the pleasure of staring at the gifts, choosing their favorites and thinking about them. When Mrs. Wood heard of it she immediately sent down another load of gifts."

"How much money does Governor-General Wood want for this enterprise," I asked, "in order to stamp out leprosy in the Philippines—for that, I take it, is his real goal?" She nodded. "And to provide adequate hospitalization, medical personnel and a well-equipped laboratory for scientific research in the disease? One million? Two millions? Five millions?"

"We'll take all we can get," she laughed. "We could do a lot with a million; still more with two millions; and five millions we would not refuse. 'Tell the American people the facts,' says Governor Wood, 'and they will do the rest.'"

"They will," I promised. "You'll see. Checks to the War Department will be flowing in by every mail. We have put our hand to the plow in the Philippines, and the American people are not quitters; they don't lie down on the job. The war, I think, proved that. And if this country can dig up thirteen million good round American dollars for French war orphans—which we did, without deducting a single penny for overhead—if we can send millions for the earthquake disaster in Japan, millions for the Chinese famine sufferers, tens and scores of millions for the starving children of Russia, I think we may be safely counted on to raise five millions to finance a domestic job. Why, we could go out and raise that sum in New York City alone—it's been done—but that wouldn't be fair to the rest of the country. But why doesn't the Philippine government take care of its own lepers? I ask that, because I know the American public will."

"The Philippine government does help," she replied quickly. "It is already devoting every penny of money it can afford to the purpose—in fact a heavy percentage of its budget. But the government has so many problems needing appropriations; problems of sanitation, health—cholera, tuberculosis, typhoid, dysentery, beriberi, just to mention a few; problems of education, agriculture, administration. And the government is poor, poor."

"Just what is this money needed for?"

"For practically everything. For example, we need more and better houses. The shacks they live in, flimsy little grass and nipa palm affairs with bamboo floors, usually consisting of a single room ten or twelve feet square, every opening tightly stuffed at night in order to keep the evil spirits away, are heavily overcrowded—and still there are not enough. Sometimes the newcomers have to sleep out in the square. And, of course, there's practically no sanitation; things are still incredibly primitive.

"Well, we'd like to change all that—build dormitories with light and space and modern sanitary arrangements. Then we'd like to have more and better hospital service so that we can segregate and study the cases. For the victims arrive afflicted not only with leprosy but almost every other known tropical disease. And then there's a lack of water. Surveys have been made and new sources located; but a water system takes money to install. And roads—we need better roads. And finally, and most important of all if we are to wipe out this scourge, we need funds for a research department, with a properly equipped laboratory to study the disease and improve on the methods of treatment."

Many Lepers Already Cured

"Culion is a wonderful colony for scientific investigation, for it contains all the different types of leprosy in all their varying stages. For that reason, leprologists from all over the world come to visit us. Already, even handicapped as we are by lack of funds, we have done a great deal. And we're on the verge of still greater discoveries. It's not a wild, impossible dream to stamp out leprosy in those or any other isles. British scientists are working at the problem with their lepers in India. We are racing neck and neck with them; and, of course, I should like my own country to win. Already we have sent back to their homes more than four hundred leper patients—cured."

"Cured?" I echoed incredulously.

"Absolutely cured. And another four hundred will be ready soon to follow them. It's the already known treatment of chaulmoogra oil, but modified according to the needs of the individual, with attention paid to diet, exercise and sanitation. That shows what we can do, even handicapped by lack of funds. But in order to go forward we must have more money."

Summing up the situation briefly, there are three sound and sufficient reasons why America should finance this job. First of all, the Philippines, of which Culion is a part, is the territory of these United States, and it is the plain, inescapable duty of every citizen to see to it that the ends of justice, decency and health are served in these islands and to aid when the need for such aid is made clear. Secondly, there is the scientific reason. We are on the verge of great discoveries on that rocky little desert island which, successfully pursued, will enable us to blot out leprosy as other plagues have been blotted out by the light of modern science; and for the sake of our prestige as a nation we must stand behind the gallant struggle which is being waged in Culion. And lastly, there is the humanitarian appeal. America, which has never shut her purse in the face of a great human appeal, which is known the globe around for her great-hearted generosity, is bound to listen to her own wards who stretch forth their hands to her, saying, "'Come over into Macedonia and help us!'"

The talk shifted to the work of Governor-General Leonard Wood, whom history some day will write down as one of the greatest colonial administrators of modern times. Such men need the dispassionate light of history to set the record straight; for, living, there are always plenty of corrupt, self-seeking hands ready to apply the tar brush to honest reputations, to hamstring valiant effort and to misrepresent facts both at home and abroad. To most Americans, the Philippines are merely a splatter of insignificant little black dots on the map, and smudges on reputations are easy to make and notably hard to erase.

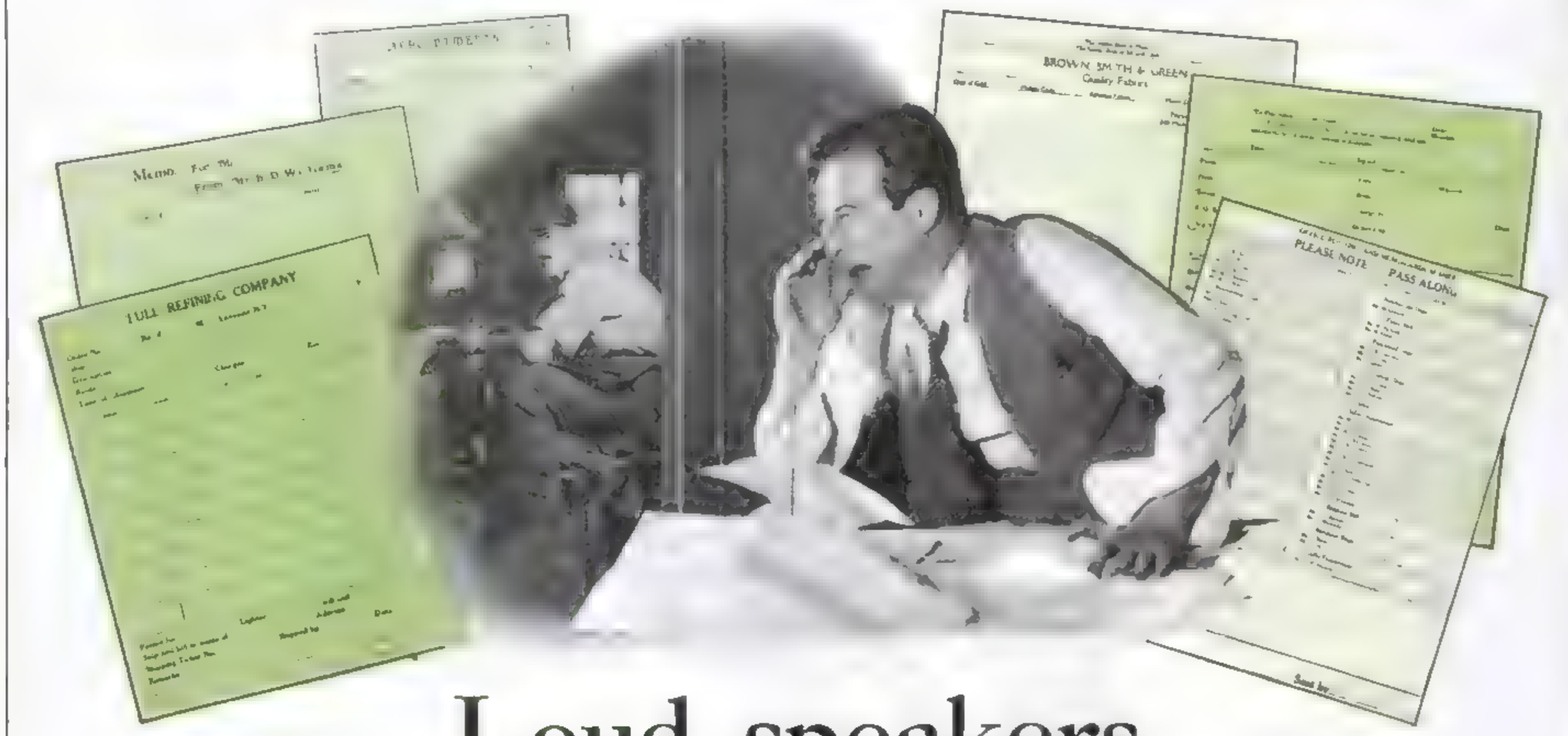
Governor-General-Doctor Wood

"I wish," said Mrs. Wade, "that you could see Governor Wood as we see him in the Philippines—from the inside. We don't know him as the soldier or the *politico*. We see him in relation to the whole administration as the medical man; a good doctor who has undertaken the healing of the plague spots in the island. Culion, the leper isle, is only one of them. The financial tangle, the cacique system, the big educational and health problems are others. He has gone at them as a sincere medical man goes at a problem—painstaking diagnosis, blunt statement of it, and a patient, honest seeking after the best remedies. Like most patients, Juan de la Cruz does not always agree with the doctor! Upon which, this particular doctor turns general or governor, as the case may indicate, in order to carry his point.

"He is not the sort of administrator who stops short at consulting and delegating tasks to be done; to that he adds tireless personal supervision of every department of the work. I wish you could see his proud little yacht Apo, standing outside some sullen, sleepy little provincial port—for all the world like a country doctor's buggy. For Doctor Wood doesn't make his medical rounds by proxy. He calls in person and diagnoses his own cases—Moro troubles, Colorum wrangles, cacique investigations, leper needs.

"Finally, a last little word about myself and just why I am at Culion. It isn't by accident. I mean I was not just swept there by blind, casual chance; or held in durance, as it were, because of my husband. I am not burying myself alive for love of a man—as one newspaper reporter tried to coax me to say. I'm there because I believe the work—the scientific-investigation work—which is being done is worth investing these years in. I could wish, perhaps, that they were later years. I could wish it were a place where one did not deteriorate in health, though I think, with effort and determination, physical deterioration need not happen. But whether it happens or not, I am getting exactly what I want—the sense of helping, even passively, an accessory before the fact, as it were, in work which I believe will count permanently in the history of medicine. And if the French half of me feels a little wistful at times, the Scotch side is cannier."

And there you are! The knowledge that such human stuff can be produced among us is in itself worth many times five million dollars to sober stay-at-home Americans, for it proves, beyond all peradventure, that this nation, despite cynics and carpers and croakers, contains within itself the seeds of true greatness.



Loud speakers
or quiet sheets of paper?

SAY it on paper. That's the way to get things done in business. In fact, modern business would not be possible without printed forms.

Talk is easily misunderstood. Echoes of the loudest voice soon fade away. Nothing remains but memory, and most memories are hazy.

When you write on a printed form, your instructions are clear. They are permanent. They stare in the face of the forgetful and nag the laggard. Through printed forms you act in a dozen places at the same time.

Forms are handled a lot, and the paper they are printed on must be strong. That is one of the reasons why so many businesses, big and little, rely on Hammermill Bond. But there are a number of other reasons that are quite as important. And you can get Hammermill Bond in any one of a dozen colors and white.

In two ways Hammermill is famous as the standardized bond paper: First, because through skill and rigid inspections it runs uniform. Secondly, because countless business concerns, having learned its value, have standardized on its use.

Printers endorse Hammermill. There is no delay in supplying your needs. As a matter of fact, many printers carry it in stock.

Write us, mentioning your business, and we will send, without charge, a Hammermill Bond Working Kit which is a selection of Hammermill Bond samples.

HAMMERMILL PAPER COMPANY, ERIE, PA.

Look for this watermark—it is our word of honor to the public

HAMMERMILL BOND

The Utility Business Paper

Ask any stationer for National Loose Leaf Ledger Sheets and Business Forms made of Hammermill Ledger. Hammermill Ledger is made in the same mill as Hammermill Bond and with the same high standard of quality and uniformity.

THE fresh sheen and loveliness of Collins & Aikman plush is unharmed despite the march of the passing seasons.
COLLINS & AIKMAN CO.
Established 1845
New York, N. Y.
Send for THE PLUSH PRIMER—
It will help you judge motor car values
COLLINS & AIKMAN
MAKERS OF PLUSH

MERV

(Continued from Page 9)

children. There's little Ada Mercer, not even straight, not even physically well, but music in her, and I don't dare to wake it up."

"What do you mean?"

"To wake her up, as Lily Leighton wakened me—easy as touching a match; but it would spoil her for Marysville, spoil her for working in a bank."

Now Merv knew that Marysville would never hold Elsie Carron. It wouldn't be long either. She would be out in the world, like that Russian dancer entering the perfume shop in Paris.

She drew on her sandals. There was a kind of intolerable restlessness for him in this room, where she had just been playing and dancing for the children. He knew now better than ever that he had never really seen her before today. Hundreds of hours spent with her, and now she was slipping out from under his hand.

"Come on outdoors," he said suddenly.

She caught up a scarf from the piano and turned to the door with the same movement. A windy night of May; stars showing for a moment, then vanishing for others to appear. He moved beside her in the confusion of fierce changes taking place. Her words were like little flames. They hadn't left the side street her house was on. The lights of the cottages were far apart and far back. They were safe under a wilderness of flying night clouds, edged and whitened by moonlight on the inner side.

"—— so horribly tired of being poor, of having people settling my future, of being told one can go so far and no farther. It's better almost not to be awakened to a different dream of life."

His sudden movement didn't startle her; her words stopped, that was all. He turned her to him, held her close, expecting her to struggle as he tried to kiss her. It had always been that way in the kissing games at children's parties. Her still face caught the white in the sky back of the clouds. That oval pallor in the dark, below his eyes, seemed drinking at the source of life. Something of the potential beauty of the moment pressed the need upon him to make her know once and forever:

"I'm not going to be a groom always. They'll find out. I'm not going to be a groom always."

Then he pushed her away, suddenly recalling that the smell of the stables might be on his clothes. The width of the sidewalk was between them; they walked in silence after that until he left her at her door.

All night he lay awake. She hadn't fought him. There had been something fiercely still about her—his attempt to kiss her, a botch. He had scrubbed carefully before going to her house, and put on different clothes, but they had hung in the same closet with his riding breeches. . . . . Perhaps it was no novelty to her. She danced with any of them. Perhaps she let them kiss her too.

At the stables next morning, Mr. Amos Clarkin, head groom, had a fit of temper, one of the stable hands having neglected to address him as Mister. Almost to blows over a slip like that. Why was Mr. Clarkin so particular? The answer broke like a tiny explosive in Merv's brain. Because he was a hostler at heart, not sure of himself. Another thing happened that day—news like a flame—that Drummond Bodley had been chosen as one of the Big Four, the pick of Eastern teams, for a playing trip up and down the Pacific Coast.

"Let me have young Brokaw."

Merv had gone fishing to get alone that day. He knew what was coming and was fighting it out. A sizable green bass was whacking itself still at the bottom of his boat as he heard Drum Bodley's call. He pulled in.

"Oh, I say, Brokaw, been looking for you everywhere. You're to come along with me, you know."

"No, I'm through, Mr. Bodley."

"Eh, what? Big trip. Horses have come to expect you ——"

"They'll have to do without ——"

"Wages? What is it? Let me have it!"

Merv was young enough to want to confide.

"If I'm ever going to break this groom business, it's got to be done now," he began.

"What's this?"

As Merv explained his point, a strange thing was taking place. It seemed as if gloves, clothes and glamour of the game—all had formed just a shell; and out of this shell, a spoiled temperish figure appeared, its face curiously identified in Merv's mind with the green bass that still whacked up and down.

"Good Lord, man, you mustn't let your head be turned. A groom's a groom. You're a good groom. I won't stop at money. You can't leave my horses now."

"I'm through," said Merv, in a kind of hideous pain. A certain part of his nature seemed cut off from normal blood supply and dying of itself, as he watched.

He made his way toward Elsie Carron's house that night. A light in the parlor window held his eyes, as he thought of telling her what he had done. He listened for the piano, moving closer. Three nights ago he had taken her out into this little side street of hers. . . . She wasn't at the piano, nor in the room. He didn't knock, but whistled. No answer. Out somewhere; wouldn't be long. He walked back toward the street and continued in the same direction he had come.

Now he began to hear a voice; his steps quieted before he thought. A familiar voice—slim idol in a frock coat, same petting, caressing tones, as to a filly long ago. The tones stopped, then went on again; no sound of reply, but Merv saw the shadowy profile upheld, listening.

He was backing away. As he felt for his steps on the turf, he remembered how she had listened to him three nights before. No sound from her then or now. He kept on backing away in the dark, and drawing on his gloves, the cramp of servitude curving his neck.

II

H. A. BILLINGS, Remount Service, Chinese Cavalry Patrol, the glass sign read on the door of an office overlooking the Bund, in Shanghai. A certain young white man wanted very badly to see Mr. Billings, who was frequently away.

"In to Hankow," the girl in the office would say, and with a shiver, or "down to Hong-Kong," or "up to Japan."

On one of the afternoons of Mr. Billings' absence, the young white man walked out the Tsunghiang Road until he came to a great pavilion in walls. Beyond the main entrance was a bridle path and an ivied side gate, where this sign met his eyes above the pony tracks: "Under Groom Wanted; Apply to Mr. Sosonby." He drew back. His smile turned more grim. He didn't tighten his belt, that being already at the last notch, but he drew on his gloves and walked away.

"I can't hear myself saying 'Mr. Sosonby,'" he muttered. "Not until I'm hungrier than this."

But he kept looking back. So that was the home of the Anglo-Americans, known in polo round the world as the Anglo-Maniacs. An absurd memory recurred, one having to do with the cold-storage plant of another polo club; how it used to be the way of members, when they felt just gay enough, to go with the chef to the ice vaults an hour or two before dining, to pick out their own steaks or chops, joints or birds. He wasn't asking to pick out his right now. He reserved one right, however—not to enter the Anglo-American grounds by the stable gate. He walked fast to be delivered from temptation. Foreigners looked at him queerly, drawing away to let him pass. He smiled in his gray way. He was getting used to this.

A coast liner took him on—back and forth between Yokohama and Hong-Kong, calling at Shanghai twice a month, so that hunger was finally fixed; but there was another hunger that grew and grew, keeping him sleepless—hunger to get into the game. The lame-knee period all over again—forced to do all his playing in his head instead of afield. Something else also, not a hunger; something that crawled and ached in him, that raised its head, a kind of slow death going on.

H. A. Billings was still away, but there was a big polo match on in Shanghai one afternoon that his coaster lay in the river. The young American, with fourteen dollars saved, sat among the spectators, restless as an actor at a show. When it came to polo, he didn't feel he belonged to the great uncertain public. The fourteen dollars was placed against the Maniacs—an evil choice that sent him back to his ship to begin life all over again.

Cornered at last, the chief of the Chinese Remount Service seemed to have caught the shiver from his office girl. Looking around, as if for a way out, he said, "Speaking of horses—you say you know 'em—I've got a shipment coming—hundred standard-bred mares from the States to use as polo mammies."

"Standard-bred?" the caller repeated.

"That's what I said."

Now the young man observed he was being kidded by the big-nosed Kentuckian.

"I suppose they can do as they like in China, but I wouldn't expect polo ponies out of trotting and pacing stock," he remarked.

"Right, you wouldn't; but I had to get your number. There's more ignorance about horse per capita in this man's China than anywhere on the face of the globe. Your name again?"

The caller must have pronounced it in a way he had heard it spoken many times.

"B-r-o-k-a-w?" spelled Mr. Billings.

The other let it go at that.

Right there began as horsy a conversation, perhaps, as ever was pulled off in Asia—Arabs, Persians, Malays, Manchus, English Thoroughbreds, American cow ponies, herded and cut out in technical discussion, potencies and blunders in blending; but mainly, and as if the subject were now opened for the first time, what constitutes the polo pony and the ideal cavalry horse.

"You've got horse in the head," Mr. Billings agreed an hour later. "S'pose you know a gee-gee when you see one."

"If I didn't get too frightened."

And young "Brokaw" was taken to that very vined side gate on the bridle path, but it was as one having authority that he entered the grounds of the Anglo-Americans. Mr. Billings had been hard to get to; he was hard to get away from that day.

"You've got the dope and you've got the eye," he said, after much walking up and down the polo sheds of the Maniacs. "Can't be you can sit a horse too?"

"It would take a whole lot of horse to put me right again in one sitting, I've been so much at sea lately."

"I've got a whole lot of horse under one blanket. Come this way, young sir."

The other rode right onto the pay roll before dark.

The great pavilion in walls seemed sunk in endless leisure; white men played much and worked little in Shanghai; polo a large part of the year. A man needed money to enter the game, but not so much money as in America. One dealing in horses; one on the inside, in fact, of the great horse markets of the Orient, might pick up something for himself; also a Chino boy to take care of same. Brokaw watched the game on various fields, still dreaming, not playing.

Much travel in the Remount Service. It was in Bombay that a great bronzed face first broke upon him—wheeling close to the

(Continued on Page 129)

The Book-Cadillac
Detroit's Finest Hotel

Modern Aids to Business

To the man or woman visiting Detroit on business, the Book-Cadillac offers unexcelled facilities for economy of time and effort.

Restaurant equipment is unusually complete, ranging from the attractive Coffee Shop, with cafeteria service, to the cosmopolitan Venetian Dining Room, Blue Room and English Grill.

For effective display of merchandise, thirty-eight large sample rooms are available. Each is an outside room and is equipped with door bed and dressing room.

1200
Outside Rooms with Bath
Rates $4 and up
475 Rooms at $4 and $5
Sample Rooms $5 and $8

Special $1.25 Luncheon and $2.00 dinner served in English Grill and Blue Room. Club Breakfast, 85c and $1. Eighteen shops and broker's office in building; Barber Shop and Beauty Parlor operated by Terminal Barber Shops; Private Conference Rooms.

THE BOOK-CADILLAC HOTEL COMPANY - DETROIT
WASHINGTON BLVD. AT MICHIGAN AVE.
ROY CARRUTHERS, President

Health Heroes

FIFTY years ago every man, woman and child in the world was threatened by lurking dangers against which there was no protection. From time to time epidemics of contagious diseases raged through communities. The doctors of those days did their best to *cure* but were largely powerless to *prevent* sickness. Small wonder that strange beliefs and superstitions were associated with the prevention of diseases, the causes of which were unknown.

There is a record in an old book of English customs of many curious charms to ward off disease—powdered snake-skins to prevent typhoid; a live spider in a peach-stone basket hung around the neck as a preventive of scarlet fever; garden snails and earth-worms steeped in beer to check consumption. In our own day, some of us were told that a bag of sulphur worn on the chest would prevent diphtheria. Even now there are people who wear steel rings to avert rheumatism and who carry horse-chestnuts to assure good health.

Lucky Little Girl!

Fortunate are the youngsters born in this day—whose parents can use the marvelous gifts of modern medical science to prevent sickness.

The splendid work of the Health Heroes is bringing longer, healthier, happier life to millions.

From Superstition to Knowledge—

Until 1876 not one doctor among thousands knew what caused contagious disease. It was in that year—less than fifty years ago—that Louis Pasteur, great French scientist, startled the world by announcing his wonderful discovery of germs as a cause of disease. It was the key to the mystery of the cause and prevention of contagious diseases. It made possible the tremendous advances which have taken place in a scant half century. Pasteur's discovery brought longer life, health, and happiness to millions of persons.

Golden years of progress followed. The history of medicine from that time reads like a romance—a wonderful story of achievement, of work and struggle, disappointment and hope—and constant fight against the ignorance which cloaked diseases. Amazing discovery crowded upon discovery. All former conceptions of disease were revolutionized by the wonderful work of these Health Heroes, Pasteur, Koch, Lister, and their followers. In just four short years, from 1880 to 1884, were discovered the germs of pneumonia, typhoid, tuberculosis, cholera, erysipelas, diphtheria and tetanus, usually called lockjaw. In 1900 came Walter Reed's triumphant work in Cuba which resulted in locating a particular mosquito as the carrier of the germ of yellow fever.

From Knowledge to Action—

Now that we know the cause and know how to fight disease, how can we best apply this knowledge to keep our children well?

The schools of the country, supplementing the work of health officers, provide a natural place for the beginnings of health education. The work of the teacher plays an important part in molding the future of our country—a future which will be built upon the health of our citizens—the boys and girls now in our schools.

Cooperate with the school. Aid the teacher who is striving to interest your child in the practice of health habits. Do your part by having your child examined by your physician. Have him inoculated against the dread diseases which formerly took thousands of lives.

Every year the fight against disease goes on—a tremendous war! Every year the rules of health laid down by the great Health Heroes are being better understood and followed. To secure the desired result—healthy boys and girls—parents, teachers, specialists, doctors, nurses, as well as the school janitor must join hands with health officers in campaigns for healthier and happier childhood.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, recognizing the importance of the great work that 1,000,000 teachers are doing in promulgating health practices, has organized a school health bureau under the guidance of eighteen well-known educators of the United States and Canada. These men and women, as the Metropolitan's educational advisory group, are pointing the way in which the Company can best assist educators in school health campaigns.

The advisory group has approved a program which includes the printing of special booklets, leaflets, and charts for use by the teacher in class instruction. A book of instructions for the school janitor has also been prepared. Through cooperation with parents-teachers associations and women's clubs, the message of child health is being spread in many communities. The Company's agents are carrying a similar message to millions of homes.

A series of pamphlets, "Health Heroes", for the use of Junior and Senior High School students has been prepared. Although intended primarily to assist school teachers, they will, upon request, be sent to others interested in child health.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

(Continued from Page 127)

guards—gigantic hunched knees and leathery face on a mare that must have weighed ten hundred. Lord Porteus, captain and back of the Freebooters. Badly overweight, horse and man, Brokaw thought at first; but it grew in his brain as he watched that here was the safest back in the game. The nobleman lacked the flash of Drum Bodley, but his form was of that perfection which is long studied and then forgotten. A sudden fierce thrill went through the watcher sometime to play Number Two with that giant back of him tending goal.

Months afterward, the Bombay Freebooters came to Shanghai for the finals of the Pan-Oriental with the Maniacs. Brokaw had three years' savings by this time. He was cold-blooded enough to follow his judgment—the last time he ever laid a bet against the Maniacs. An enduring fascination for Lord Porteus, captain and back of the visitors, probably made him take the chance. Losing meant more years of silence and exile. If he won, three years' savings, tripled, would amount to something. That was his last game from the degraded angle of a spectator, and he was the quietest man in the stands. A long breath afterward alone in his rooms, for a hard high step in career had been covered. Two days later idly he remarked to his friend, the Kentuckian:

"I'm in and out of the club a good deal, Mr. Billings. I think it would be handy for me to belong to the Anglo-Americans, if you would put in my name."

Lo, in due course—not to a lord or a soldier, and vouched for merely by a Kentuckian, whom everyone thought of when they thought of horse—the register of the Maniacs opened to a young American with a curious glamour about him, because he had so little to say.

Good to clamp a polo saddle again; good to feel the game stealing back into his elbows, wrists, hips, hands, brain; first time for years he felt as if he belonged anywhere. A strange moment of life, after sticking the ball around the field with two or three Englishmen, as he turned little Markee, his first pony, over to the Chinese boy and started for the clubhouse instead of the stables.

The grim look around Brokaw's mouth had softened. He wasn't hurrying to show them what he had either. The fierce pressure went out of him to tell what he could do, because he was actually doing now; because he was catching up with life at last—second to H. A. Billings, of the Chinese Remount Service, in less than four years. It made him think of the time when he was second to Mr. Amos Clarkin, head groom at Interlaken.

World politics, perhaps, but certainly a momentous transfer in the polo world, when Lord Porteus, formerly of the Central Indian Horse, came to Shanghai as military attaché, incidentally taking over the Maniacs. Brokaw was curiously ignited, but slow to accept a personal meaning to this. He watched from afar off; no intention whatsoever of building his life again around the ideal of another man, not even the greatest polo player in Asia. Yet he felt himself weakening when the great hunched knees rode near; caught in an altogether new dimension of class.

Before all else was polo in that huge bronzed head. Lord Porteus' grandfather or great-grandfather had been one of the Hurlingtons—first to bring polo to England in the days when they called it hockey on horseback. Porteus had a young son just breaking into the game in one of the English prep schools now. . . . A man of fortune and title, an athlete forty years old, a war record of flawless courage—it was said that he merely became more thoughtful, in life or death stress—all this, as a matter of course, but Porteus looked up to polo as a child to a shining cup. In his talk one heard such expressions as "equilibrium," "spine meter," "static momentum." The scarred, sun-darkened face went close to Brokaw many days.

"You've got a trace of the timing sense, young man. I can see you picked up your game in America."

Brokaw felt an answering force stealing out of him, as if following an invincible attraction. Slowly he grasped the secret that playing polo wasn't enough; that a man had to be sound and straight and sterile clean—no words about it of course—to enter and dwell in the confidence of Porteus. They were idling toward the grooms one evening after thrilling and prolonged practice play. Brokaw brushed the gigantic knees of the other as his pony traipsed a trifle. The huge drenched face bent nearer.

"You've got something, Brokaw, I'll never have. I like it."

Nobleman or not, the reek of homely sweat came to the nostrils of the younger man; and the broad, deeply pitted face was so close, the eyes so sincere, that one would think he was nearsighted.

"The game takes you over for her own in fast going. I can see that," Porteus went on. "It's a kind of yoga you enter. The Indians call it that, at least. Unbroken attention lets you in deeper and deeper, until your intrinsic speed slows down all outer action. Same theory as a high-speed camera, you know."

Brokaw's mind shot back to baseball and football days. They were in the locker room before Porteus added thoughtfully:

"You say there were nearly four years after you left America that you didn't play—and your game was better for the lay-off?"

"It didn't die down out of my head," said the other.

"I've known that before—a man to keep his game up without playing—through a long campaign, you know; whole war like as not—keeping it warm in his head. All polo isn't perfected afield."

Brokaw fought against it, but the Englishman was getting to him. Every time the great leathery countenance kindled upon him, his nerve softened before an irresistible sincerity. Taken on in the Maniacs, at length, he was the only mister in the Seniors—Lord Porteus, Lieutenant Colonel Rees-Muller, Major Huntsman and Mr. Brokaw.

A ride-away; seven goals of his own against the Moravians of Hong-Kong; two hits from the forty-yard line, and once carrying the ball full speed down the whole field for goal; moments of delectable slow movement, which Porteus remarked he cared sometime to do a monograph about—altogether it was a great day for the youngest of the Maniac Four. At the same time a certain face was mainly before his eyes, not spoiling his play in the slightest; a face seen from the field just before the ball was thrown in. Again it appeared at dinner at the club—Mrs. Robert Carson, American, the steward told him, the name meaning nothing. There couldn't be a mistake, however; a trifle heavier, her voice a shade deeper, her smile with a queer depth of life to it.

"—— years ago at the Interlaken. You were Miss Failles then."

He hardly knew his own voice. All his talk had been to men for years.

"Queer for me not to remember," she said. "Won't you sit down, please?"

"I spent so little time at the clubhouse," he explained.

"Queer, too, you should come when I was just thinking of Interlaken. Your great game today brought up another match."

He felt himself coming to life; depths stirring which even the game had not reached.

"So like an old friend of mine," she went on, "I could hardly believe you were a stranger on the field. Your style and his—one wrist, one stroke—Drum Bodley, seven years ago, at the top of his game."

"He's very much in the game still," said Brokaw. "On his way round the world now with the Internationals, I understand."

"Yes, captain at Interlaken—lots of finesse—head full of experience, if one does occasionally miss the old fire. Of course you know the Internationals mainly picked themselves. They were beaten by the Army in England. Also at Eastcote."

It was straight enough polo talk; she wasn't vindictive at all. He wondered if his own eyes were as clear of personal resentment and secret tumult.

"The Internationals play here in October," he said.

"Yes, I expect to be back from America by that time."

"You're leaving soon?"

"As soon as Mr. Carson comes up from Manila."

He studied her face from an angle, his lips pressed together, eyes quiet—the same command of himself now as in the game of the afternoon. . . . Seven years ago—finer clay—grace, distinction, that face upon which a hidden sun had once shone. He knew the delight with her of a man who had been in the jungle for a year. She seemed to feel not the slightest reservation, accepting him as freely as did Porteus, who was caste itself. It was actually so; he seemed to have caught up with her. All the years he had been racing to make up that distance between the front and back seat of Drum Bodley's car. Had the difference been in his own head all the time? The current warmed between them.

"Always a play boy," she was saying of Bodley; "one of those who never found a work in life to balance his game. There came a time when you reached for something in him, and didn't quite find it—felt for something and it wasn't there—all glamour and charm suddenly come to an end. Isn't it strange we speak of him, past tense, this way?"

A hunch began working in him to retire right now—enough for one day—the kind of hunch no gamester dares disobey. If she thought his departure abrupt, there was no sign in her eyes. This word only: "Won't you have tea with me tomorrow?"

Not only teas but tiffins and walks in the following few days. At times he fancied a secret kindness pouring from her. It drew him out. Once started to talk, it was like the breaking of ice in spring. The coming to China of that walking dead man, looking for H. A. Billings and pacing up and down the outside of walls, became a picture of her mind.

"It got worse day after day," he smiled. "I must have been hard for others to get on with. I used to see men get up and leave a bar or smoking room when I came in. They didn't know what was the matter with me or with themselves. They just felt the cold—like a ghost."

"But what happened in America to make you come to China like that?"

No names or places—all that neatly disguised, he thought; but more and more her subtle interest drew out from him the story of the one he grew up with.

"We used to fight. We fought all the way up in fact," he said. "I never used to care what other people said or did, but if she said something I didn't like, there was battle on, full tilt. Same with her when I ——"

"Why, there must have been a bond between you!"

"Now that's queer," he muttered, his training in the game severely tested at this moment; "mighty queer. A woman said that very thing years ago. She was a sort of dancing teacher in the little town, and we were at a party at her house. We had been fighting as usual, and there were tears at ice-cream time. The woman leaned over us—sort of between, hands on each of us, saying the same thing—that there was a bond between us. That was why we fought so, she said. Seems we had a habit of talking over everything together, but I didn't know it until afterward; and I never really saw her—until one night she was pointed out to me."

"Please tell me what you mean by that."

He talked on. "So it was what another said that woke me up—had to see her with his eyes. But I went right to her that night—probably frightened her half to death. Never kissed her until then—of

Commercial Men Should Use Our

CLUB ROOM

when in

Indianapolis

There is no charge for this service at

HOTEL LINCOLN

RATES AT HOTEL LINCOLN
Remember 275 of our
400 rooms are priced at
$2.50, $2.75, $3.00, $3.50 and $4.00 for one;
$4.00, $4.25, $4.50, $5.50 and $6.00 for two

Large Light Sample Rooms

Conveniently located in the heart of Indianapolis, Washington Street at Kentucky Avenue

The National Highway passes the hotel

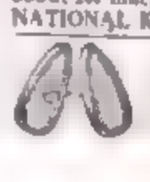
Two blocks from the Union Station, one block from Traction Depot, with the world's largest exclusive Interurban Motor Bus Station on the same block.

Management
R. L. MEYER

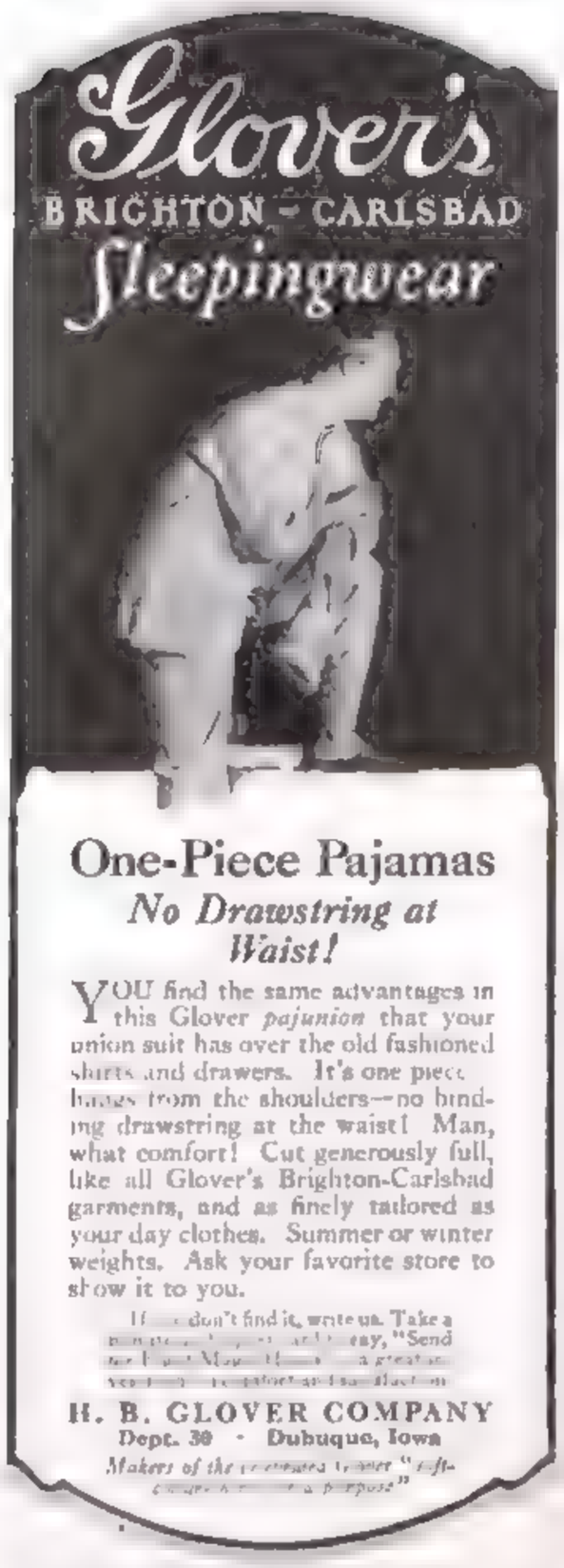
BOYS
WANT an easy job on Thursday afternoons that will pay you in money, any prize you want, and lots of fun? Then join 35,000 other live fellows (in U. S.) as a salesman of The Saturday Evening Post! To learn how we help you to start, mail the coupon—TODAY!
Scissors Here
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Sales Division, 782 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.
Attention, The Boy Man. Tell me about your job and what it pays. Help me start selling THE POST.
Name
Street
Town
State

BIG BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY

$1400 to $4000 investment required. Responsible company offers exclusive advertising proposition having unlimited possibilities. Protected territory. Experience unnecessary. Many machines now operating in St. Louis each earning annually about $4000. One man has installed about 200 machines. Business of unusually high standard. NATIONAL KEI-LAC CO., 320 N. 19th St., St. Louis, Mo.



HAY FEVER Tiny Nasal Filter aids breathing. For [illegible] Hay Fever, Asthma, Catarrh, Bronchitis, etc. $1 per pair. NASAL FILTER CO., Saint Paul, Minn.



One-Piece Pajamas

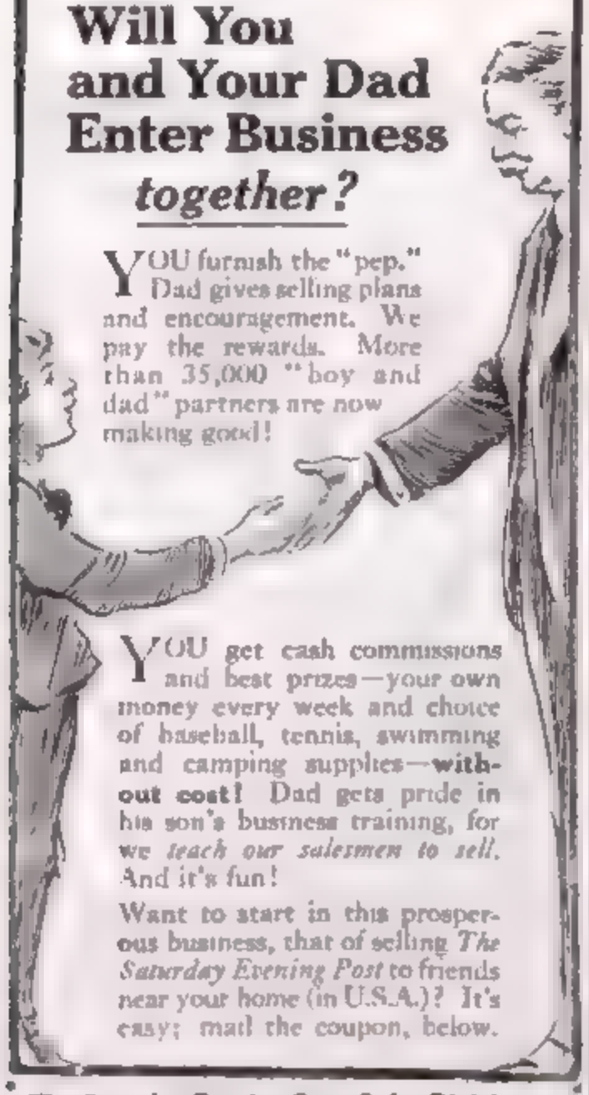
No Drawstring at Waist!

YOU find the same advantages in this Glover *pajunion* that your union suit has over the old fashioned shirts and drawers. It's one piece hangs from the shoulders—no binding drawstring at the waist! Man, what comfort! Cut generously full, like all Glover's Brighton-Carlsbad garments, and as finely tailored as your day clothes. Summer or winter weights. Ask your favorite store to show it to you.

If [illegible] don't find it, write us. Take a [illegible] say, "Send [illegible]

H. B. GLOVER COMPANY
Dept. 30 - Dubuque, Iowa
Makers of the [illegible]

Will You and Your Dad Enter Business *together?*



YOU furnish the "pep." Dad gives selling plans and encouragement. We pay the rewards. More than 35,000 "boy and dad" partners are now making good!

YOU get cash commissions and best prizes—your own money every week and choice of baseball, tennis, swimming and camping supplies—**without cost!** Dad gets pride in his son's business training, for we *teach our salesmen to sell.* And it's fun!

Want to start in this prosperous business, that of selling *The Saturday Evening Post* to friends near your home (in U.S.A.)? It's easy; mail the coupon, below.

The Saturday Evening Post, *Sales Division*
781 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

Dad and I want a business. Help me start selling *The Saturday Evening Post.*

Name _____

Street _____

Town _____ *State* _____

course not counting post office, pillow, drop the handkerchief. Queerest fumble, that kiss, and she didn't make a move."

"You hurry so, leaping over years at a breath. Don't hurry so!"

"Guess I've thought it over so much it's all boiled down," he laughed. "Mighty good of you to listen. . . . Those few days right in there—tore me up by the roots . . . to find she had such power over me. Three nights afterward I went to see her. . . . I moved around them and on into the dark and kept going."

"Please tell me what you mean by saying she was just the same—standing there with him."

"It was almost the spot where we had stood three nights before—not a sound from her either time. . . . What got into me hardest—no one to talk to. Men wouldn't do. . . . Nothing to work for, nothing to play for. Before leaving the old town, I used to think I'd show 'em one day—bring back the one-man trophy of the age—polo, you know."

"It was for her you wanted to bring back the brimming cup. . . . And you've taken for granted all this time that she forgot you—was untrue?"

"I couldn't see her being interested in me again—after him."

"How queer you are—old-fashioned. You make me breathless—so cold about it all. Oh, I know; it's the training of the game; but why should you let me carry all the feeling?" She was laughing, but almost vehement. "Really, you must believe I'm slow to tamper, but you certainly have been making a ghastly mistake. . . . If she had come along a dark street and seen you and me together, do you think she would have run away for seven years?"

"I had to get away. Never could have got on with her and stayed there."

All too soon, an American stranger named Carson, on leave from Manila, took away with him to America the woman who had been Marie Failles.

"Plenty of time for you to be back for the game with the Internationals at the end of the month," Mr. Billings said, suggesting a quick trip to Hong-Kong in October.

Trace of an old grim smile appeared on Brokaw's mouth. A certain meeting was inevitable, but he hadn't thought it would be until the night before the match in Shanghai. A player of the Maniacs couldn't keep his presence in Hong-Kong a secret; not, at least, and attend to any horse business at large. The Internationals would arrive about the time he got there. In a lot of ways, it was the biggest step of all that he faced now.

"And, there you are——" Lord Porteus closing down upon him in the billiard room of the Victoria, having come down to Hong-Kong to watch the Moravians' game with the Internationals, and to conduct the world-wandering team back to Shanghai. Already Porteus had sized up the visitors. "They're down on morale, Brokaw—too much at sea—too many Indian princes to play with, on and off field. Horse and man, they're marrow-drained from India, but not an alibi in the lot."

In that same billiard room at the Victoria, Drum Bodley stood; a bit stiffly, he stood, a slight rigidity, as of conscious effort to hold himself together—so much from a distance. Then in the trophy room of the Moravians, ten men in a circle, a fixing of keen-jawed faces to drink from the Connaught Cup. This was the great trophy of Southern China, held in Drum Bodley's two hands, as Lord Porteus said, "Our new Number Two of the Maniacs."

Drum Bodley's lids widened over the rim of the cup. He turned and gave the trophy to the man next. His empty hand lifted, but dropped again. A slight stir in the silence like soft-footed animals closing in.

"Brokaw!"

The latter bowed a little. To him it was as if another scene had been taken up exactly where it left off. He knew again that illusion of something moving up and down threateningly before his eyes, a strange return of the green-bass look. He took a single step back.

"Not Brokaw, my old groom at the Interlaken—with the Maniacs!"

Now a huge figure pressed between them, looking at one and then at the other. The only sign of strain was the shine of sweat on Porteus' face.

"It's quite true," Brokaw said. "I broke into the game through the stable door." His shoulders trimmed as if he were in the saddle. "I'm quite ready to withdraw."

A huge hand pressed his shoulder, but Porteus' eyes were fixed upon Drum Bodley.

"A groom of yours? I want to know."

The latter's eyes blinked as before a shaft of light. Inevitable, but queer, the thing that happened. The same force that had made Drum Bodley look down upon an old groom made him look up to a lord of the English peerage.

"Quite all right, you know, if you do these things in China—quite all right with me."

The big leathery face now turned to Brokaw, looking closer than ever—sincerity without a shadow of turning:

"And you say it was he who taught you the polo that you brought here to us?"

"Yes."

Lord Porteus turned a last time to Mr. Bodley, took him gently by the shoulders:

"I've a son, you know—little lad of seventeen—just breaking into the game in England. I'd appreciate giving him to you—a year or more—to make a player of him as you did for Brokaw here."

That was a deep silent drink of ten men from the Connaught Cup. Something had happened leaving the company different. Each man wanted to get alone as soon as he could to think it out. It was still early when Lord Porteus knocked at the door of Brokaw's hotel room. The big man entered, sat down, smoked and mused.

"Grooms and gods and gentlemen," he laughed at last; "much of that dumped overside in the war. It's the game a man plays that matters. You see, my friend, he was our guest." He added suddenly after a silence: "You play well. I liked you, Brokaw, in your last game with the Moravians. I liked you in their trinket room tonight."

At his lodgings back in Shanghai, there was a note from Mrs. Carson, whose ship had come in from America. It was evening, but he went at once to her rooms at the Imperial. A queer strain in the air, he felt, a high light in the eyes of his friend, at least for one who usually had herself so well in hand.

"You've come at last! Listen! I have done something I'm not at all sure of. I ask one thing of you—only one thing—you must know I'm not in the habit of tampering!"

"What's in the wind, Mrs. Carson?"

"In the first place, don't do anything, I pray, merely to accommodate me. Call it a trip to China, just as if it happened with nobody's help. I wouldn't for the world be responsible."

"You've got me quite stopped."

She pointed to an inner room.

"Go in there—and don't talk"

As his hand closed upon the knob, he felt the touch and release of a hand on the inner side. Last words reached him distractingly, from Mrs. Carson—sentences flung, as from a woman running away:

"Don't hurry! I'll be gone hours. And please don't fight!"

He moved close to her, conscious at the same time of the hotel room—plush and lamplight, overstuffed furniture. One open window wasn't enough.

"I can't breathe well in here," she said.

The low tone filled him with a startling kind of rapture. He had never felt anything so alive as the shoulders he touched now.

"I can't either. Let's go out."

There was a high vined wall at the right, the rest was dark street.

"Merv!"

The name he hadn't heard for seven years. He didn't answer, but listened for it again.

"Merv!"

"Yes?"

"Why did you make me come to you?"

"I was going back—after this game with the Internationals."

Their faces turned up often to the sky. It was not tossed with clouds as on that last night in her little side street, but warm, serene, a steady haze of stars.

"Merv!"

"Yes"

"She told me—how you came to find me that last night before you went away. Standing with him, I felt a kind of death stealing over me, as if something awful had happened to you."

"We always punished each other," he said.

"I was attracted to him," she told him after a moment. "A bit captivated at first, but I think I was seeing him with your eyes. What you saw in him must have been very wonderful, for it changed your whole life—even if it wasn't truly in him. Marysville could never hold you, because of him. You had to have the world. Why, Merv, I can see right now in your face the thing that drew me to him!"

"What was it?"

"A glimpse of the future—a glimpse of tonight—what is actually taking place in you now. But isn't it mysterious that I should be the one to make you suffer that way?"

"I had to get away from there. I had to have the seven years. He didn't have all to do with it. I could never have been a groom and lived with you. I remember once when the bad knee hit me—down on the grass—on the church lawn, when you came up. I could hardly breathe. I have to be on my toes when you are about. But I like the system. I'm ready to play it from now on."

He waited a bit breathlessly, before her words:

"It doesn't seem like far-off China to me."

The Internationals came up from Hong-Kong considerably whipped by the Moravians—seven goals to none, in fact—men stale, horses logy from much shipping, but never an alibi. Merv couldn't get his game going. Several times he committed the unpardonable sin of letting his mind wander from the play to the grand stand. The visitors were continually defending; Porteus, as captain, in his leisurely, deadly way was pressing the offense a bit harder all the time; at a certain moment he would break out and smother the enemy. Merv dreaded the moment, but Porteus would certainly wish to surpass the score of the Moravians.

In the fifth chukker—the sun low by that time—Merv may have known that queer helplessness which a risen apprentice feels for a failing master. Time and place and move—all up to him—Drum Bodley racing the ball his way—but the sun must have got into his eyes. All unthwarted, Bodley's neat shot under his pony registered, and Merv's eyes followed the ball toward goal. He almost wished the infallible Porteus wasn't there.

Then a deep laugh bubbled out of the very soul of things and he knew what class meant for all time. The sun must have been in the big Englishman's eyes, too, for he failed to make the save, even in the goal mouth.

They were in the showers after the game. Merv chuckled. Through the steam appeared the great bronzed, pock-pitted head.

"Damme if I could let you start something I couldn't finish," he said. "I had a master once myself"

"The only thing," said Merv, "is that the Moravians have the dope on us for the time. They beat 'em seven to nothing, and we only four to one."

"We'll fix that," whispered Porteus, "by fixing the Moravians again."

Where do YOU live? in ONE room—

or all over the house?

WHEN cold weather comes, do you move into "winter quarters" alongside the stove, and stay there till spring? Do you shut off the living room, live in the dining room, and eat in the kitchen?

With the Sunbeam Cabinet Heater installed you can live all over the house all winter long, just as you do in summer.

This modern heater, neither a stove nor a furnace (it requires no cellar and replaces two or three stoves) draws in the air at the bottom, heats it and sends it out through the top in such volume that it keeps the entire five to seven room home—upstairs and downstairs—at a comfortable livable temperature in the coldest weather.

The Sunbeam Cabinet Heater burns either coal or wood, and in a surprisingly short time will save enough on fuel to pay for itself.

Send for literature describing this wonderful heating device or see it at one of the hardware or furniture stores near you. You can have a demonstration without the slightest obligation.

A small down payment will put the **SUNBEAM CABINET HEATER** *in your home . . . . Costs little more than a good stove*

THE FOX FURNACE COMPANY • *Largest Makers of Heating Equipment in the World* • ELYRIA, OHIO

SUNBEAM
CABINET HEATER
TRADE MARK

THE FOX FURNACE CO.,
Elyria, Ohio.
Please send without obligation, literature describing the Sunbeam Cabinet Heater
Name . . . . .
Address . . . . .
. . . . . SEPT 825

BIRD'S *Neponset* Products

A ROOF for every building

BIRD'S
Neponset Products
Roofings ~ Floor Coverings

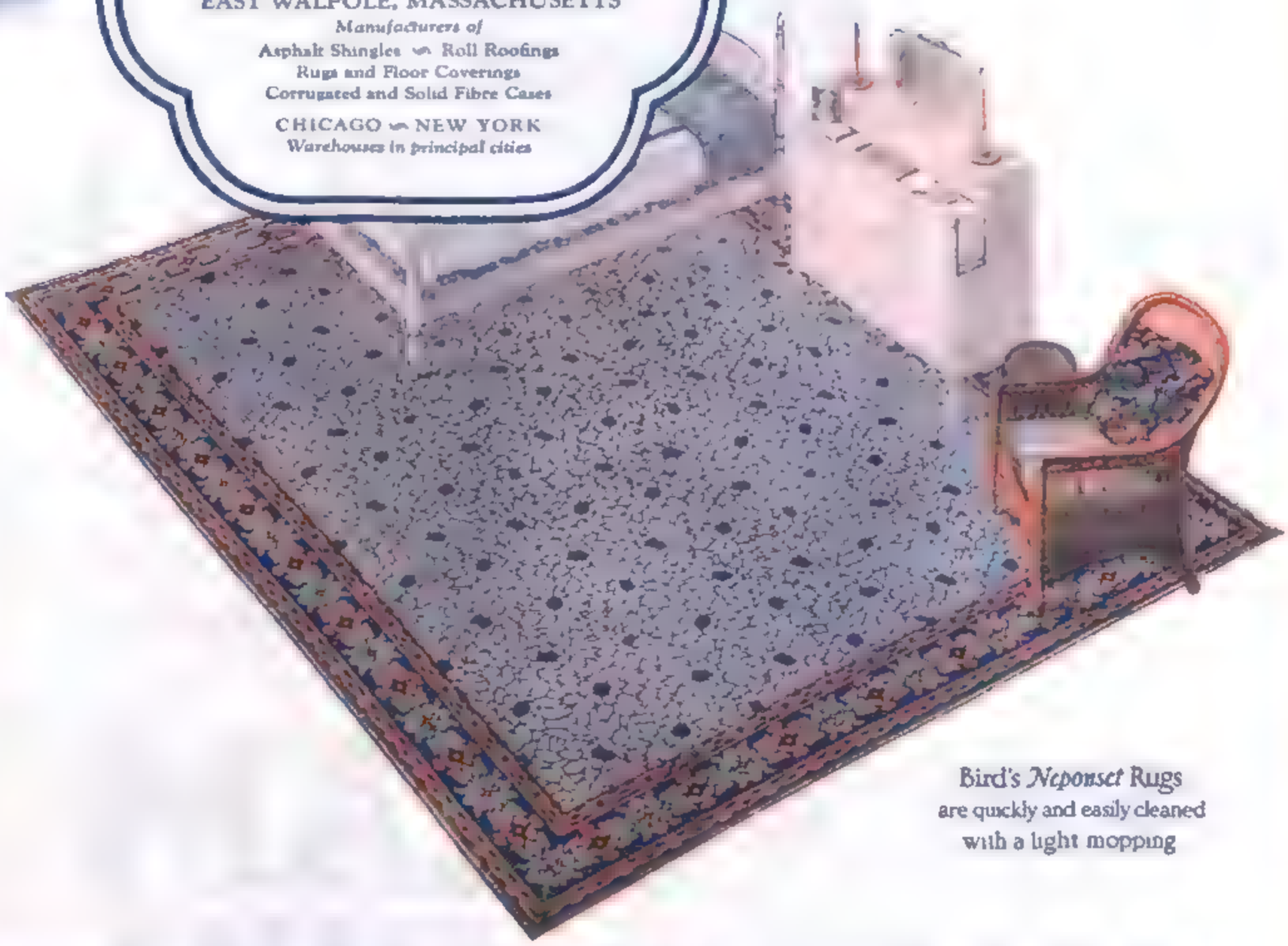
THRIFT products, made for the millions of men and women who wish to furnish and safeguard their homes economically.

BIRD'S roofings and floor coverings are made of wear- and water-resisting materials, with 130 years of manufacturing experience behind them.

BIRD & SON, inc.
Established 1795
EAST WALPOLE, MASSACHUSETTS
Manufacturers of
Asphalt Shingles ~ Roll Roofings
Rugs and Floor Coverings
Corrugated and Solid Fibre Cases
CHICAGO ~ NEW YORK
Warehouses in principal cities

A RUG for every room

Only Bird's *Neponset* Rugs have the genuine *waxed back!*



Bird's *Neponset* Rugs are quickly and easily cleaned with a light mopping

DEFY WATER AND WEAR

THE GREAT AMERICAN SCANDAL

(Continued from Page 19)

from families split by divorce or some other desertion of responsibility. The solid unit necessary to the life of a wholesome American family was lacking in these cases, and the figures are too convincing to allow of any interpretation other than that the well-preserved family unit, with its early teaching, which no school can substitute, is the greatest bulwark of the law-abiding spirit—the spirit of responsibility.

All over the nation one finds that judges, grand jurymen, detectives, police commissioners, and even criminals themselves, assume without discussion a distinct weakening of that influence. Warden Lewis E. Lawes, of Sing Sing, gave reasons why boys become criminals. He placed heredity at the head of the list; but that is a more or less constant factor overcome only by some form of enforced birth control. His other reasons were: First, lack of home training, then inadequate education, insufficient recreation, gambling, bad company, liquor and drugs, false pride. The one plain fact about the list is that the elimination of the first reason would eliminate nearly all the others.

Judge Charles W. Boote, of Yonkers, gave his list of why girls go off the track: Improper homes, no religious training, automobile riding, love of luxury, liquor, movies of the wrong type, lack of sex modesty, boys with too much spending money, decadent literature. The one plain fact about this list is that the correction of the first difficulty is perhaps the only way to correct the other eight.

Parental Neglect

I have before me an excellent example of the life of a boy which furnishes ample illustration of the effect of home disruption. The investigator for the authorities writes:

"J. S. is the son of L. S., a moderately prosperous contractor for the erecting of buildings. Until he was fourteen the family lived in a suburb. The record of J. S. was good. Teachers report intelligence above the average. The family occupied a small house with about one acre of ground with a vegetable garden in the rear. J. S. and A. S., his sister, now married, were the only children. Five years ago L. S. made large profits. The family moved to No.—— Street, occupying an apartment of eight rooms. The sister, A. S., was engaged to be married. L. S. bought an automobile of expensive type and toured with his wife. When home, J. S. says they were always at the theater or movies. He was left alone. At fifteen he began taking small quantities of gin when the parents were away. He states that life changed from the moment his parents got money and began going out. He admits taking boys and girls to the apartment when parents were touring.

"On discovery by his father there was a quarrel. There is evidence that the father, L. S., was drunk. The mother prevented violence and proposed moving back to the suburb. J. S. says that they went to church when in the suburb and were home evenings. J. S. went to public school—and did not fail of promotions, but was often truant. At seventeen he was arrested for speeding, intoxication and driving without a license in the city of ——. At this time there was discussion as to putting him on probation. The influence of his father saved him from punishment.

"When asked if his mother and father paid attention to him, he said, 'They were always out or I was. When we lived in —— my father and I worked the vegetable garden and I used to see him a good deal. Now mother is always out too. She is about fifty, but she has bobbed her hair and is pretty young.'

"At eighteen J. S. says he tried the effect of cocaine. He kept that fact concealed. He quit school. He was often at an apartment of one Mrs. —— at No. —— Avenue, who was motherly toward him except when she was drinking. Although J. S. was sometimes only a caller at his own home during the daytime, he was not questioned. The mother now says that both she and the father must have been 'crazy to let life go on like that.' She says that J. S. always seemed to be getting on all right, and she had read books or novels showing that too much restraint for boys and girls prevented self-development. She was hysterical when seen and kept repeating, 'I wish it was like the old days. We got to rushing around.'

"J. S. takes his plight without emotion; he is principally interested in obtaining cigarettes. He will not talk of Alice G., accused with him. He is resentful because she squealed to the police. Alice G. is a girl from a broken family with whom J. S. has been going for nearly two years. She is now seventeen and her pressure upon J. S. to purchase clothes and trips for her was undoubtedly the cause of the crime."

The details of the case of J. S. as set forth in this report have been changed slightly, because his punishment and that of the girl who instigated and betrayed him have not been finally settled. His offense was that of robbery and assault with intent to kill; he and the girl shared an active part in beating an old woman, the keeper of a lodging house, on the head with a hammer to obtain savings they believed concealed in the house. They attempted to set fire to the building to hide the supposed murder. The case reveals no original and fundamental mental deficiency in either the boy or girl, no lack of opportunity for education, no bad heredity. What it does reveal is parental neglect, a degeneracy of character in the absence of home guidance, and apparently a well-rooted belief that misdeeds go unpunished, and that authority is too blind or too feeble to call for a reckoning with self-indulgent and reckless youth.

Why not? These two have read of other killers who have slid out from the law by the law's delays or indecisions. They have seen accounts of alienists who have rescued others from paying just penalties. They had expectations that they would be considered unfortunate by social investigators and by parole and pardon authorities. They had tested the authority of both the home and the state, and finding it did not hamper them they stretched their string of lawlessness until it broke.

The Loophole of Abnormality

In June, 1925, a young man who had blackmailed a New York millionaire, finally shot him, with whatever cold blood one may attribute to a killer who brings a weapon to the scene of his ambush. Almost his first request was to be examined as to his sanity! He spoke in a sophisticated manner of psycho-analysis. He evidently had full faith that he would be saved by an indulgent state.

He was sentenced to a term of years, which by definite parole methods of curtailment will be a short term; but it was evident that "mental abnormality" would save him. In his early years he had been given a long leash; he had learned to expect a long leash and to depend upon loopholes and sentimentalism.

"Normal?" said a chief of a bureau of detectives in a Southern city. "No; of course a lot of them aren't normal. What of it? We've had a lot of Presidents of the United States who weren't normal. Defective vision? Well, Roosevelt had defective vision. The real truth as to why these boys and girls get in here is that the home has stopped work. The bedrooms of some homes are used, but the sitting room and library, and sometimes the dining room, too, wouldn't be missed. When I was a boy the motto used to be God Bless Our Home; now it's Let's Go! And when they go, the parents go one way and the youngsters another. Today in a lot of families they are lucky if they meet at breakfast. The old companionship of the home and the evening lamp and having the young neighbors in has dwindled away."

Judge Harry Archbald, of the Juvenile Court in Los Angeles, California, says: "My observation leads me to believe that about 95 per cent of the youthful delinquency today can for the most part be blamed on bad home conditions." He explains that mothers and fathers are satisfied to provide bountifully of things to eat and wear, look out for their physical comfort and provide them with exciting entertainment, but fail to give their children time for companionship or moral or religious training, inspiration or the example of right living. This judge who so expresses himself may feel some concern that the juvenile cases in his own court have increased 23 per cent in one year!

A seasoned veteran in the work on juvenile delinquency says: "We found again and again when we called on parents and asked if they had a son or daughter by a given name and they replied that they had, and we would ask, 'Do you know where he is?' the answer would be, 'Well, no, we don't know!' There was the lack of parental responsibility, permitting children to get into improper associations."

Schools for Parents

It is needless to add that children of such families not only learn the habits of being on the loose but assume that they are living in a society where neither the home nor the state retains much interest in them or authority over their acts. And this is the result not of economic want, mental deficiency and abnormality, or of heredity, but of complete absence of training in the law-abiding spirit.

The ex-warden of San Quentin Prison, in California, says: "There are more prisoners between the ages of twenty and twenty-five than in any other age group. The parents of the country build the prisons and then the parents people them with inmates."

F. Emory Lyon, superintendent of the Central Howard Association, speaking before the last annual meeting of the American Prison Association, set forth the idea that parental responsibility might well be written into the law:

"Parents ought to be held responsible. We have approached it in many of our juvenile-court acts by the provision for punishing those who contribute to the delinquency of children. Certainly we can readily see that boys and girls who are neglected, who are ruined by being given too much money to spend and altogether too little responsibility, should hardly bear the full responsibility; it is at least a joint responsibility as between the boys and girls and their parents. One suggestion is the establishment of schools for parents."

Of course, the best school for parents, rich or poor, is the discipline of an awakened public opinion which will condemn the abandonment of the highest responsibility known—responsibility to children. This abandonment is in favor of the touring car, the card table, the movies, trips, and a round of wet or dry social engagements. The responsibility is not to be passed on to nurses, governesses, public-school teachers, or to the asinine philosophy that children must be free to develop in their own glorious self-expressiveness without guidance or companionship. Nor is the responsibility to be dismissed by talk, for it is a responsibility requiring the tireless investment of time and sincere interest.

It is about time to face the fact and remember that substantially the whole burden of responsibility for sweeping the torrent of youth into the lawlessness which swells our already scandalous felony record, rests on the failure of American homes. It is about time to realize that little comfort is to be found in any hope that American parents can explain away the new crime

Perfect Sealing for the Good Things You Make

After you have made your snappy Catsups, delicious Grape Juice, Root Beer from Hires' Household Extract or other tasty Home-Made Beverages, be sure to safe-guard the result of your time and effort by perfect sealing with

EVEREDY BOTTLE CAPPER

Seals everything perfectly air tight and leak proof. Never breaks a bottle. Never sticks. So handy to use and easy to operate makes home bottling no trouble at all. Guaranteed absolutely. Crown caps sold at any store.

If your dealer does not carry EVEREDY products, send us $1.50 and we will send a Capper postpaid, with new book —HUNDRED TIME TESTED RECIPES—all the delicious home beverages and unusual jellies. Price of book alone, 10c.

THE EVEREDY COMPANY
Frederick Maryland

EVEREDY

How Many Friends Have You?

Here's How They'll Help You Make Money:

JUST tell them that you represent *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* and explain that you'll be glad to forward their renewal and new subscriptions.

Your friends will be glad to save themselves the bother of writing a check and mailing a letter—and you will profit handsomely. Once you've told your *friends* about your new work, talking to *other people* will be easy.

For the necessary authority, and all supplies, mail this coupon.

The Curtis Publishing Company
785 Independence Sq., Philadelphia, Pa.

Send me details, but without obligation, of your cash offer.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

The biggest treat in town

ICE CREAM—your favorite kind—in more delightful form than ever before.

—a generous portion of two flavors frozen in a dainty DIXIE, all its goodness and purity, its original flavor and fine texture, sealed in tight by the maker and kept sealed until you remove the top.

—and only a nickel!

Leading ice cream makers are freezing their cream in DIXIES, because they know you'll like it better than ever in this tempting new form. Most dealers sell DIXIES for the same reason and because they are so quick and easy to serve.

Each DIXIE comes to you with a little wooden spoon and the ice cream maker's name on the top. If you do not find your favorite cream in DIXIES, send us the name of the kind you like best.

INDIVIDUAL DRINKING CUP CO., INC., Easton, Pa.
Original Makers of the Paper Cup

DIXIE Individual Drinking Cups are found in the stations and coaches of railroads, in offices, theatres, hotels, restaurants and at the better soda fountains. At most drug, stationery and department stores you can get DIXIE Drinking Cups in convenient cartons for home or picnic use

5¢ DIXIES

Packed with your favorite ice cream

tide of youth by increasing poverty, increasing physical or mental defects, or some mystic outcropping of evil heredity. The explanation is a social explanation. Parenthood and public opinion alone can restore the responsibility and rewards of a soberer and quieter home life which gives real service and joy, and in exchange exacts recognition of authority.

"And it is needed to make the American home better than ever," the chief of police of a Mississippi River city said to me. "Why? Because, as you say, we have become a nation of Arabs. The old neighborhood or the old town life has gone. That used to help the home. Now everyone is moving. And somehow, we seem to be living in an age when the idea is to get around every obligation and claim every right to go as we please. That's why the home ought to dig its trenches deeper—not shallower."

Judge Lindsey, founder of the Juvenile Court, said recently that the rising generation is not wholly to blame for the laxity of law observance. He blames modern parental attitudes as crime breeders and says: "If adults exercised their influence for good over youth, there would be fewer graduates from juvenile detention institutions into penitentiaries."

It is about time to face the fact that churches and religion have their link with any new generation through the home.

Such organizations as the Boy and Girl Scouts I find are regarded everywhere by the law authorities as a great help to the American home and to law and order, because they supply something that the home cannot supply readily—that is, a manly and ennobling expression of the gang spirit.

But Big-Brother and Big-Sister movements, fine as they are in essence, partake of the nature of supplying a deficiency in parenthood.

The attempt to throw upon the schools, public or private, the major work of character building is a futile attempt to pass responsibility for a personal service owed by parents, on to institutions and substitutes which can never supplant good parenthood. A boy with a good father needs no Big Brother.

Delegating Responsibility

The only place left to deposit responsibility is the reformatory, and even the best of reformatory training is often in the nature of a preparatory course to pass the subject into the state prison. If some correctional institution which gets the boys and girls young enough is able to turn out a good product, then the failure of the home and the guilt of the parent are revealed as being greater, not less.

It is principally the good home and the parent willing to put his effort and time into the future of the children which are the bulwark against all the other influences which are named as elements making for youth lawlessness. It is the home which supports education and religion; it is the home which wards off gambling, liquor, drugs, bad company, movies of the wrong type, immodesty, extravagant spending on pleasure, false pride and disrespect for law. All these elements named by judges, prosecuting attorneys and police as leading to willfulness, a degenerating attitude toward obligations and finally to lawbreaking and crime, can only be beaten by the American home.

"There has been too much currency given by parents to the vague notion that they can pass their responsibility on to church, school and to the modern idea of some mysterious power in world organization," says a judge, writing in answer to my questions. "I have no doubt it would please some mothers or fathers to learn that their nonnegotiable obligation toward their children could be passed on to the League of Nations so that the parents could sit on the porch of some road house without a care in the world."

It appears to be the unanimous opinion of all who come into contact with the youthful wrongdoer today that the home has at this period a particularly hard job on hand. It faces an age when, for various reasons, the whole philosophy of freedom at any price and irresponsibility at any cost has been turned loose on the world. I have been amazed at this theory of irresponsibility, political, social and personal, bred in Europe since the war. I have seen it degenerate art into mere driveling expression and unite whole groups behind leadership proposing that the state should require no service of citizenship, but should in some magic way pay for every individual's idleness or delinquency. I have seen it induce a present generation of pleasure seekers to waste the physical inheritance which they hold in trust for a future generation. And coming home from service abroad, I have seen a nation with too much money to spend, too much ease, too much excitement and too much restlessness, tolerating soft and mushy philosophies about the rights of the individual.

Harry Emerson Fosdick, addressing the 1925 graduating class at Radcliffe College, said it well.

The Literature of Discontent

"Freedom of life," he asserted, "is not to be found in freedom from the laws of living. The lawlessness of the American people is appalling. No other civilized country has so much crime which goes unpunished. In our moral life we are at a period that seeks for release from all restraint. If we were to look for a word to express the characteristic attitude of the new generation we should find it 'self-expression.' We are all out to get ourselves expressed. So in music, we have strange novelties and grotesques; in poetry, free verse; in morals, do as you please. An argument for self-expression will not help the man arraigned in court for expressing himself by an assault upon his neighbor. It is neither good morals, good religion, good law nor good psychology to teach that some primitive instincts were given to us not to restrain, but to express. That teaching is only a caricature of psychology. It is an erroneous philosophy which tells us that we have only the choice of repressing our desires absolutely or letting them loose."

But in the main it is this nonsense which has made popular a whole modern school of literature called the Literature of Discontent. It is not necessary for the home to ban or censor a great deal of this, provided parents are sensible enough to present the ridiculous and laughable conclusions to be drawn from it. The silly side of this literature is that it is the literature of Eat Your Cake and Have it Too. It depicts enslaved souls who break their bonds of drudgery, jump all moral fences and land in that proverbial next pasture which always looks greener to the jackass. It is the philosophy of The Ticket for a Short Ride. The producers of such treatises, novels and plays fail to disclose that the tickets they sell will only put the passenger off at some ugly way station. They do not offer through tickets to the end of life.

The wrong kind of moving pictures adds a burden to the home. To send the children may seem to cost only half a dollar; it may cost half a century of tragedy. I find that all over the nation the wrong kind of motion pictures is rated by law enforcement authorities as one of the outstanding contributors to the stimulus of immorality and of crime. There is current a weasel answer given by some producers to this accusation.

"Ah!" say they, in chorus with some of the fiction publications. "It is necessary to show dazzling sin in order to point a somber and chastening moral!"

This is on a par with the philosophy of Rasputin, that evil monk who brought corruption to the court of the Czar of Russia. I saw him in Petrograd in 1915. His thought about attaining great spiritual heights was this: "In order to have great spiritual victories the terrible pain of grief

(Continued on Page 137)

The new Gardner Eight-in-line Foursome Cabriolet has a unique concealed rumble seat for two in rear deck with a sliding rear window opening wide permitting maximum ventilation and ease of communication with extra passengers . . . . . .

THE Gardner Eight-in-line Foursome Cabriolet fittingly belongs to those who love the luxury of individual transportation—to those who take an intimate pride in their personal possessions.

It's the car of cars for those happy people who could never be content with anything less than a really fine motor car.

Surpassing conventional standards of style and performance, the Gardner Eight-in-line tells the world that a person of good taste and sound judgment rides behind the wheel.

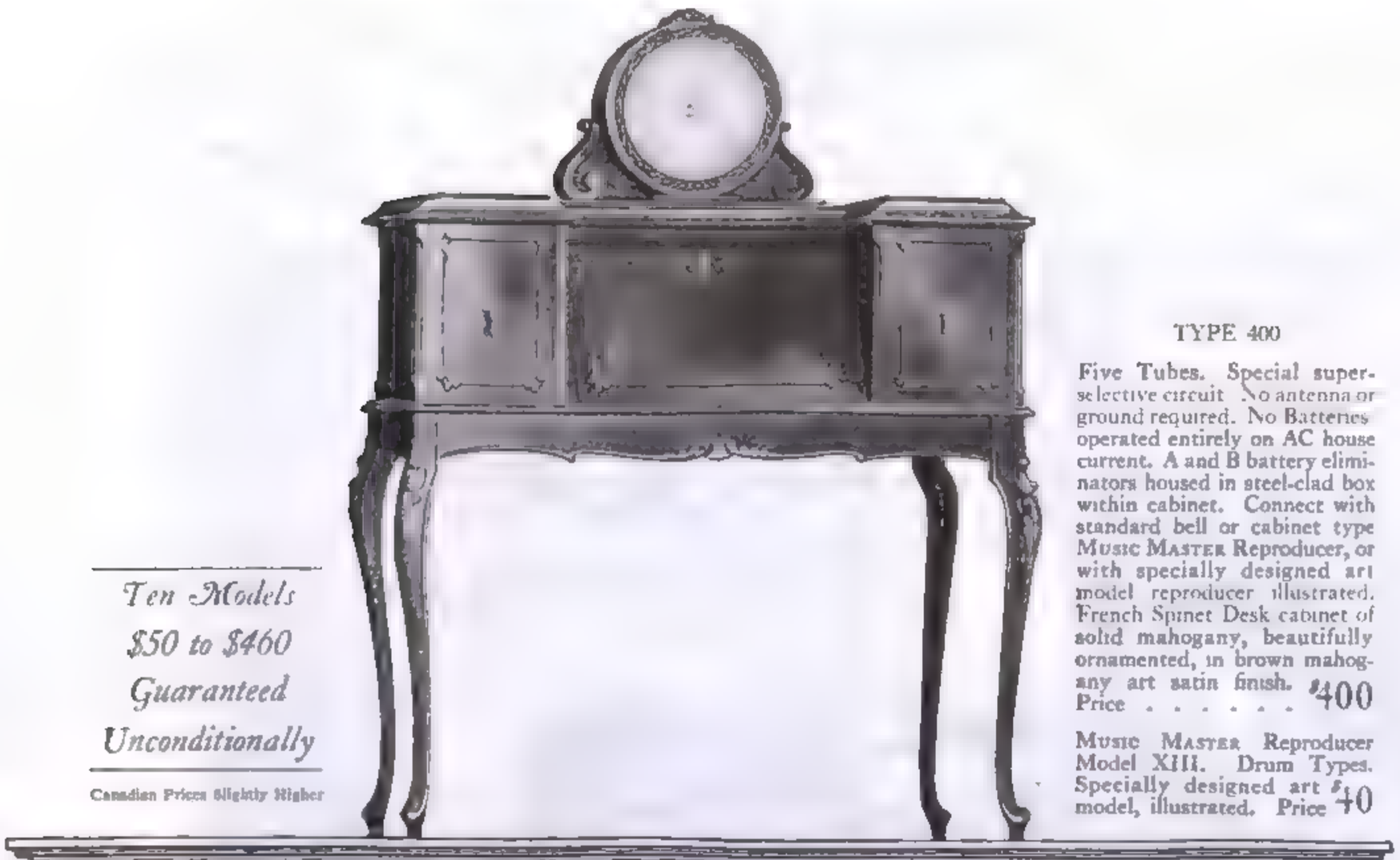
THE GARDNER MOTOR CO., INC. • ST. LOUIS • U. S. A.

1926 Models—Lower Prices

Eight-in-line Body Styles • *Special Touring, $1095* • *Anniversary Sedan, $1095* • *Foursome Cabriolet, $1245* • *Sport Sedan, $1295* • *De Luxe Sedan, $1495*
Six-Cylinder Body Styles *Touring, $1595* • *Brougham, $1595* • *Anniversary Sedan, $1595* • *Foursome Cabriolet, $1845* • *Sport Sedan, $1895* • *De Luxe Sedan, $1895*
All Prices F. O. B. St. Louis

GARDNER

EIGHT-IN-LINE



Ten Models
$50 to $460
Guaranteed
Unconditionally

Canadian Prices Slightly Higher

TYPE 400

Five Tubes. Special super-selective circuit. No antenna or ground required. No Batteries operated entirely on AC house current. A and B battery eliminators housed in steel-clad box within cabinet. Connect with standard bell or cabinet type Music Master Reproducer, or with specially designed art model reproducer illustrated. French Spinet Desk cabinet of solid mahogany, beautifully ornamented, in brown mahogany art satin finish. Price $400

Music Master Reproducer Model XIII. Drum Types. Specially designed art model, illustrated. Price $40

Its Beauty Satisfies—Its Tone Delights —and a Style for Every Home

A TRULY beautiful example of the cabinetmaker's art in every detail of design and workmanship, Music Master brings an added sense of beauty and harmony into any environment.

Designed as the supreme medium for the interpretation of Radio's infinite variety of Music, Song and Speech, Music Master Receiver combines in one artistic unit the supreme in reception with the superbly realistic re-creative powers of Music Master Reproducer.

One of the exquisite Music Master models may well become one of your most prized possessions, bringing into your home a decorative beauty and a charm that is all its own, for there is a Music Master model to harmonize in perfect unity with every interior.

Ask any authorized Music Master dealer to demonstrate Music Master. See Music Master—hear—compare—before you buy *any* radio set.

Music Master Corporation

Makers and Distributors of High-Grade Radio Apparatus

128-130 N. Tenth Street
PHILADELPHIA

CHICAGO NEW YORK Canadian Factory: Kitchener, Ontario PITTSBURGH MONTREAL

Music Master
RADIO PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 134)

and remorse is necessary, and how can one have this pain without committing sin?"

County Judge George W. Martin, of Brooklyn, New York, says it in another way:

"Many of these pictures glorify crime or depict he rotten trail of sensuality. It is sought to justify their exhibition on the explanation that they point a moral. As sensible would it be to drag a child through the fire in order to teach him about heat."

"Censorship does not provide the remedy," says another judge of a criminal court. "We have a censorship and it is accused somewhat justly of tyranny on the one hand and failure to stop the intellectual filth on the other hand."

Of course, the only censorship worth much is the censorship of the home; that kind of censorship is, perhaps, less concerned with what is removed from a child's knowledge than with a training which will make the child appraise the doctrines of folly and learn disgust for the odors of nastiness.

The Wrong Kind of Reformer

So also, in the control of sex morals, it is only the home which can compete with temptations that have increased by the increase the motor car has given to the range of youth.

Finally, it is only the home and public opinion which can avert a menace that has grown up along with the nonsense about freedom and license. This menace is the dramatization and idealization of lawlessness. It has made, I find, extraordinary strides everywhere. And with the overwhelming testimony of observers in contact with lawless youth behind me, I charge the wrong kind of reformer and sentimentalist, who wishes to excuse every felony and to pamper and pet the young offender, as being a direct contributor to the breaking down of the authority of the home and the state.

The process of making a hero of the youthful profligate, and even of the young felon, has gone to extremes. No conception can be had by the average person of the degree to which indulgence and excuse for crime have led into positive sympathy, secret admiration and even a strong impulse to imitate. Only the detective bureaus of the nation are familiar with the stream of young persons who desire to confess to crimes which they have never committed.

Near Chicago the body of a young woman was found in a park. A boy who could not have been within miles of the scene appeared at a police station and endeavored to gain publicity by giving a detailed and lurid account of his guilt. In New York a dressmaker is robbed by the hold-up method. The newspapers, because of certain sensational features, are full of the daring and dash of the criminals. This brings two persons who had nothing whatever to do with the crime to confess their part in it! Case after case arises when some eager confessor who can be proved innocent steps forward to solve a criminal mystery by assuming guilt. These young volunteers are seldom merely unbalanced. They often weigh the chances of prison terms and are willing to pay the price for notoriety.

"I did it to get the glory," said one of them.

This idea of glory is fostered by some types of newspapers. An expert on criminal psychology has sent me a whole page of a newspaper reporting the adventures of one who had a record of several cowardly hold-ups and shootings and was on his way to being something of an important criminal. The headlines running across the page call him a supercriminal. He is referred to as the world's champion bank robber. The story about his capture indicates that the forces of law were helpless. It was only because he tried to make love to another criminal's lady that he met his punishment and was betrayed into the hands of the law. His life and adventures are described alluringly.

He was held forth as a quiet student of the world's best literature, because he was arrested in the reading room of a public library. The picture is of a modern François Villon or Robin Hood who made a mistake which some other wiser boy could avoid and so go on unchecked through a lifetime of thrilling adventure.

In an Eastern city, a girl of seventeen shot down the man whom her parents desired her to marry. From the age of fifteen she had maintained a relationship with a married man. She was accustomed to cocktail parties and all the paraphernalia of modern freedom. But one of the most conservative papers in the city reports her as a "home-loving little girl who knew nothing of the ways of the world, and after this strange nightmare of violence now sits in the prisoner's box, without any rouge or powder, her little face pale with suffering!" It is enough to whet the appetite of any young wildcat who wants to ride down all the conventions and to appear in the last chapter of the book as an interesting figure in the public eye. It might almost be worth while to accept a prison term of two or three years.

The Lesson to be Learned

As a court officer said to me about the demure little killer, "It's not what happens to her that counts. It's what happens in the minds of all the other little girls who haven't yet become like her. If some of these hussies got the chair or life, it might not be good for them; it might seem terrible. I'll say it might. It might seem terrible enough to stop the imitators from imitating."

I have learned in my months of investigation that the great attention paid by authorities, social workers and psychiatrists to the cure of the individual boys and girls who are sent to industrial homes, farm schools and reformatory institutions is of greatest value in saving those particular individuals who are convicted of juvenile delinquency. Men like Burdette G. Lewis, who has introduced scientific humanitarian measures into the institutions of New Jersey, do a vast amount of good in the work of rehabilitation.

Unfortunately their labor, so far as its effect upon the general tendency of youth toward lawlessness is concerned, is playing jackstraws. The worst possible error—and it is made constantly by those who attack the problem of the new youth in relation to lawbreaking—is the idea that the salvage of the boys and girls who go wrong is the vital element in the question. There has been so much habit thinking among well-intentioned and good-hearted persons that the whole point of what is really needed is missed.

In 60 or 70 per cent of the cases of juvenile delinquents, there can be shown a marked improvement of character and behavior. But the sum total of juvenile delinquents dealt with, including the incorrigible cases which are almost certain to graduate to penitentiaries, is an insignificant minority.

The real problem of correction or punishment by the state, when the home breaks down on its job, is concerned, not with wild Joe who has been sent to reform school or the penitentiary. The real problem is to treat Joe with such swift and sure severity that Jack and Bill, George and Leo, Ole and Ephraim, Mabel and Bridget, Lucia and Gretchen, will learn from the state a lesson they may have failed to learn at home. That lesson is that authority is to be reestablished. It is a simple lesson in cause and effect. It is the lesson that lawbreaking brings that degree of punishment which is at least sufficient to guarantee that the price paid for wrongdoing will be in excess of the sum total of the supposed gain or desire or satisfaction in wrongdoing.

The Other Half of the Truth

I have received a pamphlet of one of the national societies which preach that children are to be controlled by love and lectures. After a long contact with the new crime record of American youth I still agree with that doctrine—if, however, there may be added to it the phrase "when possible."

In the pamphlet I find a letter from a fifteen-year-old girl. It says:

"There are many who change from bad to good through fear of punishment. If they change to good through fear of punishment, they are not as strong, as safe, or as happy as if they change through love and reason."

It is exactly that admirable attitude which permeates our land, but it is exactly half a good attitude, just as the little girl's philosophy is only half a truth. Our public opinion needs now to add to that attitude the other half of the truth. When love and reason, whether they be of parents or of the state, fail, then—swift punishment of one to save a hundred others.

The reason for the startling part youth is playing in our crime record is the breakdown of authority. Selfishly unwilling to invest good example, good service and time in establishing law-abiding qualities in children, parents have begun to pass the problem of lawlessness, when it becomes unbearable, over to the state.

And the state, with increasing humanitarian consideration for the welfare of this boy or that girl, has neglected to establish in front of the face of all the rest of the boys and girls that, if reason fails, then punishment begins, and that punishment means something more than slaps with the psychiatrist's feather duster or the sprinkling of a little Cologne water.

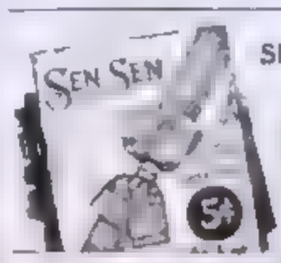
The boy and the girl who feel the pain of punishment may not be exclusively to blame, but they will serve a good purpose at last if their misfortune causes American youth as a whole to do some cost accounting in advance.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Child. The fourth will appear in an early issue

A real delight—deliciously flavored—outdoor men find its use

"a sensible habit"

BEEMAN'S Pepsin Gum



SEN-SEN *to sweeten and perfume the breath*

Delightful flavor, aromatic and fragrant. Valuable for singers and speakers.

GERMAN ARMY OFFICERS' FIELD GLASSES

FREE TRIAL

8 power **$9.85** If you wish to keep them

Free trial coupon will bring you these genuine German War Glasses purchased at exceptionally advantageous rates of exchange.

Manufactured by most prominent of German optical factories. Many were received direct from the Allied Reparations Commission.

Finest achromatic day and night lenses. 40 m.m. objective. Dust and moisture proof. Pupillary adjustment. Built for service regardless of cost according to strictest military standards. All glasses guaranteed in perfect condition. We have sold 40,000 pairs of this model to date.

Shipped promptly on receipt of attached coupon on 5 days' free trial. If satisfied send check or money order for $9.85. *Order your field glasses today.*

HENDERSON BROTHERS

Largest importers of field glasses in America

93 Federal Street Boston, Mass.

FREE TRIAL COUPON

Gentlemen:

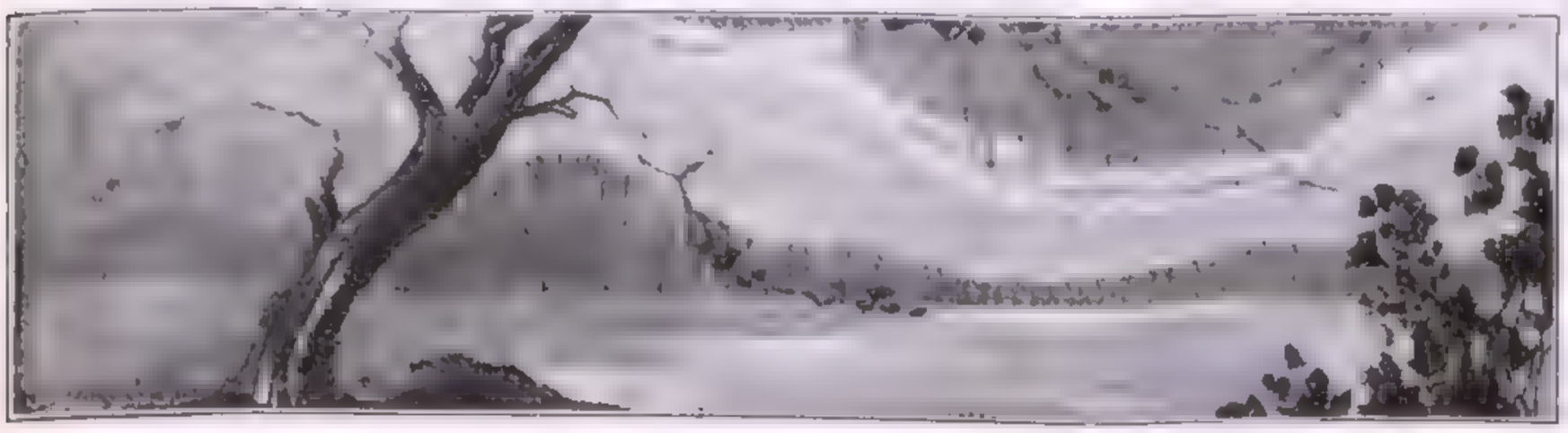
Please send me on 5 days free trial one pair German Army Officers war glasses. After 5 days trial I will either return glasses or remit $9.85

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

State . . . . . .

S. E. P. 1



Make your Razor Blades last longer

Try this lather and see the difference—

AN improperly softened beard is bound to dull the edge of the keenest razor. The more thoroughly softened your beard is, the easier the razor cuts, the longer the edge lasts.

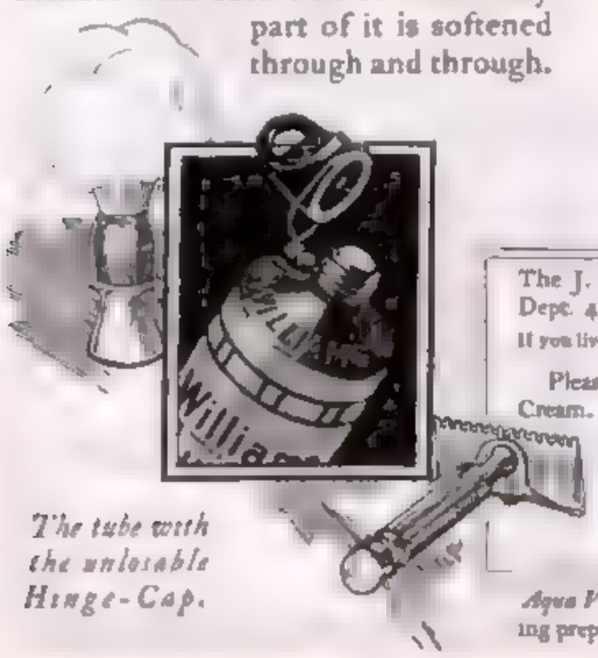
Here at Williams, we have studied this softening process for years. The whole secret of Williams lather is that it does a real job of beard-softening.

It instantly takes hold of the oil-film on each hair. It breaks down that film, brings moisture in direct contact with each hair so that every part of it is softened through and through.

And yet Williams lather, powerful beard-softener that it is, leaves your face so soft and soothed that its daily use is beneficial to the skin.

You can prove that Williams will give longer life to your razor blades by making a week's test of Williams. We will send you a free trial tube for the purpose. Simply fill out coupon below or mail us a postcard.

The regular large-size tube of Williams is 35c. The double-size tube at 50c contains twice as much cream and is the most economical tube of shaving cream you can buy.



The tube with the unlosable Hinge-Cap.

Mail this today for FREE *sample tube*

The J. B. Williams Company S. E. P. 8-29-25
Dept. 48-C, Glastonbury, Conn

If you live in Canada, address The J. B. Williams Co., Canada, Ltd., St. Patrick Street, Montreal

Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream. (Trial tube does not have Hinge-Cap)

Aqua Velva is our newest triumph—a *scientific* after-shaving preparation. 150-drop test bottle free. Write Dept. 48-C.

KEYS OF HEAVEN

(Continued from Page 17)

There was a little silence that echoed and thrilled like a voice, then the snap of a broken connection, a distant confusion of bells.

"Sir, you are under a misconception," T. A. began, then he jerked the receiver impotently. "Operator, get me that number again," but his voice echoed dully. The wire was dead, and apparently dead forever.

"The plot thickens, and it was already too thick for my taste," said T. A.

With the care which he gave to all inanimate objects, he returned the telephone to its ornate home. He slipped off his ulster and folded it tenderly on a twelfth-century vargueno and took from his pocket a Happy Fluke cigarette. It was his last, but he did not light it; he crushed it between his fingers and frowned at it absently. He had no further thought of flight. He could no more have left that room at that moment than a puzzle fan could throw away an unfinished puzzle.

The voice which had spoken echoed pleasantly in his ears. He liked it. He liked few voices. The girl's face, her words at the door, haunted and teased him. Pictures dimly seen, bits of forgotten lore, stirred in his mind, but would not come clear. In the air of this strange room hung the faint vanishing scent of the girl's perfume. And to all this there was some answer which he did not know—which he almost knew.

"My time is so limited," said T. A. "I so lack details. Details are never important, but ——"

He stopped abruptly. The velvet curtains that masked the door were stirring lightly as if a wind moved them. T. A. watched them and smiled.

"My child," he said, "your wish to observe me is natural, but you can do so more conveniently if you will come in and sit here."

The curtains hung still, then parted and the girl in gray came through them and slowly down the long room to T. A. He could see that she carried in her arms, veiled by the floating folds of the chiffon that draped her, something heavy and small and square. She laid it carefully on a table between them, then settled herself deliberately in the chair which he indicated.

She leaned back in it quite at ease and did not look like a detected eavesdropper at all. Wreathed leaves of gold on the high back of the great armchair hung above her small dusky head like a waiting crown. Against the rich rose of old unfaded damask, her face was pale, but her lips smiled faintly, and her dark eyes smiled, too, and watched T. A. and waited. She made a charming picture, but T. A., who liked pretty pictures of pretty women, had at that moment no eyes for it.

Poised precariously on an antique but uncushioned bench before her, he leaned forward and looked at the thing on the table. He looked and looked. It was a coffer of pierced steel, lined with heavy velvet. The velvet was red, the dull red of clotted blood or uncut rubies. Upon it, the web of metal, so delicate, so strong, had the shimmer and lure of lace. Into the intricate pattern were wrought, with the sure, lost skill of some long-dead craftsman, twined flowers, heraldic emblems, and at the top, framing the lock, a crest. It was lightly etched, half effaced; but a close student of heraldry could still read it.

T. A. read it and had at once the answer to his puzzle; quite simple when once you had it, as all puzzles are.

The girl's cool and quiet voice was speaking to him.

"You came here to give me a key. I have a fancy to use it before the others come. I have brought, as you see, what it should unlock, and you will, if you please, give it to me now."

T. A. looked up at her thoughtfully with his absent but friendly blue eyes.

"You are wrong," he said after a minute. "I did not come here to give you a key."

"For what purpose then did you come?"

T. A. ignored the question.

"In your country, my dear, one does not give; one sells."

"You are well versed in American customs, count," the girl said rather coldly.

"But I shall not drive a hard bargain. I shall not ask for money, for jewels or even for a kiss."

"For what then?"

"The handkerchief which I gave you was wet, my dear. You must tell me why you cried."

"You are mad," the girl commented simply. T. A. sighed.

"I infer that you do not wish to tell me. And yet you wish very much, do you not, to tell someone?"

"Yes," said the girl; "though that does not concern you, count."

"Why not then," T. A. suggested cheerfully, "permit me to tell you?"

The girl's eyes grew wide with surprise, then they studied T. A. with the strangest look. It held defiance, fear, bewilderment, a hint of laughter and something else; the shy appeal of a lovely and lonely child trying hard and against its will to make friends.

"You are mad," she repeated finally; "but you are brave. You may tell me—if you can."

"You also are brave," said T. A. Then, quite tranquil under those watching eyes, arms clasping his knees, rocking back and forth on his bench, he began his story.

"I ask your patience first, for I must tell you of a girl's life, past, present and future. Her past is brief, for she is still so young—nineteen."

"Twenty," the girl sighed; "not so young."

"Younger, for she has had one year the more of youth. It is happy, youth of a girl here in your country—the freedom, the shelter, the feet that dance, the heart that knows all and nothing, that is loved but does not yet love."

"By whom was she loved?" the girl asked indifferently.

"By many and by one, as girls are loved here. By a boy of this country, ash-blond and sunburned and clumsy and tall; a cub—a god—just a boy of this country. Named, perhaps, as most boys are named here, James or John."

"Call him Keith," said the girl; "I prefer the name."

"As you will. He is not an important figure in my story. Of love then, as of all that is here, she had a great share, this girl, with her wealth, rare even here, and her beauty, more rare, dream-haunted. She had, we may say, a queen's share. But she had besides something all girls have not—a shadow upon her youth."

The girl frowned.

"Be more explicit."

"A shadow, that was all; being a lonely child, having no parents."

"Wrong!" the girl interrupted.

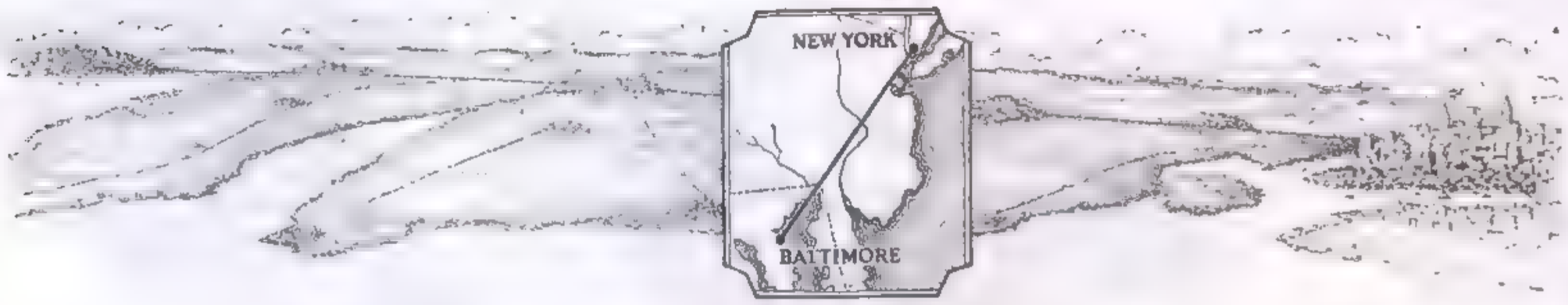
"She had no mother, no stories of her, no pictures of her; though to a child this did not seem strange, since it had always been so. There was a man whom she called father; but an American, so rich, so enmeshed in affairs, is not a father, but a check book."

"You are right," said the girl, with a little, sobbing break in her voice; "she had no parents—worse than none."

"She had, this lonely child, recurrent dreams—of the lap of hungry water on a stormy night, of a clash of weapons, of two faces, a man's frowning and dark, and another, sweet and sad, a woman's face. But she had other dreams. In her waking hours she had sometimes a sense of strange things remembered and stranger forgotten, of being somehow not like other girls. But no girl wants to be. So the shadow lay very lightly upon her, making more bright the

(Continued on Page 141)

New York City's weekly supply *a raisin loaf* 170 *miles long!*



People, it seems, had been *waiting* for just such a mid-week treat as this—bread with lots of Sun-Maid raisins in it.

Bakers made it *special* for Wednesdays; millions started eating it special that day. And now it's a national custom.

Seen at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco, where nearly everybody orders Raisin Toast.

In Chicago, where the Wednesday baking of Raisin Bread makes two slices for every man, woman and child in the city.

And in New York, where the weekly supply of Raisin Bread would make a loaf more than 170 miles long. Longer than the distance from New York to Baltimore!

Your baker is making this wonderful Raisin Bread now—and *special* for Wednesdays. He fills it generously with Sun-Maid raisins to make it supremely good.

It's delicious! Just try it once. Your family will want it *every* week. To be sure of getting it every week, fresh from the Wednesday special baking, give your baker or grocer a standing order.

RAISIN BREAD *Special* on Wednesdays

How small is a number five foot?

THE sun has set on the mercifully short day of the too-small shoe. As a means of achieving the effect of a small and graceful foot that instrument of torture is most decidedly passé. The modern woman, with her business career, her sports and her thoroughgoing enjoyment of life, appreciates the beauty and comfort of perfectly fitting footwear. She buys her shoes, as she buys everything else, by honest measurement. But she knows how to choose her shoes with a critical eye to their effect upon the size and appearance of the foot. She knows how lines and materials differ in this respect—how one shoe makes the foot look smaller than another shoe of the same size.

In Vici kid is the inspiration

The woman who follows the fashions applauds the shoes of the current season. Her fashion sense admits the smartness of their rich simplicity. Her keen eye for beauty enjoys their graceful patterns and harmonious color effects. But her wisdom, though some may call it vanity, tells her that their greatest inspiration lies in the material of which they are made—for Vici kid, besides being rich and smooth and colorful, does show the foot at its smallest and best.

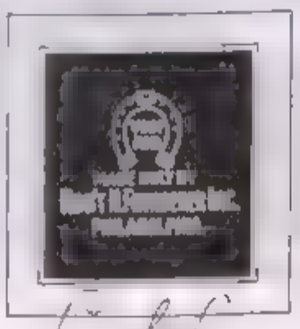
An appeal to the practical-minded, too

The vogue for shoes of Vici kid pleases the woman who sets her own price on Fashion. In the leading shoe stores you will find Vici kid models that are priced for the few. But in the same smart leather and the new patterns you will find reasonably priced models for the many, too. "To be modish", says Fashion, "choose the shoe of Vici kid." To be sure of getting Vici kid, look for the Vici kid trade mark inside the shoe.

This model is typical of the mode in both pattern and material. The toe and quarter are of Cranberry Vici kid, with Apricot Vici for heel and trim.

A very smart example of the two-tone treatment. It is offered in Vici kid in several effective combinations of the season's most popular shades.

An excellent version of the stepin pump. There is just enough trimming to emphasize the graceful lines of the shoe and the richness of the Vici kid leather. It is very smart in Oak or Cranberry Vici with Sudan Vici for color contrast.



Look for

this mark—the Vici kid trade mark—inside the shoe of your choice. There is only one Vici kid—there never has been any other.

ROBERT H. FOERDERER, INC.
PHILADELPHIA
Selling Agents: LUCIUS BEEBE & SONS, Boston
Selling agencies in all parts of the world

VICI kid *for the foot aristocratic*

REG U.S. PAT. OFF.

(Continued from Page 138)

sun in which she danced with her boy until—until ——"

"—— summer"—the girl's voice was dreamy and soft as if she did not know that she spoke—"summer, June of this year."

"It was then that the change in her world began. Slowly at first; her old dreams again with a new nightmare panic; a new look, furtive and keen in her father's eyes. All that summer he stayed, as he had often done, in the city, while she came and went; but now rather curious things went on there. Meetings behind locked doors, very late, very long, with the low-voiced talk often hushed as if some ritual went on. Men she saw coming and going by night in pirate taxis or ornate limousines, or gliding cat-footed down the corridor to her father's private room. Men with clothes of American make, too correctly tailored, and high-boned, foreign faces and restless eyes. Other men that she only heard and did not see and feared to see ——"

T. A. checked himself with an effort. This dark picture intrigued him.

"When she was safe away with her boy, her Keith, and other boys, other girls, she still saw, still heard all this, for she had a growing sense that it all concerned her. The more because it was kept from her notice so carefully, so constantly. Then, at last, one day, one night ——"

"—— one night in early fall. And—and it was on that day that Keith had first ——"

T. A. nodded gratefully.

"Quite so. She came home, this girl, to the place which she called home, to the man she called father. She dined alone, but happy, with the wind of sea beaches warm in her pulses, her first kiss light on her lips. Then he sent for her. She came here, to this room." T. A.'s eyes swept it approvingly, like a stage manager's on a fortunate stage set. "He sat, I think, there at that table. It was strewn with papers, old letters, yellowed, scrawled in a delicate, running hand; new letters with heavy, official seals; pictures too; a—a miniature framed in jewels ——"

"Pearls," whispered the girl.

"He told her, this man, that he was not her father; that —— But I must digress. You permit it?"

"You tell your story well. Tell it as you will."

"Almost twenty years ago, when international marriages were more rare than now, and news also, there was in the press of this country a scandal, a *cause célèbre*. Quite famous it was; unforgettable to one old enough to remember it, as I am and you are not.

"A girl of this country married a man of another, trading fortune for a title. An unequal bargain, for with the fortune she gave great beauty—in the newspaper cuts of that day, even, her face was one to remember in dreams. She gave love also. It died quickly, for her husband was degenerate, cruel, a figure of melodrama, of farce, and his castle was a prison. After two years she escaped to this country with her child, to marry a childhood sweetheart and to die. The American husband brought up the child as his own, half loving, half hating it. The child was a girl, the girl of whom I am telling you.

"Now in one thing the girl's father had not played false. His title was authentic. There was royal blood in him. Royal blood is now at a premium, so much has been shed. It is trafficked in, exploited. If she had been a boy, this girl would have been heir to a throne. Now her cousin is the heir. A prince of sorts, a harmless boy enough, well known on the Continent, where he is gambling away what money is allowed him. There is a plot to set up that throne again. It is financed, nursed in this country, and is now ripe for the final moves. It requires two puppets—pawns to be moved by wiser hands. One is the prince, the other is the girl. This, in brief, is what she heard that night from the man she had called her father."

T. A. paused. The girl's face was a pale, tense mask. Only the eyes showed that she listened; but now her lips moved as if they would ask a question.

"You wish to know what she said in reply, what she thought, what she felt," T. A. interpreted gently. "I have never been a girl. But I can tell you this: The shadow which had threatened her always, closed now very tight about her. In its grip, she could not feel, could not love, could not think. She had only one thought—her mother."

"Her mother—yes," breathed the girl.

"To come more close, somehow, to her. To win back from the world what her mother had lost and more. That, so far as I, a man, can understand, is why she agreed that night to the plan which had been made by the only father she had known, in his greed for power and money."

"That was why," the girl said proudly; "that is why."

"You have observed—with suspicion at first," T. A. said, smiling, "that in telling this story I have mentioned no names. You shall hear them now." He laid his hand lightly but lovingly on the casket before him.

"This contains the Orloff rubies, which, as all gem lovers know, are given to the Orloff brides on their wedding night. A count of the Orloff house is to bring you tonight the key of the casket and to act for your cousin. You are Sonia Orloff and to marry here in this room tonight, by proxy, your cousin, Paul Orloff."

T. A.'s dramatic recital was ended, but the girl in the great chair sat quiet as if she were hearing it still. All the challenge—all the fear was gone from her eyes. They were the rapt eyes of a child hearing fairy tales, eager for more.

"You find that my story is correct?" T. A. said.

"It was wonderful," sighed the girl. "You have looked into dark places in my heart and they are lighter already. How could you know, how could you guess, all that you have told me—even you, the count? Oh, forgive me. For I thought—I was afraid that you were not the count; that you were an impostor—a spy; that the key might not fit the lock. I allowed you to tell the story to—to test you."

"You are now quite convinced that I am the count?" T. A. asked.

"You are more. You are my friend. Oh, if you were only my friend and not the count, I might ask for your advice—your help!"

"A count of the house of Orloff could hardly give you disinterested advice upon personal problems," T. A. agreed; "but I can give you this: As they say in a game of your country, hold fast what I give you and keep what you can. A wise game. All games are wise. Keep what you can, what is really yours."

Leaning closer, he caught her two small hands, lightly made, but dimpled like a baby's, pressed the great key between them and held them for a moment clasped so between his own, looking kindly into the girl's puzzled eyes.

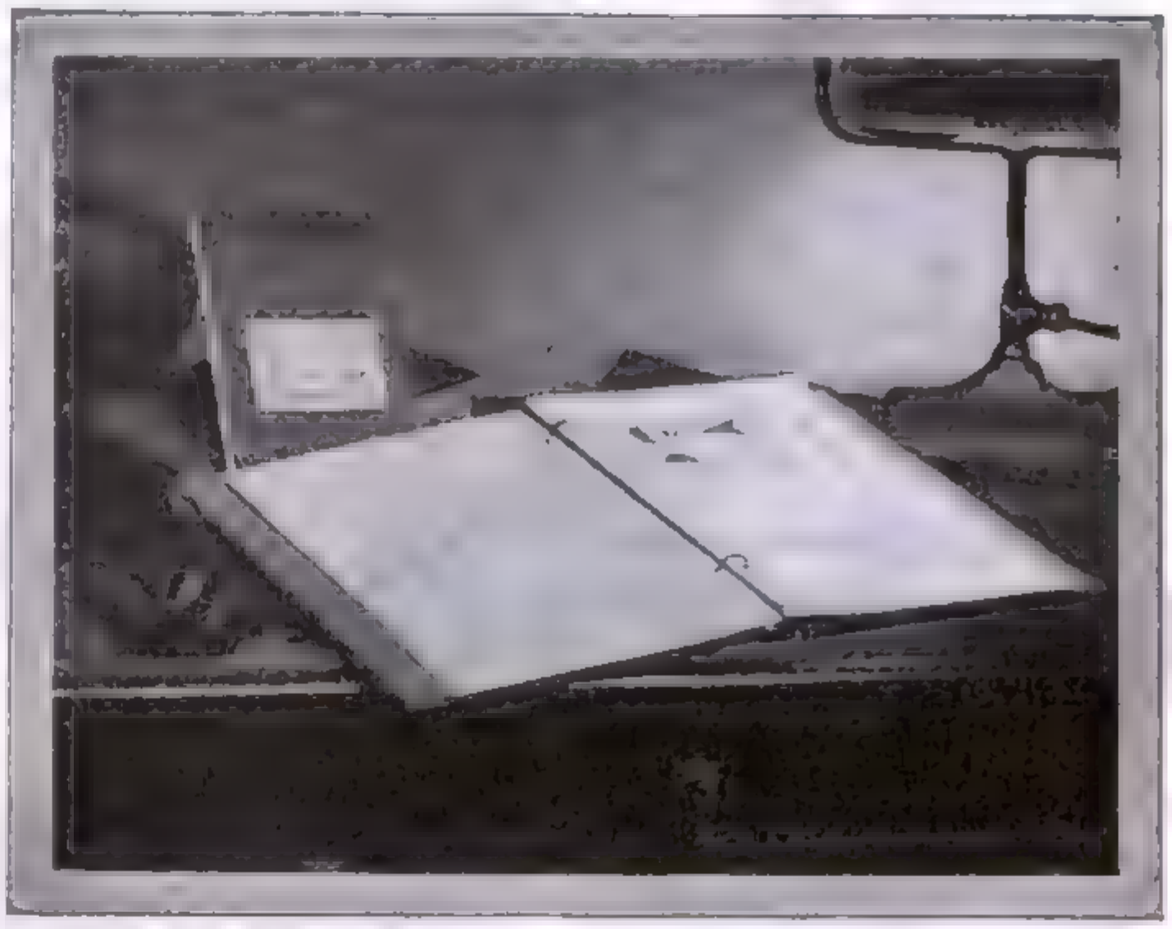
"A key," he said very solemnly—"what a wonderful thing it is, my child, this key or any key! By itself, so useless, so dead; but if only the right hand turns it in the right lock, so potent, so magical. Keys can open so many things—prisons, palaces, cottages, hearts. Some keys, indeed, fit two locks, though the hand may open only one. This key of yours is such a key. Try to choose wisely between the two."

"Two? But it is the key of the Orloff treasure casket."

"The Orloff casket. The Orloff rubies. They are beautiful. They are more than rubies, for they are so colored with power and pride, with blood which has been shed for them, that they have a life of their own. Those who wear them live that life, and the life that they had before is blotted out, forgotten, like lost faces of lost loves. They could make the Orloff brides into Orloff wives without ring or priest. So before you open the casket, think well."

"What—what must I think?" faltered the girl.

National Loose Leaf *and* Bound Books



When good students get together

GOOD note books are needed. Long-suffering books; transported in strap "unwillingly to school," or carried to college; catching fleeting words of wisdom in lecture room or laboratory.

Books so important should be National books, with strong covers, to stand rough and tumble treatment, and pages of good paper, easy to write on.

From the elementary grades to senior college, National Students' Note Books are preferred. Students have come to know them as reliable, especially planned for school and college use, and moderate in cost.

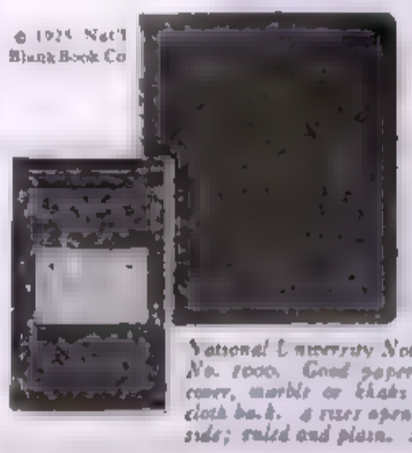
You can have flexible covered ring books, convenient and distinctive. Stiff covered loose leaf note books, with wide opening rings; bound or loose leaf books, and filler sheets in many sizes and styles, popularly priced, and of reliable, National quality.

Ask for them, at your stationer's or college book store.

NATIONAL BLANK BOOK COMPANY
123 Riverside, Holyoke, Mass.

New York, 54 Duane St
Boston, 163 Devonshire St.
Chicago, 620 W Jackson Blvd.
Philadelphia, 1003 Market St.

NATIONAL



© 1925 Nat'l Blank Book Co

National University Note Book No. 1000. Good paper; stiff cover, marble or khaki finish, cloth back. 4 rules open end or side; ruled and plain. 25c up.

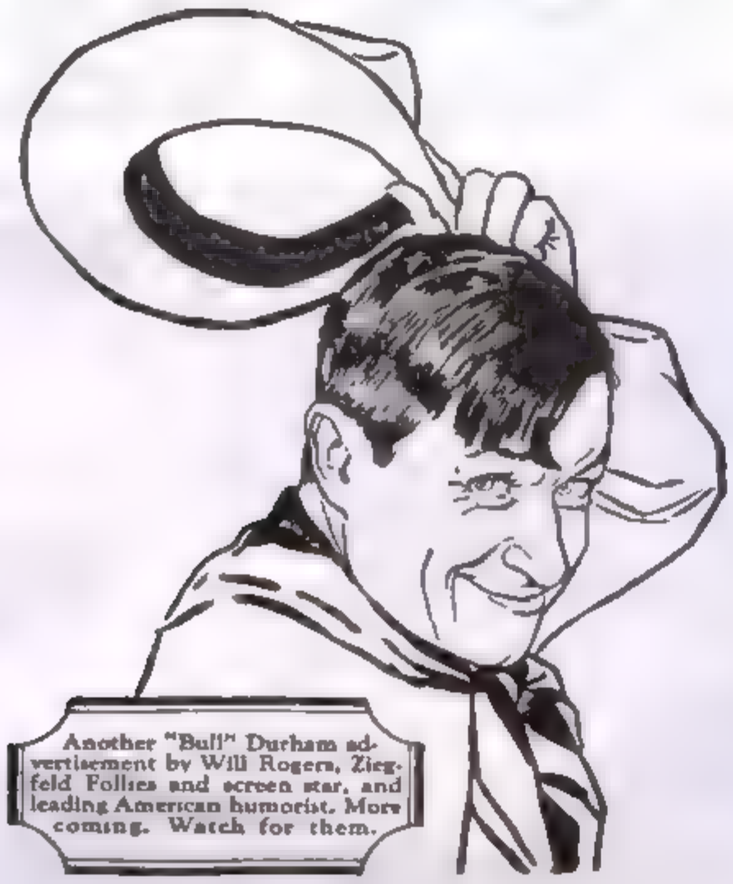
Emerald No. 4581 Quality usually in books costing much more. Cover green, flexible leatherette; steel rings; 7 rules. With sheets $1.10 up

Simplex No. 3806. Stiff cloth, durable cover, 8 rules. Moderate cost makes it especially popular with students. 50c to 90c. 1806 line, in imitation cloth 7 rules; 40c to 50c

The BULL'S EYE

Published every Now and Then

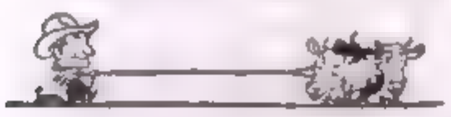
Proprietor MR. ROGERS *Circulation Mgr.* W. ROGERS *Editor* WILL ROGERS



Another "Bull" Durham advertisement by Will Rogers, Ziegfeld Follies and screen star, and leading American humorist. More coming. Watch for them.

Who Won the War?

England and France, smoking their own tobacco fought two and a half years and couldn't make the first down on Germany. Germany smoking old tow lines off of Ships, Sawdust, Cabbage leaves, Horse Blankets, and second hand Gun Powder couldn't make the grade. But when Americans arrived with no equipment and no training, but plenty "Bull" Durham, and



Nerve to burn it with, in Two weeks the French were trading Legion of Honor Medals for a sack of "Bull." One sack was worth two quarts of Iron Crosses. Englishmen have even been known to sacrifice their afternoon tea for a puff of "Bull" Durham. Even after the war an American Private, occupying the Ruhr, went into a German Restaurant and asked for a glass of Milk. He couldn't make the Waiter understand so he drew the picture of a Cow, and a Milk Pail. The Waiter immediately returned with a Bucket of Beer and a Sack of "Bull" Durham Tobacco. That Private was a better Artist than he thought he was.

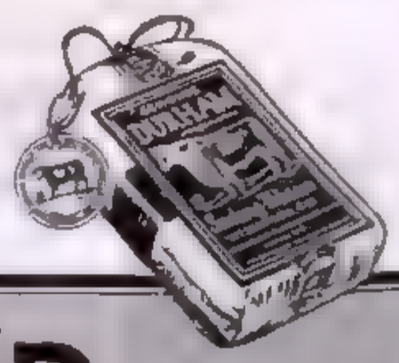
Will Rogers

P. S. There will be another piece here two weeks from now. Look for it.

SIXTY-FIVE YEARS AGO!

In 1860 a blend of tobacco was born—"Bull" Durham. On quality alone it has won recognition wherever tobacco is known. It still offers the public this—more flavor, more enjoyment and a lot more money left at the end of a week's smoking.

TWO BAGS for 15 cents



"BULL" DURHAM

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co. INCORPORATED

"You might think perhaps," T. A. suggested slowly, "that shadows pass; that a shadow is passing now and the heart it darkened will soon be free to love its own loves again; that the dead are dead and we who live must live our own lives and not their lives; that a puppet in a plot should be a pasteboard figure, never a girl like you, alive, with a heart to break. Broken hearts clog the wheels of a plot. They die so hard—young hearts."

T. A. paused. When he spoke again, there was white magic in his low voice.

"Shall I tell you now what else this key—your key—unlocks?"

"Yes," whispered the girl.

"Heaven," said T. A.

"Heaven? I do not understand."

"It is not far to seek. It lives in your heart and another heart, as we all know, as you know."

The girl's long-lashed lids drooped suddenly, shyly, over her eager eyes. Her hands went to her face with a pretty and childish gesture, hiding it from T. A.

"Yes, I know," she said; "I know. Oh, I love him. But it is too late. I have sent him away. I have closed my door to heaven."

"This key, if you use it rightly, will open it."

"How must I use it?"

"Quite simply, my dear; quite easily. Do not open the casket. Put the key on the table beside it and leave it there. That is all. You will not feel the key turn in your hand, but it will have turned. The door will be open to you."

"And then?"

"Your heaven is not my heaven," T. A. said a little sadly. "I do not know the way there. But if these windows gave on the street, if it were not so dark, we could see from these windows, at the northwest corner of the street below, a small car with one young man inside. He is waiting for someone. The car is red. Not a color I should choose for a car, but your country is not my country."

For a minute, a long one, the girl did not answer or seem to have heard T. A.'s last words at all. Then her hands left her face and her eyes met T. A.'s again. They were changed, radiant. The light that he saw in them was not for him to see, yet very wistfully, very reverently he looked at it. Then he rose somewhat abruptly and reached for his ulster and hat.

"My dear," he said, "you have an important decision to make. Time presses, and I suggest that you make it quickly. I will wait below until you have made it. If we do not meet again, this conversation will remain confidential with me. If, on the other hand, I should return with the other members of the Orloff party when they arrive, and should find you still here, and wishing it, I should, even as a proxy, be very proud, very deeply honored, very happy to marry you."

"Ah, wait!" cried the girl. "I have not thanked you. How can I thank you?"

"Remember always that I am more your friend than I am a count," T. A. said gracefully, "and permit me to kiss your hand."

James, still a chastened creature, handled the lift carefully, like the unworthy container of precious freight, as T. A. descended, then followed him obsequiously to the entrance and stood there at attention. T. A. rewarded him with an absent but friendly smile. He crossed the street, found the shelter of a convenient doorway and stood there.

The fog was melting away in a drizzle of soft May rain. Through it he saw the great bulk of the building called Arcady, heavy and ugly under its far-flung festoon of lights. Round a corner, two other lights showed dimly, the lights of a little low-hung car. T. A. watched them and waited. He had not long to wait; five minutes—ten perhaps. But his eyes had grown used to the night. He could see quite clearly that the door of the little car opened, that a darkly cloaked figure slipped inside, that it closed. The car shot away through the mist.

Something which was not mist clouded T. A.'s eyes as they followed it, and his voice was broken and low; not the voice at all for a count of the house of Orloff, not even quite the voice of T. A.

"Good-by, my dear," he said, "and forgive me—you must. For my story was woven out of shreds and patches of truth: a remembered face, your mother's, which I have seen only in pictures; the myth of the Orloff rubies, which I have never believed until tonight, and the dreams in your own dark eyes; yet my story was true. And my key is not the key of the Orloff treasure casket; but since you did not wish to unlock the casket, it has served you as well. And I am not a count, but I am your friend. And if I were a count, if I could, tonight, marry you even by proxy, I could not let you go. But you are gone, and the night is going fast and the fog is gone already!"

T. A. shrugged his shoulders deeper into the warmth of his ancient ulster, turned and walked away toward his river. Confession is good for the heart, but his heart still ached a little. Lights glowing through the rain seemed as bright as jewels—as rubies.

The warm rain on his face was like the touch of lightly made dimpled fingers. A remembered perfume touched his heart very faintly, too faintly.

He felt in his pockets for a Happy Fluke cigarette, did not find it, but touched instead something cold and hard, the key ring, the two small keys which were left alone on it now. His hand closed on them tight, for he found the touch strangely comforting.

"Keys of heaven?" he said.

Mount Robson, the Monarch of the Canadian Rockies

Inspection– Inspection– Inspection!

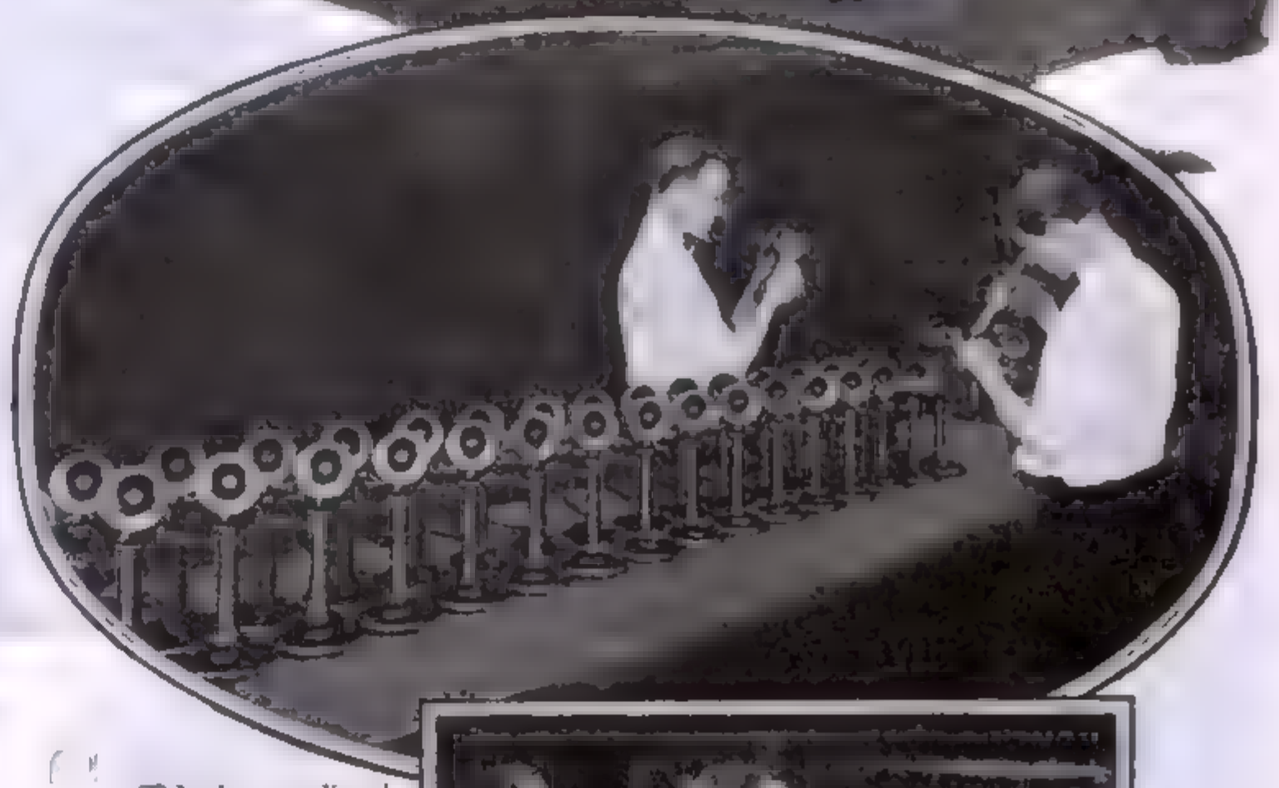
–makes good soldiers and good telephones

At West Point and Western Electric, the order of the day is the same—inspection, inspection, inspection.

A vast army of small parts must pass muster before they can assemble in telephone formation. And any part found unfit for duty is rejected.

One part must measure up to standards within a thousandth of an inch. Another must be ready to obey the command of a tiny electrical current.

Constant watchfulness is kept over all the apparatus which Western Electric makes. It starts with the careful selection of raw material. It goes through every step of the manufacture. It gives you, finally, a telephone that, like a good soldier, can serve on any front.



Telephones lined up for inspection.

Roll Call. Checking up on tone quality.

Western Electric

SINCE 1869 MAKERS OF ELECTRICAL EQUIPMENT

Three great factories are devoted exclusively to the manufacture of International Trucks. The 111 company branches listed here are scattered from coast to coast—the further you go from one the nearer you get to another. This is the largest company-owned truck service organization in the world.

Aberdeen, S. D.
Akron, Ohio
Albany, N. Y.
Amarillo, Tex.
Atlanta, Ga.
Auburn, N. Y.
Aurora, Ill.
Baltimore, Md.
Billings, Mont.
Birmingham, Ala.
Bismarck, N. D.
Boston, Mass.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Buffalo, N. Y.
Camden, N. J.
Cedar Falls, Iowa
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Charlotte, N. C.
Chattanooga, Tenn.
Cheyenne, Wyo.
Chicago, Ill. (3)
Cincinnati, Ohio
Cleveland, Ohio
Columbia, S. C.
Columbus, Ohio
Council Bluffs, Iowa
Dallas, Texas
Davenport, Iowa
Dayton, Ohio
Denver, Colo.
Des Moines, Iowa
Detroit, Mich.
Dubuque, Iowa
Duluth, Minn.
East St. Louis, Ill.
Eau Claire, Wis.
Elmira, N. Y.
El Paso, Tex.
Evansville, Ind.
Fargo, N. D.
Fort Dodge, Iowa
Fort Wayne, Ind.
Fort Worth, Tex.
Grand Forks, N. D.
Grand Rapids, Mich.
Green Bay, Wis
Harrisburg, Pa.
Helena, Mont.
Houston, Tex.
Hutchinson, Kan.
Indianapolis, Ind.
Jackson, Mich.
Jacksonville, Fla.
Jersey City, N. J.
Kankakee, Ill.
Kansas City, Mo.
Knoxville, Tenn.
Lincoln, Neb.
Little Rock, Ark.
Long Island City, N.Y.
Los Angeles, Calif.
Louisville, Ky.
Madison, Wis.
Mankato, Minn.
Mason City, Iowa
Memphis, Tenn.
Milwaukee, Wis.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Minot, N. D
Nashville, Tenn.
Newark, N. J.
New Orleans, La.
New York, N. Y.
Ogdensburg, N. Y.
Oklahoma City, Okla.
Omaha, Neb.
Parkersburg, W. Va.
Parsons, Kan.
Peoria, Ill.
Philadelphia, Pa.
Pittsburgh, Pa.
Portland, Ore
Quincy, Ill.
Richmond, Ind.
Richmond, Va.
Rochester, N. Y.
Rockford, Ill.
Saginaw, Mich.
St. Cloud, Minn.
St. Joseph, Mo.
St. Louis, Mo.
Salina, Kan.
Salt Lake City, Utah
San Antonio, Tex
San Francisco, Calif.
Shreveport, La.
Sioux City, Iowa
Sioux Falls, S. D.
South Bend, Ind.
Spokane, Wash.
Springfield, Ill.
Springfield, Mass.
Springfield, Mo.
Terre Haute, Ind.
Toledo, Ohio
Topeka, Kan.
Watertown, S. D.
Wichita, Kan.
Winona, Minn.

The above company branches and more than 1500 dealers the country over insure to International owners everywhere all the service from these trucks that the Harvester Company has built into them.

The new Chicago Tribune Tower at night

High Praise

THE Chicago Tribune, one of the world's most successful newspapers, and its New York associate, The News, with the largest daily circulation in America, both use International Trucks to meet their strenuous hauling needs.

Eighty-five Internationals—Speed Trucks and Heavy Duties—are taking care of this day and night metropolitan newspaper work most satisfactorily. Internationals have been doing the job so well for years that these newspapers have ordered twenty-five of the trucks so far this year.

Trucks that are accustomed to meeting such high pressure demands may be depended on to do your work efficiently. Internationals are delivering just such service wherever trucks are used—living up to the reputation that other products of the Harvester Company have earned and held for almost a century.

The International line includes a Speed Truck for 2000-pound loads; Heavy-Duty trucks ranging from 3000 to 10,000 pounds, maximum capacities; and Motor Coaches for all requirements

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)
606 So. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

FOR LOW-COST HAULING

CROSSED WIRES

(Continued from Page 15)

worn gold, a pool of purest green wherein, as in eyes calm but capable of passion, there lurked strange fires.

And Mr. Pincus, who knew every important emerald in the world, did not know this emerald. He said so.

"I do not know this stone."

It was her chance, and she took it.

"No," she answered, "you would not know this stone. It has not been shown to merchants until now."

He considered her anew. She was sullen; that was her affair. She was malicious and needed to hurt and affront somebody to appease an injured mind or soul; that was obvious; it was even normal among those who had shuddered themselves out of the wreck and ruin of Russia and now sold themselves for bread in Shanghai, or hawked their smuggled furs and jewels in London and Paris and Berlin. Mr. Pincus had seen all that before.

"It is yours to sell?" he asked. "You see, I will not deceive you. It is a fine stone; I would pay for it what you ask, and give you your diamonds back into the bargain—but for one thing."

"What?" she demanded.

"It is," he answered, "that I do not know this stone. And I do not know you, madam. Yet you come to me; someone has directed you to me. It is not only a sale you are proposing to me; there is a catch in it somewhere. This emerald—of course I'll buy it at your price; you know that—and the only delay will be while I see your passport and consult with the police and the secret service and look up thoroughly your right to sell it to me. It's a lovely thing; I don't want to lose it. Can you understand?" he said, with exactly the air of the stern parent who says, "This hurts me more than it hurts you." "I will buy your emerald if I may. But may I?"

The dark near-beauty of her face lowered at him. For nearly a minute they faced each other, and neither spoke. Mr. Pincus had said what he had to say; he was not a fool, so he spoke no more. It was his experience, in a wide and bizarre slope of experiences, that one can usually goad a guilty man into confession by mere silence before him, and that guilty women commonly pride themselves on their guilt. Which is as much as to say that men blunder through a difficult life, but women tackle it, and being defeated, go down with their flags flying.

Upon his reply, she started to rise.

"You need not buy it, since you are so fearful," she said. "I do not choose to give you explanations. There are others who will buy these jewels."

She started to rise. Mr. Pincus stayed her with a gesture.

"No!" he said; and there was that of the compulsion of sure knowledge in the big flat hand which he raised that she looked, paused and sat again. "Others may buy it, but there will still be the explanations to make. That is sure. If you prefer to go through all this again with someone else—well, that is your affair. But since you have begun the business here, I suggest that you finish it here. But, of course, that rests with you. I will buy this emerald, when I have measured it and weighed it. But I do not know it, and I must know it first."

Upon that, they sat facing each other for some moments; his unchanged blandness of countenance confronted her dark manner of desperation.

"The emerald——" she said, and paused. Mr. Pincus waited in silence.

"The emerald," she went on, "belonged to the Countess Androvski. It was her brother who gave it to me. He gave it to me himself, on the night that she was killed, when he killed her himself to save her, when a horrible man's arms were round her, and others—terrible creatures in sheepskins—were crowding about. You don't know—you don't know ——"

She broke off. That beautiful pale creature crumpled, put her hands before her face and cried. And Mr. Pincus, who knew more of the details of the Russian horror than most men who had not been steeped in it—who knew horrible true stories of the cellar parties, when drunken flappers with their pervert escorts came down with their revolvers to the dungeons where their game cringed and waited, for the sport of death, and got it between cocktails—sat and watched her.

"I don't know, as you say," he answered, when at length she had sobbed and shuddered to a measure of steadiness. "I should like to know. I should like to know the truth—countess."

She gaped at him; she really gaped. Her face was a stricken mask, rigid with fear and amaze.

"You guessed—you knew ——"

Mr. Pincus caressed the big emerald.

"People don't let fine stones like this go in any emergency," he said, with conviction. "It's your emerald and I will buy it at your price. Now the truth?"

There was a while of silence. Then she answered.

"You shall have the truth," she said.

And so the crossed wires for some minutes cleared themselves, and their message in the fullness of its integrity poured through to where Mr. Pincus sat listening. He heard it sobbed out to him through lips which he knew, by his human experience, to be the beautiful lips of a liar, who, being a liar, and now telling perforce the truth, had not the art to adorn it or save it from the starkness of the mere facts.

There is a street in Kieff which runs uphill at right angles to the Krestchatik, the show street and main boulevard of the city. It is called the Nikolaieskia, in memory of that Czar whose intelligent subjects, after several earlier attempts, blew him to rags in the streets of his own capital. The German architects who have modernized and Haussmannized Belgrad and Sofia and Constantinople had done their utmost upon it: there were handsome five-story apartment buildings within a stone's throw of the Lavra, where saints and scholars lived and worked and cadged for coppers from pilgrims and tourists in cave cells and ancient catacombs. And it was here, in a monument of German genius, vast as a pyramid and elaborately, unprofitably ornate as a cuckoo clock, that the Countess Androvski had her great and splendid flat. Her twenty-four windows gave upon iron-railed balconies; its many great rooms led one from another through lofty double doors in the royal-corridor fashion so dear to the Russian, who can think of nothing much between the splendors of a palace and the squalor of a garret. A very splendid place, the very thing to dangle before a mob ravenous for plunder; for the countess, during her brief reign over her own fortunes, had been a feverish and lavish collector of such costly trash as comes to Southern Russia by way of Kurdistan and Armenia—rugs, strangely fretted silver, hangings of cloth of gold, and much of the baser sort of jewels. Loot, all of it, easy and pocketable loot, and the first and supreme quality of loot is that it shall be pocketable; for a plunderer could carry off the Koh-i-Nur in his pants, but the Peacock Throne would embarrass him.

She, gasping it out between sobs, did not make it so explicit. But Mr. Pincus, who had bought jewels from desperate queens to sell to languid courtesans, could fill it in. He sat, serious as became the occasion, but placid always, listening and seeing with the eyes of his mind the actuality of that which was related. He knew, as if he had seen it with his physical eyes, the great bedchamber, with its vaulted and frescoed ceiling, its parquet, the altarlike shine of the dressing table, the utter and ultimate splendors of the bed. As he sat, seeing it all, with all

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

Speedy looking—a good traveler—readily endures long, hard wear—a *man's* shoe.

THE STADIUM—Style S-105

Most Styles $10 Booklet "Styles of the Times" on Request

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY

Manufacturers CHICAGO

Stop that leak before it stops you—

"X" is a *liquid*. It can even be poured through a cloth as "X" contains no powder, meal, glue, cement, shellac, or solder. Harmless.

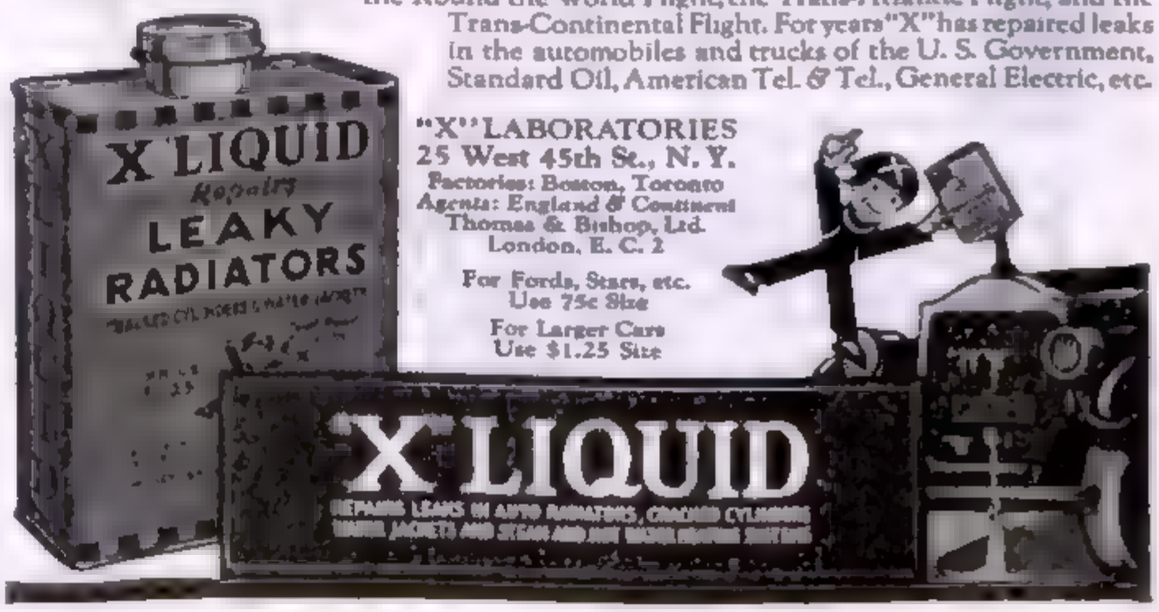
You may be able to keep going on a flat tire, but when your leaky radiator goes dry—*you stop*. Experienced car owners don't stop. They carry "X" LIQUID—*the Liquid that*

Instantly and Permanently Repairs with a seal as tough as metal

Can't possibly harm your cooling system

Works while you're driving

Carried on all the big Government endurance flights including the Round the World Flight, the Trans-Atlantic Flight, and the Trans-Continental Flight. For years "X" has repaired leaks in the automobiles and trucks of the U. S. Government, Standard Oil, American Tel. & Tel., General Electric, etc.



"X" LABORATORIES
25 West 45th St., N. Y.
Factories: Boston, Toronto
Agents: England & Continent
Thomas & Bishop, Ltd.
London, E. C. 2

For Fords, Stars, etc.
Use 75c Size

For Larger Cars
Use $1.25 Size

Tom Wye KNIT WEAR

Look for the Tom Wye Label

Look Your Best—*Wear a* Tom Wye

A Tom Wye gives that feeling of contentment that goes with perfect comfort and the knowledge that you are looking your best.

Your choice of staple colorings and the newest styles in Jackets, Pullovers and Lumber Jacks at prices to fit every purse.

TOM WYE, Inc., Winchendon, Mass.

Only a few cents a day operate this private *"waterworks"*

Next to food, clothing and shelter, running water is the greatest need in the modern home. It brings up-to-date sanitary conveniences. It saves the drudgery of old-time "pump, pail and carry" methods. It is an exceedingly valuable aid to health and happiness.

200 gallons per hour plant

"It's Automatic"

No home need be without Running Water

The Fairbanks-Morse Home Water Plant—an individual "waterworks"—supplies all the water you need in bathroom, kitchen, laundry, barn, garage, watering trough—*any place*—at a cost of merely a few cents a day

There is a plant for drawing water from any source—lake, spring, stream, shallow well, deep well, cistern. These plants are furnished to operate on electric, kerosene or gasoline power. The electric plants operate automatically. See the local Fairbanks-Morse dealer or write us.

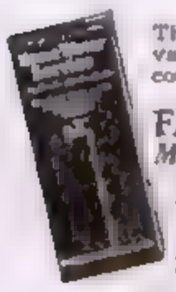
PRICES

120 gallons per hour capacity pump, 60-cycle motor, 8-gallon galvanized tank, complete.. $84.75

200 gallons per hour capacity pump, 60-cycle motor, 35-gallon galvanized tank, complete $123.00

Above prices cash f. o. b. factory.

Also larger sizes for engine or electric drive, correspondingly low priced



Send for FREE 32-page Book

There are seven chapters in the book which contain valuable information and answer all questions concerning running water. Send the coupon.

FAIRBANKS, MORSE & CO.
Manufacturers Chicago, U. S. A.

Fairbanks-Morse Products *"Every Line a Leader"*

Branches and Service Stations covering every state in the Union

FAIRBANKS-MORSE
HOME WATER PLANTS

Fairbanks, Morse & Co., Dept. L-8
900 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, U. S. A.

Please send me your free 32 page Water Service Book. My source of water supply is checked at left

- ☐ Lake
- ☐ Spring
- ☐ Stream
- ☐ Shallow Well
- ☐ Deep Well
- ☐ Cistern

Name

Address R F D

Town State

his keen trained mind vivisecting the beautiful surrendered creature who wept, who tried ineffectually to lie to him, from the other side of his bare deal table, there lay before him, in loops and curves of shy brilliance, the diamond necklace and nearer to him yet the great glorious emerald.

"You had better go on," said Mr. Pincus. "That is, if you want me to buy your stone. But you understand, of course, that you are under no compulsion. There is nothing to stop you from putting it back in your bag and going away with it."

"But ——" she gulped. For a couple of seconds she had difficulty in finding voice for a reply. "I must sell them," she broke out then. "I must! He is there alone—alone in that place, among those terrible people—you have not seen those people! And he alone there—he ——"

She choked into silence. Mr. Pincus nodded his head very slowly and very deeply.

"Of course," he said. He spoke aloud, though in a low voice. "'He!' At my time of life, why didn't I guess?" Then louder, so that she should hear him, "Yes, madam? You needn't tell me anything, you know; but you can, if you like to. It's for you to say."

"I—I will tell you!"

Those tangled wires, which spoke to London of commercial treaties, to Paris of redemption of the imperial debt, but never to anywhere about the brutal truth of frank murder upon man, of plain outrage upon woman—they untangled themselves for some minutes and spoke clearly to Mr. Pincus.

There was that great flat in Kieff, with its servants, and beyond them the lady who had been her governess in her girlhood. And beyond that lady had been the lady's brother, her lover unknown to all, the husband which she decreed to herself. He was a tall young man, very splendid in that South Russian style, black-a-vised as a Spaniard; very big, very strong. They knew each other well—too well, perhaps. She told the story, and stammered through a whole history of recklessness and silliness up to the evening when Kieff caught the infection of the disease which infested Russia.

Then came that story, brief as an anecdote, of that evening when the fevered mob frothed up to the great flat where she lived, where order, dignity and splendor were the dominant note of life. The men from the streets, with their knives and their bludgeons, were all over the great house; their voices were loud upon the stair; there was even a certain stench of them, of the filth in which they lived and the decaying sheepskins in which they clad themselves. The servants, of course, had fled; the butler, who had delayed his departure, had been caught and been beaten to a pulp in the street.

They were together in that great and splendid bedchamber—the young countess, her companion and her lover. They had heard the shots and the shrieks; Kieff, the one city in Southern Russia which can claim real beauty—the city of saints and martyrs, which exists only by virtue of its holiness.

They had lit the wax candles in the great silver candelabra and they were together, close, fearful and expectant of that which arrived. For the door of the great room opened; and like some fearsome variety of rat from a hole, with grins upon their faces, like gashes that carried a terrifying certitude, there came the "servant when he ruleth"—that dire thing, the men to whom freedom is an intoxicant, who are maddened by liberty.

There were a dozen or more of them; and she told Mr. Pincus with a sort of insistence of horror, how they had no boots, but merely swathings about their feet, so that they walked as though on velvet. The first one that entered with his noiseless train behind him paused for some moments in the doorway, and leaned round the doorpost, doubtless to reconnoiter, so that she saw him in the full obscenity of his first appearance.

He was large; he was hairy; and every feature which he had was too big for a Christian and too small for a beast. At first sight of him, it was plain that he was dangerous and vile, and that was the countenance, avid and implacable, which leered and peered round the doorpost at them.

Then, upon their silent feet, they filed in. They did not see her at first. The lady who had been her governess was large, notable and valiant. She stood forth, and pointed to the door by which they had entered.

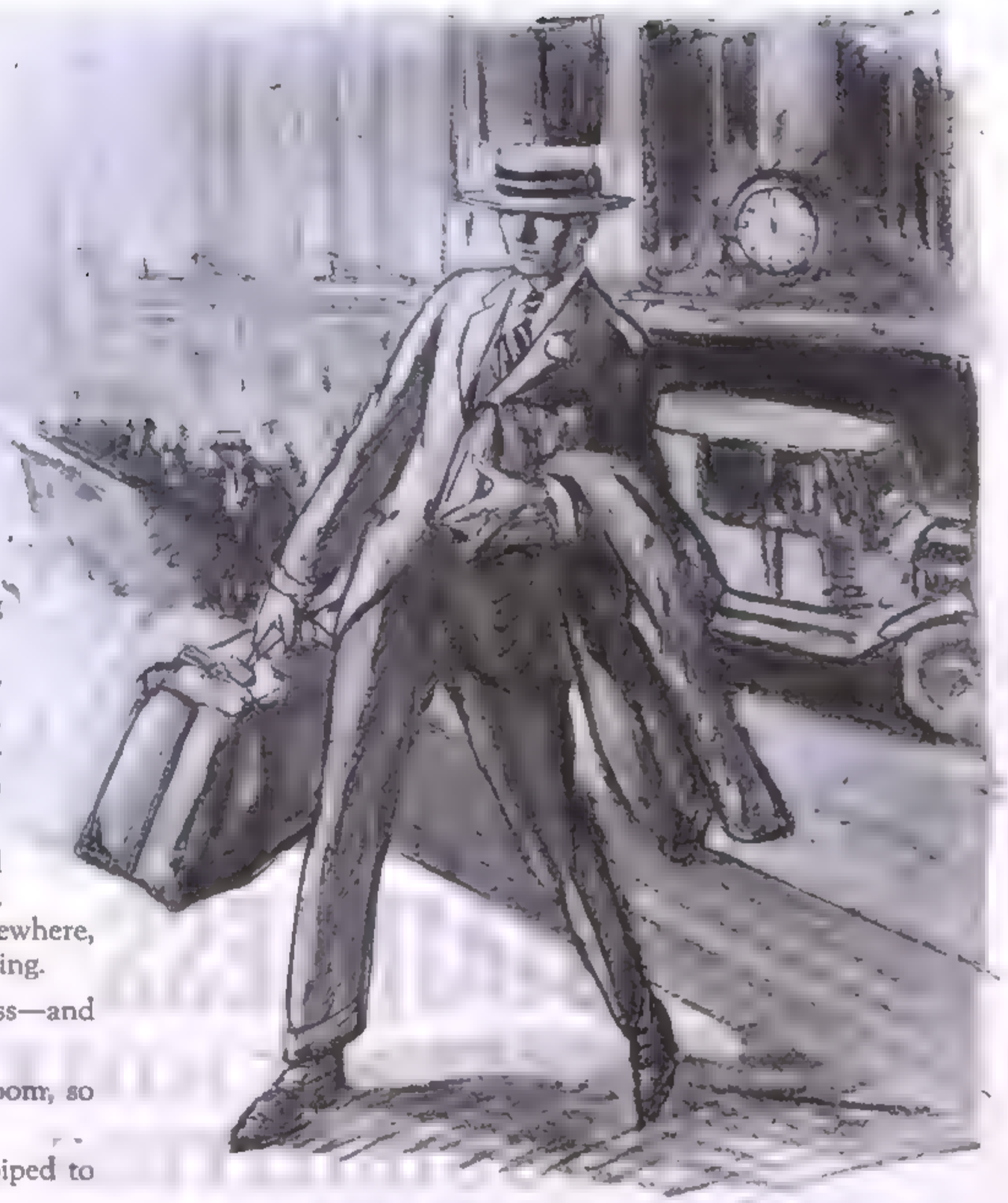
"Out!" she cried. "You must not come in here! This is the countess' bedroom!"

"Damn the countess! You're good enough for me!"

And then it started. The big brutes had hold of her; she fought to no avail; and the countess, ignored in that struggle, saw what happened. Her lover drew it from his pocket, that little means of salvation, that little rendezvous with God. Crouching, she saw the plunge and surge of the struggle; then the outstretched arm of her lover, and heard then the swift crackle of the little automatic pistol, and before she fainted she had time to see the three dead men, and—in the middle of them—the woman who forever was safe. For the first bullet from the little automatic had taken her in the brain and made her safe for all eternity.

The San Antonio River as it Flows Through the Business and Residence Sections of Historic San Antonio, Texas

Traveling's hard work, too



When you get to one of these hotels we do everything we can to make your way smooth and comfortable.

In the first place, we maintain our houses in new condition, keeping them bright, clean, fresh, attractive. They are virtually *new* hotels—but their service is administered by trained and seasoned organizations which are *not* newly-built.

We try to anticipate your wants, as far as we can—and that's surprisingly far, when you come to think of it. And if, despite our trying, there's a slip in service somewhere, prompt and satisfactory adjustment is made for the asking.

We know, for instance, that you want cleanliness—and we're cranks about having things clean.

We know you'll want a completely equipped bathroom, so we have no guest-room without one.

We know you'll want ice water frequently, so it's piped to your room.

We know you'll want to see a paper when you get up in the morning, so we slip one under your door while you sleep.

We provide, too, a *variety* of restaurant service—and restaurant prices. In each of our hotels is a cafeteria, or a lunch-counter, or both—in addition to the more elaborate dining-rooms which you expect at first-class houses.

So remember, when you're coming to a Statler city, that we believe in giving you the things you want.

We know that traveling's hard work—and we know how to make you comfortable.

E. M. Statler

Rates are unusually low, in comparison with those of other first-class hotels:

Single rooms are from $3 in Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis; from $3.50 in Buffalo, and from $4 in New York.

Twin-bed rooms (for two) are from $5.50 in Cleveland, Detroit and St. Louis; from $6.50 in Buffalo, and from $7 in New York.

And remember that every room in these houses has its own private bath, circulating ice water and many other conveniences of equipment and furnishings that are unusual—such as, for instance, the bed-head reading lamp, the full-length mirror, the morning paper that is delivered to your room before you wake.

In every room, too, is posted a card on which is printed the price of that room. We believe in the policy of one price and a square deal—and therefore mark our goods in plain figures.

Boston's Hotel Statler is building:

In the Park Square District of Boston (Columbus Ave., at Arlington and Providence Streets) construction has begun on the new Hotel Statler—which will have 1300 rooms, 1300 baths, and all the comforts and conveniences for which these hotels are world-famous.

Buffalo—and Niagara

The newest Hotel Statler (1100 rooms, 1100 baths) is in Buffalo—delightfully situated on Niagara Square. Across the street from it is the new Statler Garage, a marvel of convenience throughout—and especially appreciated by tourists visiting NIAGARA FALLS, which is but 23 miles away. The old Hotel Statler in Buffalo is now called HOTEL BUFFALO.

STATLER HOTELS

Buffalo~Cleveland~Detroit~St. Louis

Hotel Pennsylvania *New York*

The largest hotel in the world—with 2200 rooms, 2200 baths. On 7th Ave., 32d to 33d Sts., directly opposite the Pennsylvania Station. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees.

And Statler-Operated Hotel Pennsylvania~New York

STAINLESS
TRADE MARK

the METAL *of* ENDLESS POSSIBILITIES

"The glories of the possible are ours." And who shall gainsay the Possibilities of STAINLESS Steel and STAINLESS Iron?

Principally because of their stability and their non-perishable nature, man ever has cherished and hoarded the noble and semi-precious metals.

The episode of The Golden Calf was one of the earliest recorded manifestations of man's acknowledgment of his reliance upon metals.

It is only natural then that the advent of commercially practical STAINLESS Steels and Irons received such an enthusiastic welcome, and that the progress of these materials was and is nothing short of phenomenal.

Truly, STAINLESS is the Metal of Endless Possibilities, for STAINLESS *alone* has the inherent and combined characteristics of (1) tremendous strength, (2) resistance to corrosion, high temperatures, erosion and abrasion, and (3) ability to take and permanently retain a highly polished surface.

The Endless Possibilities of STAINLESS *are outlined in our free books* "STAINLESS *In Industry*" *and* "STAINLESS *In The Home*"—*write for copies, if you are interested in using or in manufacturing* STAINLESS *Metals.*

AMERICAN STAINLESS STEEL COMPANY
Commonwealth Building
PITTSBURGH, PA.

STAINLESS STEEL & IRON
TRADE MARK

Some of the Endless Possibilities of

STAINLESS

Abattoir Equipment
Acid Resisting Products
Agricultural Implements
Airplanes
Automobile Parts
Alkali Resisting Products
Bakery Equipment
Bank Fixtures
Barber Equipment
Bicycles and Parts
Bolts
Bottling Apparatus
Building Supplies and Hardware
Butcher Equipment
Cafeteria Equipment
Calculating Machines
Carburetors
Cash Registers
Castings
Chemical Apparatus
Clock Parts
Cold Storage Equipment
Computing Machines
Cooking Utensils
Crucible Tongs
Cutlery and Edge Goods
Dairy Apparatus
Dental Instruments
Dies
Drawing Instruments
Dryers
Dyeing, Bleaching and Finishing Machy.
Electrical Appliances
Electrical Equipment
Electrical Machinery
Elevators
Engines
Evaporators
Filling Station Equipment
Filters
Fire Apparatus
Fishing Tackle
Fixtures
Forgings
Foundry Equipment
Furniture
Golf Club Heads
Hardware
Heaters
Hinges
Hospital Equipment
Hotel Equipment
Household Equipment
Kitchen Equipment
Knives
Laboratory Equipment
Laundry Equipment
Lighting Fixtures
Locomotives
Machine Parts
Marine Supplies
Measuring Instruments
Meters
Mill Equipment
Mining Equipment
Motion Picture Equipment
Motorcycles and Parts
Musical Instruments
Needles
Office Equipment
Optical Equipment
Paper and Pulp Machinery
Pencils and Pens, and Points
Percolators
Phonograph Parts
Piano Parts
Pipe and Fittings
Plumbing Equipment
Pressing Machines
Printers' Equipment
Pumps
Radiator Shells
Radio
Railroad Equipment
Ranges
Razors
Reflectors
Refinery Equipment
Refrigeration Equipment
Restaurant Equipment
Rods
Roller Bearings
Roller Skates
Saddlery Hardware
Saws
Scales and Balances
Scientific Instruments
Scissors
Screws
Separators
Sewing Machine Parts
Shovels
Shower Baths
Skates
Soap Manufacturing Machinery
Soda Fountain Equipment
Spatulas
Speedometers
Sporting and Athletic Goods
Steamship Fittings
Stoves and Furnaces
Street Lamps
Stills
Submarines
Surgical Instruments
Tanks
Telephone Equipment
Textile Equipment
Toasters
Tools
Toys and Games
Turbines
Typewriters and Equipment
Valves and Fittings
Varnish Kettles
Vats
Ventilating Systems
Washers
Washing Machines and Parts
Water Meters
Weighing Machine Parts
X-ray Apparatus

WHO GETS IT?

(Continued from Page 40)

already flung down on the pier and, as neither a laundry nor a ship's supply truck is required to show a pass at the front gate of a pier, drove out unmolested. Clean.

On some piers there are what one may call manholes for conveniently getting rid of such rubbish as will float. One day fifty bags of shellac went down through one of these holes. The leak was discovered by accident. The master of the pirate boat that had been carrying off the stuff was a little bit hoggish. He came back for one load too many. He must have made many trips, because his boat, in order to enable it to slip in between the piles so as to get underneath the pier, was necessarily small, having perhaps a capacity of half a ton—eight or nine bags. But who wouldn't make trips at a thousand dollars a shot! The cover on the manhole was heavy, cast iron. It had been removed and hidden between some heavy bales of burlap and bags of shellac stacked all about the immediate vicinity where the manhole was located. In its place, for temporary convenience, one must suppose, pieces of matting, commonly used for dunnage in all ships carrying Asiatic cargoes, were substituted. The general appearance of things was natural enough. An anxious roundsman, in quest of the watchman watching that particular section, came along and unsuspectingly stepped on the frail pieces of matting covering the manhole. He shot through, landing squarely in the pirate boat lying underneath the pier waiting for an opportunity to load or reload.

Sometimes big hauls are made. Several thousand bags of shellac were stacked on a pier over Saturday and Sunday. Three watchmen, one on each shift, were watching the stuff. On Monday morning the delivery clerk of the pier on which the shellac was piled discovered several hundred bags missing. The three watchmen in whose charge the shellac had been over the week-end were brought up on the carpet and grilled by the head of the private-detective agency by whom they were rented out, and also by the police. They were suspected of irregularity not in any way associated with carelessness, but there was no evidence of any kind to prove collusion. Each watchman stoutly maintained his innocence. No blame could be fixed on any of them because it could not be established at what precise time the shellac disappeared. It was a long time between five o'clock Saturday evening and eight o'clock Monday morning. Each passed the buck to the others. So under the circumstances the best that could be done was to fire the three of them; and fired they were.

Aggressive Pilferage

Perhaps some watchmen may be a little bit foolish at times, the same as everybody else; but it is very rarely that one is found to be an out-and-out bonehead. The bonehead watchman in this case was the one on duty watching the shellac from twelve to eight. He felt piqued, stung; he squealed himself into jail. The result is a matter of public court record. He was unable, according to his tale, to collect the fifty dollars he had been promised for allowing a motor tender to come alongside the pier and take on a load of the shellac in question. He claimed he spent several days trying to get his just reward. Nothing doing, evidently, if his story be true, so he came across clean. All those he implicated were arrested, the watchman included. They were indicted, and all except the watchman were tried and acquitted. He, being a bonehead watchman and a poor business man, therefore having no money to engage a competent lawyer, lingered in jail for some time, and finally, under pressure one might presume, copped a plea. The judge, being a man of wisdom and a considerate official, gave him a reasonable time to think it over, a sort of extended leave of absence. He is still thinking it over.

Outgoing cargoes—goods shipped from the United States to foreign ports—are, as a whole, more valuable than incoming cargoes. Therefore they are subject to a more aggressive system of pilferage and theft. Of whatever is manufactured here some finds its way in ships' holds to South America, Australia, Japan, China, Africa, Europe. Every little country, every little island, every little nook and corner gets our goods. Down from locomotives to railroad spikes; sectionally built steel bridges to barb wire; automobiles to wheelbarrows; threshing machines to pitchforks; high-grade steel tools and all kinds of hardware, including guns, to needles; watches to safety razors; fountain pens to scratch pads; silk wearing apparel to calico; cloth to napkins; hats to shoes. Foodstuffs: Grain, flour; fresh beef, poultry, fruit; ham, bacon, pickled pork; canned goods. Wet goods; mostly grape juice, alcohol, whisky.

At times piers are crammed with some of these goods waiting to be loaded into ships' holds for transportation to foreign ports. Truly Uncle Sam is a man of opulence. He hands out his wares with a prodigiously liberal hand not only to strangers in every remote corner of the globe, but also to his incorrigible guests and citizens along the water front.

When the Watchman Slept

The river pirates we hear so much about are simply gangsters, dock rats and unlicensed, or licensed, junkies operating small boats at night. They make a formidable combination. And they operate rather successfully, in many instances showing surprisingly clever strategy. A ship was loading at a pier on the North River. The longshoremen loading it worked up until ten o'clock one evening. As is customary, when they knocked off they covered the hatches but did not batten them down, a thing which is hardly ever done until a ship is ready to sail. Three watchmen were watching the ship. They had special instruction to allow no one to go down into any of the hatches. It was an exceptionally valuable cargo that was being loaded into them, hence the reminder. Well and good. The night was rather cold, real biting. A sympathetic sailor, a member of the ship's crew, came along about midnight and feelingly suggested to the shivering watchmen that a little nip of forbidden Scotch might be the very thing to drive the chills away. "Oh, boy! Show me," they chorused. Could anyone be expected to refuse a sip of the real stuff on a zero night?

The trail to the alluringly smoky hooch led them to the forecastle. "Please be seated on the bench, there, boys," the genial sailor invited. The three watchmen squatted, naturally enough. Out came a bottle of Black and White. The cork popped. Water tumblers were half filled. The watchmen sniffed, sampled, gulped—smacked their lips. "Great stuff, bo! Where ye git it?"

The sleek sailor proved to be a rattling good entertainer; rushed his guests with breezy pirate and bootlegging yarns. There was no end to his knowledge of enchanting tales of the deep. The stimulated watchmen soon forgot that they were watchmen on duty, and listened with awe, the while nibbling freely. The hospitable sailor produced another bottle from his locker. It went the way of the first. Presently the watchmen lapsed from a state of ecstasy to drowsiness. They dozed; they slept; they snored—helpless.

Four o'clock in the morning their roundsman came on board to look them over. Finding no one at the gangway he made a bee line for the galley, expecting to find his charges there enjoying their usual tea and shin roast. But instead of finding the watchmen there he ran into two dock rats

It makes security doubly sure!

Is YOUR home safe from intrusion? And is your apartment, office or store? Here, in the Sargent Day and Night Latch, is the added protection that brings peace to the mind and real security to any door. Use it to supplement less modern or less effective lock equipment already on the door. In new buildings as well as old there is need for the Sargent Day and Night Latch. It is as expertly made as the Sargent Cylinder Locks now universally found on entrance doors. It is inexpensive and quickly applied. An exclusive feature is the handy push-button stop to deadlock the bolt or hold it back as desired. See it at your hardware store or write us for descriptive folder.

SARGENT & COMPANY, *Manufacturers*
33 Water Street New Haven, Conn.

No Gapping—No Slipping

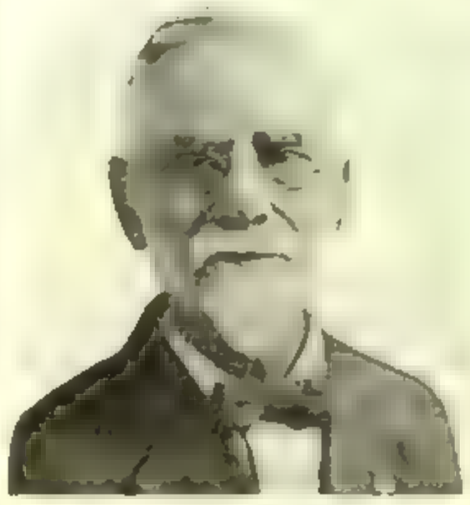
"ANKLE-FASHIONING" *permanently* shapes the oxford to your ankle. You who have sacrificed considerable wear, rather than continue enduring a gapping oxford, may now enjoy a stylish newness that is permanent.

$7.50 to $11. Style booklet on request. Agencies in all principal cities. Also sold in the following exclusive Nunn-Bush stores:

NEW YORK—1461 Broadway; 121 Nassau St. BOSTON—6 School Street. ST. LOUIS—706 Olive Street. MILWAUKEE—Four Downtown Stores. CHICAGO—42 N. Dearborn St.; 37 W. Jackson Blvd.

Nunn-Bush
MILWAUKEE

Never Too Old To Earn



MR. A. F. GILBERT
of Illinois

A few years ago Mr. A. F. Gilbert, a Civil War veteran, felt a need for extra dollars. He took up Curtis work as a part-time proposition. Now he's 85 and his subscription business is paying him good money all year round.

Extra Money

Many a retired business and professional man has found it equally profitable to represent, in spare hours, *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*. And this offer is just as good for young folks!

Nineteen to Ninety

Men and women of all ages, with or without experience, find in Curtis selling the maximum of profit for their time and effort. We need more representation in *your* neighborhood. We pay our representatives up to $50.00 a week—many of them more—to act for us locally.

During the Fall thousands of subscriptions for our three publications will be placed. Why not share in the profits?

Apply at once, using the coupon below.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, 783 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa.

I should like to know about your spare-time openings. If I like your offer, you can depend upon me to do my best.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

and several members of the ship's crew having their early morning tea. When they saw the roundsman they all ducked out of the galley to the offshore side, the members of the crew hotfooting it to the forecastle, while the two dock rats leaped over the railing of the ship and slid down a rope previously fastened there for that purpose. The astonished roundsman peeped over the side just in time to see them land in a junk boat loaded with loot, its master, his engine going, sitting at the helm, ready for an immediate get-away. The boat shot out into the darkness of the slip and disappeared in a twinkling.

An investigation of the hatches disclosed a big loss. Two large cases of watches had been emptied; three boxes of five-dollar fountain pens were cleaned out; one case of silk stockings reefed and stripped clean; more than two hundred safety razors, of the more expensive kind, were missing from another case; a dozen small boxes containing fine steel tools had been lifted, and many other things. The entire swag amounted to more than twenty thousand dollars in value.

Very valuable freight, termed special cargo, is usually kept in a pile by itself and is supposed to be closely watched. Some piers have cribs, or strong rooms, but it is very seldom that there is sufficient room in them to accommodate the huge piles of expensive merchandise that sometimes accumulate on a pier. There may be cases among such cargoes worth anywhere from a thousand to a hundred thousand dollars. This class of cargo is nearly always checked off a pier into the hold of a ship by an officer of the ship on which it is to be transported. Before the mate of the ship signs for it he wants to be sure that every parcel he signs for is safely on board. The officer checking this kind of cargo usually stands by the pile on the pier. When a longshoreman shoves his hand truck under a case to take it to the ship into which it is to be loaded, the ship's officer checks that case, or whatever sort of container it may be, and that is all there is to it. So far as the record of the checking officer is concerned the case is in the hold of the ship.

Whisky and Olive Oil

But is it? Or will it be? It may be that the ship into which this special cargo is being loaded is berthed at a pier three or four hundred feet from the pile of special cargo where the checking officer is stationed. In that case a gangster working as a longshoreman can easily dump a valuable case somewhere on the pier; put it in between other piles of general cargo, hide it, for future disposition; perhaps to let others in on the secret, reef it, and take its contents by piecemeal; or if a lighter is being loaded at the pier, or an empty one tied there, and provided he has succeeded in making proper arrangements, he can also wheel his load onto that; or, better still, push his load to some convenient point on the pier where his own and previously arranged transportation will be awaiting him. So far as I know only two steamship companies in the port of New York go to the expense of having a watchman to follow each hand-truck load from the pile of special cargo on a pier to the ship where the load is going.

Whisky, of course, is special cargo. Two hundred barrels of rye whisky were being loaded from a pier into a ship's hold to be transported to Great Britain to undergo the smoky treatment—in other words, to become the nucleus of an extended batch of Scotch whisky. On the opposite side of the pier an Italian ship was discharging, among other things, olive oil in barrels. Occasionally a pier becomes too crowded with freight; space at a premium. At these times such incoming cargo as will not be damaged by the weather is generally taken outside and deposited on the farm—a term applied to the big space in front of nearly all piers. The longshoremen on the dock, who were handling the cargo coming out of the hold of the Italian ship, rolled barrels of olive oil out through the front gate of the pier and onto the farm. This was perfectly correct. Orders. There were watchmen there to look after the stuff. Several gangsters were among the dock workers who were loading the two hundred barrels of rye whisky into the hold of the other ship. They spotted this unusual opportunity immediately, and, by mixing in with the longshoremen who were rolling barrels of olive oil out through the gate, rolled nine barrels of perfectly good rye whisky out onto the farm. Many trucks were there picking up freight. Everybody busy. Shenangoes loading; checkers checking; watchmen watching.

Stopping a Leak

In about thirty minutes a chic individual came along with a five-ton truck and pulled up to where the nine barrels of whisky stood in front of the gate. He dismounted from the seat of his truck, all business, and breezed into the office of the delivery clerk, mixed with other drivers there for a few minutes, came out and haughtily directed several shenangoes to load his truck. A mysterious individual, with all sorts of pencils stuck behind his ears and pads sticking out of his pockets, emerged out of nowhere, it would seem, and posed as checker. The truck loaded with the nine barrels of whisky and four barrels of olive oil for good measure, its swanky driver calmly walked into the customs office on the pier, waited there a while, a minute or so, came out and repeated this performance in the office of the pier's delivery clerk—all this maneuvering, of course, for the sole benefit of the watchmen—came out in front of the pier where his truck stood already loaded, paid the shenangoes who had loaded it, handed a bogus pass to one of the watchmen on the farm, lit a cigarette, unconcernedly mounted the seat of his truck and drove away.

One particular steamship company, having its piers in the midst of a gangster lair, suffered heavy losses. Nearly every ship it sent out was found to be short in its cargo at the port of delivery, ranging from five thousand dollars up in value. The officials of the company thought, and perhaps rightly so, that most of the leakage occurred in the holds of the ships while being loaded on this side. Of course the company kept a watchman in each hatch at such times, but even this precaution seemed to do little good. The leakage kept up; more leakage. One day the port superintendent sent for me.

"See here," he said, as I stepped into his office, "I want you to go into Hatch Number Four of the Steamship X tomorrow morning. There will be some valuable cargo going into it. Study the methods the hatch gang employ in handling the cargo; their system of operation; their tricks. This wholesale looting has got to be stopped."

The next morning at eight o'clock into Hatch Number Four I went, the first one down. A hatch gang of seven men followed me in.

"Morn', watch," greeted one of them, evidently the big push, the leader. From their talk, their appearance, their mannerism, I recognized them as mostly gangsters. "Where's th' statue who's here yeste' day?" the big push wanted to know, seemingly in an irritable mood.

"He's sick," I lied, trying to feel him out. "I am here to take his place."

"Sick nothin'," squealed the leader. "Th' big stiff rasped us for fo'teen bucks. Said he'd come terday when th' cream's comin' down. Nothin' dropped in yeste'day worth takin' t' a dog fight. He spiel a cock-an'-bull yarn; his wife's croakin' or somethin'; said he'd 'ave t' use th' jack las' night. Doctor; drug store or somethin'. He'll cough or bump."

"What you driving at?" I asked, becoming somewhat interested.

"Aw, rats! Cut it, watch. Hey, you fellers, dig," he finished, turning to his gang.

I said not a word. They all dug. Each fished out two dollars. The leader collected the money and started to hand me the

(Continued on Page 153)

Pittsburgh Proof Products

Mimax Automobile Finish

Like polished marble from everlasting hills

COMPARED with old standards of durability, MIMAX is as enduring as marble!

MIMAX new type perfected finish *takes an exquisite polish—a glowing, silken lustre, distinguished, distinctive, aristocratic!* Responsible refinishing shops have been licensed to use the MIMAX system and have been equipped under factory supervision!

Send back the coupon today for full information.

Refinishing Shops: Write for the MIMAX Proposition!

This Coupon Brings You the Facts in Full

Research Laboratories
Dept. A,
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co.,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

Please send me full information about the Mimax system for refinishing automobiles. The leading refinishing shop of my City

is

Address

City

My Name

Address

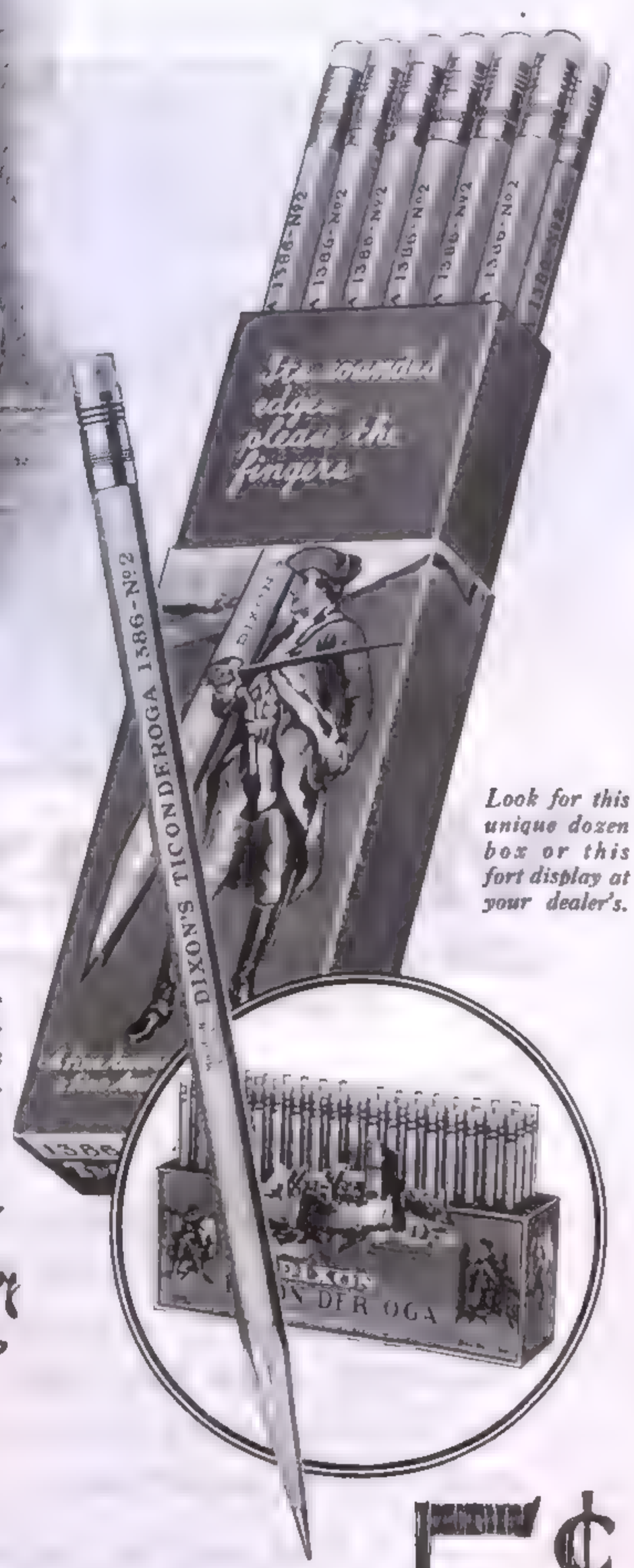
City

PITTSBURGH PLATE GLASS CO.

Paint and Varnish Factories ..... Milwaukee, Wis., Newark, N.J., Portland, Ore., Los Angeles, Cal.

Teach Young America to Know "Ti-con-der-oga"

The capture of Fort Ticonderoga took place 150 years ago—May 10, 1775.



Look for this unique dozen box or this fort display at your dealer's.

"Ti-con-der-oga!" A fine American name for a fine American pencil. A pencil whose superb lead—delightfully smooth, surpassingly strong—entitles it to the place of honor and use in every office, every school, every home in the land. Have you tried it?

DIXON

"TI-CON-DER-OGA"

An extraordinary five cent pencil

FREE SAMPLE OFFER *to Business and Professional People.* Write direct to us on your letterhead for Free Sample of Dixon's "Ti-con-der-oga" if your dealer cannot supply you.

5¢

Higher on Pacific Coast
3 for a quarter in Canada

MADE IN THE U. S. A. BY THE JOSEPH DIXON CRUCIBLE CO., Pencil Dept. 8-J, JERSEY CITY, N. J.

(Continued from Page 150)

fourteen dollars for the privilege of going the limit in the hatch. I grinned. Urged on by the muzzle of a .38 automatic they meekly climbed out of the hatch.

Occasionally outgoing freight has been tampered with before it reaches a pier. There are many ways of doing this. Some of it is done while a loaded truck remains in a garage overnight. Some shippers load their trucks in the evening and send them to their respective garages for the night so as to enable them to get out early the next morning and try to get a place at the head of the line in front of the different piers to which their loads are billed, thus saving many hours of precious time. Then again, very few piers receive freight after five o'clock in the evening. A driver starts out from a shipper's warehouse with a truckload of freight, say four o'clock in the afternoon. He runs into a traffic jam and is held up for thirty or forty minutes. Or perhaps his motor balks on him. By the time he gets to the pier he set out to reach with his load, it is after five o'clock. The dock boss and checkers have gone home. There is no one there to receive. It would hardly do for him to leave his loaded truck there; it would be mighty easy pickings for anyone, a sort of free-for-all affair. Nobody would be responsible for it. So the best thing he can do is to take his loaded truck to its garage and leave it there overnight.

If the garage in which it is housed has a reliable keeper or watchman, well and good. But should it be put into a garage where the keeper has a staff of half-baked gangsters hanging about, a sort of young neighborhood loafing clique, the chances are that the load will be thoroughly investigated, and, if found to be of sufficient consequence to be worth bothering with, some of the contents in the cases are very likely to be removed and replaced with material on which it would hardly be worth while to pay freight charges.

The superintendent of a pier and myself were standing talking in his office one afternoon. We were facing a window through which we had a full view of the line of trucks standing in front of the pier waiting to get in. The superintendent happened to notice that one of the cases on the second truck in line didn't look quite original.

He said to me, "You see that case?"—indicating the one he meant. "It looks as though it has been recoopered. When the truck comes in put the case on the scales. If it hasn't the right weight, open it up before it is signed for."

Aristocratic Marauders

The case was weighed and found to be ten pounds less than the gross weight marked on it. It was opened, and, instead of the bolts of cloth that were supposed to be inside, we discovered a lot of rubbish, such as damp sawdust, stones, bricks, old newspapers, and so on. The other cases that made up the load on the same truck were then ordered opened, and another case was found to be packed with the same kind of fillers-in.

The more exclusive harbor thieves will hardly ever touch anything less than lighter loads. Tugs for this purpose are easily available. One may be borrowed. At night when a tug is not working it is tied at its berth, its fires banked, its crew gone home. No one there to watch it. Therefore it is no magic trick for a few brazen water-front buccaneers to step on board and in a very short time put it into commission. Only a few months ago a big powerful railroad tug was thus borrowed for a trip to Rum Row.

When a lighter has on a load that particularly appeals to this class of aristocratic marauders a close watch is kept on its movements from the time it is loaded until it is discharged. Say, for instance, the destination of a lighter's load is into the hold of a ship. In that case it is towed to the offshore side of that ship and made fast. It may lie there for several days before its load is put into the particular hatch space of the ship that has been reserved for its reception. It is during the nights of such a period that the pirates who have spotted the load as an excellent haul will try to get in their fine work. I say fine; but their methods of operation are crude and simple, though bold. They will simply borrow a tug and steam into the slip where the lighter they are after is tied to the offshore side of a ship, toot the tug's whistle, just the same as will a tug on a legitimate errand, make fast to the lighter and shout to the watchman watching the ship to let go the lighter's lines.

Should the ship's watchman happen to be in a condition in which most of us are after one o'clock in the morning, and thus be disqualified to respond to the arbitrary summons, one of the buccaneer crew of the tug will climb on board the ship and cast off the lighter's lines himself, or else disengage the lines from the bits on the lighter, leaving the lines behind.

Ships' watchmen pay very little attention to lighters tied alongside ships they are watching. In fact they have nothing to do with them, as a rule. Lighters are shifted by the hundreds every night. Come and go. A ship's watchman might take and let go a lighter's lines. That is customary, but not arbitrary.

Stick-Up and Truss-Up Men

Perhaps one might ask the question: How about the lighter's captain? Well, if he happens to be on board, the trick will hardly be pulled. But his movements are pretty well covered whenever a gang of these marauders has decided to appropriate his charge.

These thieves are not violent; not of the murderous kind. They avoid rough tactics as much as possible. They are gentle, gentlemanly on the surface—polished, extremely so.

When a lighter is thus captured the lighter itself is generally found after its load has been stowed away somewhere. But in one instance that I know of a crew of these sleek marauders stole a lighter loaded with ten thousand cases of condensed milk. Not satisfied with this handsome profit—more than fifty thousand dollars, wholesale price—they altered the structural appearance of the lighter by razing the captain's cabin and building a new one of a different design, repainted the scow and disposed of it for six thousand dollars. The lighter floated about the harbor, doing its regular work every day, for more than two years before it was recognized by a representative of its original owners.

Of late this stealing of lighters has somewhat subsided. During the war it flourished. Lighters loaded with food and clothing for our men overseas were frequently detached from their moorings by these classical thieves along the water front. The Government went after them strong and succeeded in bagging quite a number of what up until then had passed as respectable business men. A few were given free tickets to Atlanta. This put a damper on this line of industry; but the industry is far from dead.

Since the war, especially in the last three or four years, the water front has developed a new class of robbers. The stick-up and truss-up man is in the saddle. This class is bold, ferocious, murderous. They go after a piece of loot with steely directness, calmness. Wade right through. They must be killed to be stopped. To oppose them otherwise is death. They operate at nights in considerable force, in groups of from three to ten or more. They have spotters on the docks to keep on the lookout for valuable cargo.

When such cargo as appeals to them is located by these spotters they formulate plans for its immediate removal. They do not care how many watchmen there might be on the pier which they have in mind to attack. Watchmen figure very little in

99 9/10 EFFICIENT PROTECTOMOTOR REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Perfect Positive Protection 99 9/10 EFFICIENT

GET THE MOST OUT OF YOUR CAR WHILE YOU OWN IT

PROTECTOMOTOR, by filtering *all* dust, sand and grit out of the 9,000 gallons of air that enter the motor with every gallon of gas, gives you a quiet, smooth running motor practically free from wear and carbon.

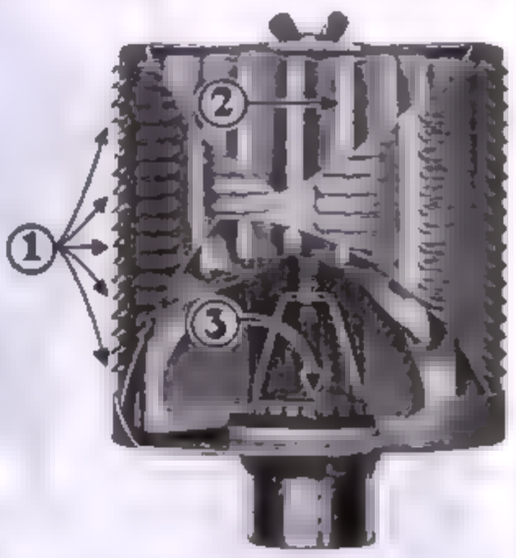
GET THE MOST OUT OF YOUR CAR WHEN YOU SELL IT

PROTECTOMOTOR, by keeping the motor free from wear and, therefore, free from noise, assures you a better allowance when you buy a new car because the *value of a used car is judged by quietness and condition of the motor.*

If your dealer cannot equip your car with a PROTECTOMOTOR, write us direct giving make and model of car and carburetor. Send for free information on how to triple the life of your motor.

STAYNEW FILTER CORPORATION
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

A MOTOR WITHOUT A PROTECTOMOTOR IS LIKE A WATCH WITHOUT A CASE

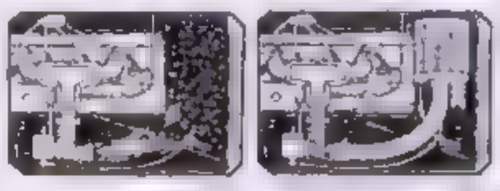


1 Air enters large number of small openings in outer shell at low velocity so the coarse particles of dust are separated by gravity.

2 Specially constructed filtering material, chemically treated, removes even the finest (those that cause wear) particles of dust but readily permits air to pass through.

3 Pure, clean, FILTERED warm air passes through this outlet to carburetor and motor, the fine dust (the cause of wear) entirely removed.

Protectomotor is made of aluminum and rust-proof material throughout. Due to highest grade of workmanship and material it presents an unusually attractive appearance.



Dusty Air that causes wear — Filtered Air that prevents wear

Ambitious Young Men Wanted

MR. G. S MAC GREGOR of Canada found our spare time plan so profitable that he is now working for us under a yearly contract.

Married or Single

EVERY Thursday night some two and a quarter million men come home to enjoy the newly arrived copy of *The Saturday Evening Post*. In almost as many homes *The Ladies' Home Journal* enjoys an equal prestige every month. And *The Country Gentleman*, now issued monthly, is so big and interesting that there is nothing like it in the agricultural field.

To care for the subscription interests of these publications, we want particularly ambitious young men—men who seek good money and an assured future in the business world.

If you are not sure how well you will like the work, you may start in your spare time, daytime or evening. Such odd hours should easily be worth up to $1.50 or more. Fully $50.00 a week is easily possible for full time work. Send this coupon for all the details.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
784 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I can use more money. Tell me, but without obligation, how I may earn it.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____

their general plans. Judging from their past performances they can stick up and truss up ten watchmen as easily as they can one.

During the last year or so they have been very active. Pier after pier has been robbed. Only a few weeks ago they invaded a pier on the North River, stuck up and trussed up the three watchmen there, and departed with more than fifty thousand dollars' worth of silks. The booty they have obtained from each pier in the past twelvemonth ranges from ten thousand to a hundred thousand dollars in value. Both trucks and boats are used to remove the goods.

A short while back seven of these bandits made a simultaneous front-and-rear assault on a certain pier in Brooklyn. A few seconds before the raid was put into execution a fake fight was staged two blocks up the street from the pier in question to attract and engage the attention of the policeman on post there. Four of the bandits came to the pier in a boat and climbed on the stringpiece. There was a ship berthed there. One of the pier's big side doors was open to allow play for the ship's gangway. Through this opening the bandits came in on the dock and surprised three watchmen watching their respective sections on the lower end of the pier. At the same moment, timed to the second almost, the three other bandits knocked at the front gate of the pier. The gateman opened the gate and faced the muzzle of a gun. They walked in on the pier, the while covering the gateman and another watchman there. The three watchmen who had been stuck up at the lower end were marched up to the front by two of the bandits who had made the attack from the rear. The five watchmen were trussed up, bound with rope and wire, and thrown into a corner. One of the robbers stood guard over them while the six others proceeded with methodical care to select the particular loot they were after. They did select exactly the right packages. It took them but a few minutes to do so. They knew precisely where to look. Their spotters had done a fine job. Their haul amounted to more than a hundred thousand dollars, legitimate value. It was mostly opium.

Early last spring a policeman became suspicious of a loaded truck that was standing in front of a warehouse close to the Manhattan anchorage of the Brooklyn Bridge. He communicated with his superiors. A casual investigation by the police warranted a raid on the warehouse in question. Inside were found many stolen trucks, all loaded with stolen merchandise. A closer scrutiny of the inside of the warehouse revealed more than five hundred thousand dollars' worth of stolen goods of all kinds, mostly from the piers. The apparently legitimate warehouse turned out to be nothing more than a thieves' cache. All those who were found there were arrested.

I think the police are still looking for the man who held the lease on the place. At that time he was not to be found.

"That child is coughing again! I wish we could heat this house properly."

This Winter Change to a

RICHARDSON

"Perfect" Warm Air Heater

You would never continue to expose your children to a poorly heated home if you realized the economy of a new Richardson "Perfect" Warm Air Heater

Get an estimate. Then sit down and compare the amount of coal it will consume. Compare the repair bills. Compare the saving in time and trouble. As for actual results, there *is no comparison*. With many excellent features*, the famous Richardson "Perfect" is not only superior to your old system, but a leader among the warm air heaters of today.

TIME PAYMENTS ARRANGED
through your own dealer

**Every home owner will be interested in the 250% greater heating surface and the Guarantee Bond on the "Perfect" Positive Warm Air Heater. Let us send you illustrated brochure explaining these and other advantages*

RICHARDSON & BOYNTON CO.
Manufacturers of "Richardson" "Perfect" Heating and Cooking Apparatus since 1837

New York, Cleveland, Detroit, Chicago, St. Louis, Springfield, Mass., Buffalo, Boston, Philadelphia, Providence, Minneapolis, Rochester, N. Y., Newark, Pittsburgh

RICHARDSON & BOYNTON CO., 160 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.
Please send brochure—"Winter Comfort-Guaranteed by Bond."
Name.....
Address
City
Also advise details of Time Payment Plan ☐ WHCO

In Better Homes — Richardson Heating and Cooking Apparatus

BOYS A NEW RADIO SET—
that doesn't cost you a cent!

THE Radio of your dreams, and the fun it will bring, can be yours *without costing a cent!* Accessories, too—loud speaker, amplifier, a book of instructions—useful even if you have a Radio right now!

Other Prizes—Too

YOUR choice of more than 200 splendid prizes can be yours if you sell *The Saturday Evening Post* to friends near your home (in U. S.). And it's easy, for we show you how to sell. To learn how, send us your name and address—and tune in—RIGHT NOW!

The Curtis Publishing Company
Sales Division
786 Independence Square
Philadelphia, Pa.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

IS fully protected by copyright and nothing that appears in it may be reprinted, either wholly or in part, without special permission. The use of our articles or quotations from them for advertising promotions and stock-selling schemes is never authorized.

Table of Contents

August 29, 1925

Cover Design by Norman Rockwell

SHORT STORIES

	PAGE
I Got a Swell Job, I Got a Peach of a Girl—*William Hazlett Upson*	5
Merv—*Will Levington Comfort*	8
The Art Line—*Horatio Winslow*	10
A Corporosity to Ketch, Pack and Sell Elwifes—*Henry A. Shute*	14
Crossed Wires—*Perceval Gibbon*	15
Keys of Heaven—*Louise Dutton*	16
On the Inside—*Margaret Culkin Banning*	33

ARTICLES

Europe Takes to the Air—*F. Britten Austin*	3
Valor—*Elizabeth Frazer*	12
Home, Sweet Homing—*Jack O'Donnell*	13
The Great American Scandal—Youth and Felony—*Richard Washburn Child*	18
One Man's Life—*Herbert Quick*	23
Who Gets It?—*S. Tee Bee*	39
Literary Dark Horses—*Robert Gordon Anderson*	42

SERIALS

As a Woman Thinks (Third part)—*Corra Harris*	20
Rivers to Cross (Fifth part)—*Roland Pertwee*	26

MISCELLANY

Editorials	22
Short Turns and Encores	24
Getting On in the World	36
Out-of-Doors	48

A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. With your new address be sure also to send us the old one, inclosing if possible your address label from a recent copy.

School starts soon!

School starts soon, and that wonderful boy of yours will be back at his lessons; or taking them up for the first time.

Has he a watch?

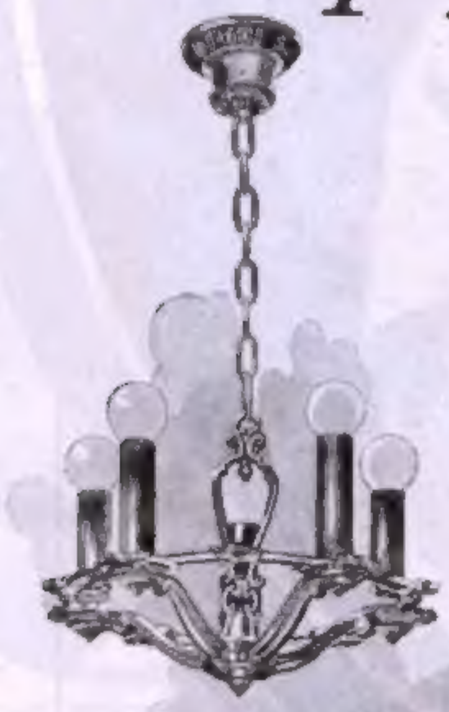
Sure, he wants one. Every regular boy does. It comes as natural to a boy to want a watch as it does to want to graduate into long trousers.

And just as surely he needs one. Punctuality has always helped boys on the climb to success. And punctuality can't be learned or practiced without a watch.

The Ingersoll line includes watches of all sizes—to fit all sizes of boys and all sizes of pocket-books.

A	Yankee Dependable, as always, but with many new features of grace and beauty.	$1.75
B	Yankee Radiolite The Yankee with Radiolite figures and hands. Tells time in the dark.	$2.75
C	Junior Handsome, new and improved model. Thin; 12-size. Nickel case.	$3.50
D	Midget For women, girls, and small boys. Nickel case; guaranteed movement.	$3.50
E	Wrist Radiolite	$4.50

This modest city dwelling and this beautiful country home are both equipped with RIDDLE LIGHTING FITMENTS



Three Riddle Fitments especially designed for small homes. Five-candle piece, No. 2500, $16.50. One-candle wall fitment, No. 2516, $8.50. Four-light ceiling fitment, No. 2505, $11.50.

The use of Riddle Fitments is rapidly increasing. More are being produced than ever before. People are coming to realize the importance of the lighting equipment as a decorative element of first importance in the home. And they are also coming to realize that Riddle Fitments represent the present-day standard of good taste, and high quality, and extreme value in decorative lighting.

One reason for the great popularity of Riddle Fitments is the fact that they are adapted to homes of widely varying character and cost.

The two homes illustrated are an instance of this fact. While both are equally attractive examples of the modern tendency in home building, one is typical of the compact, convenient planning of the small home which American architects and builders have done so much to popularize, while the other represents the more elaborate and pretentious dwelling which graces many of our modern suburban developments. Yet Riddle Fitments were considered moderate enough in price in the one case, and equally fine in the other, to justify their selection for both homes.

An installation of genuine Riddle Fitments may now be secured for as little as $50 to $75 for all the major rooms of the home. The quality is the same as in the more expensive installations costing $500 to $600 or more. And the Riddle name is an equal assurance of correct style and of the greatest value possible to secure today in home lighting equipment of truly decorative quality.

If you are building a home, write us for the name of the nearest Authorized Riddle Dealer. His suggestions and advice will prove invaluable to you. When inspecting a home with a view to buying, ask if Riddle Fitments are used. You should have this assurance that the lighting equipment is of standard quality.

Riddle Fitments are now also being widely used to replace out-of-date lighting fixtures. The change is easily made, at small cost. Illustrated folder of newest Riddle styles sent on request.

THE EDWARD N. RIDDLE COMPANY, TOLEDO, OHIO

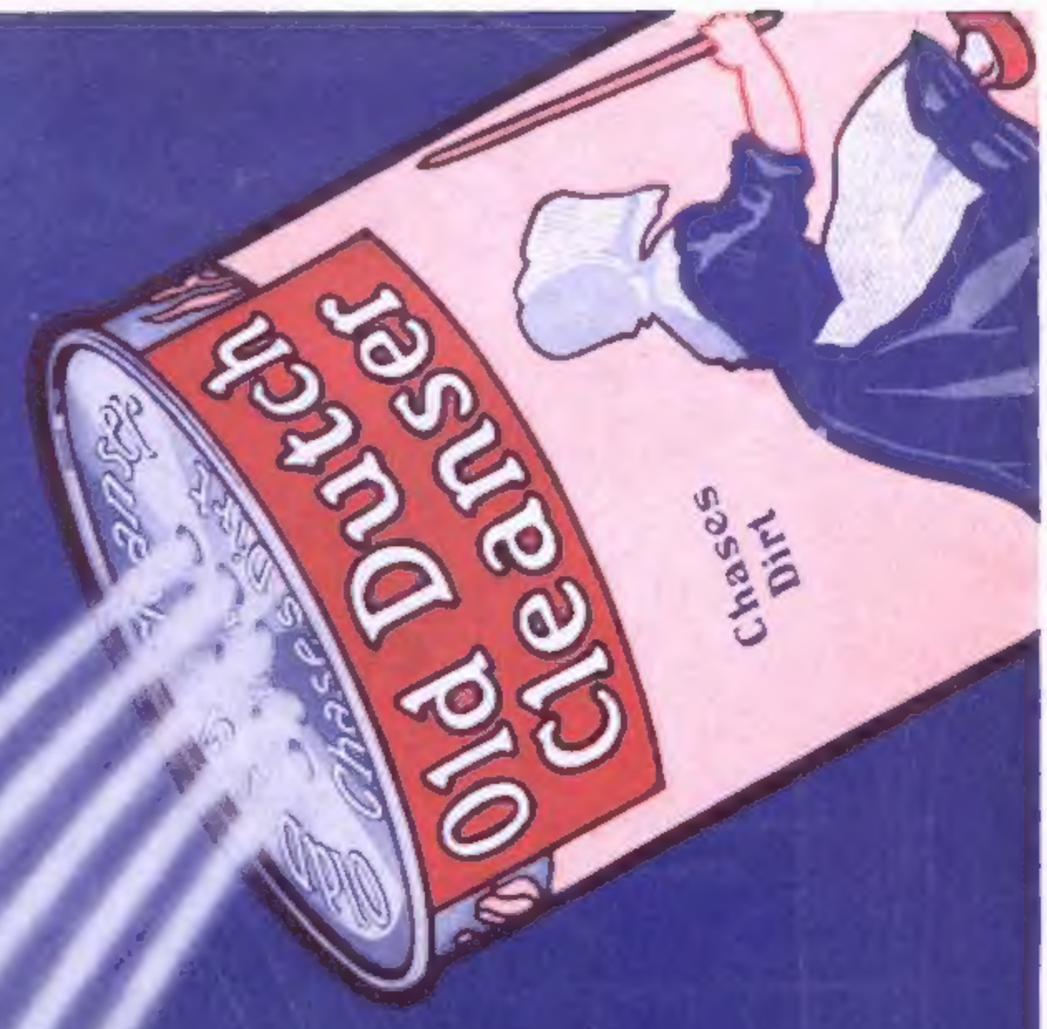
Riddle

DECORATIVE LIGHTING FITMENTS

The Standard of Residential Lighting

For

Healthful Cleanliness



There's nothing else like it.

Old Dutch is distinctive in quality and character and unlike anything else.

It is composed of a natural detergent of remarkable properties, free from hard, scratchy grit. To the eye a fine powder—under the microscope its particles are flaky and flat shaped. They erase not only the dirt you see but the invisible impurities as well. And they do it without making scratches in which dirt and impurities quickly collect. These flat particles cover more surface, too, therefore Old Dutch goes farther and is more economical.

Old Dutch makes everything clean, wholesome and sanitary. Use it in the kitchen to clean pots, pans, stoves, sink, floors and woodwork. For refrigerators; for bathrooms; for steps and porches. Make Old Dutch your first cleaning aid everywhere because it is the easiest, quickest and safest means of keeping the home in a condition of *Healthful Cleanliness.*

Goes farther—lasts longer

© 1925 The C. P. Co.

. . yet we have improved it

For all practical purposes, Sheetrock could have gone on forever just as it was. Yet we have improved it.

MADE IT EASIER TO HANDLE. Reduced its weight. Thereby lowered the low cost of making walls and ceilings with Sheetrock

GIVEN IT EXTRA STRENGTH. Now Sheetrock provides a much more rigid wall, solid, tight-jointed, bracing to frame construction.

MADE IT MORE INSULATING. A new manufacturing process builds up a gypsum core of minute air cells, the strongest structural resistance to heat and cold, insuring more comfort in summer, more economical heat in winter.

AND A SPECIAL SURFACE SIZING gives this improved Sheetrock greater adaptability to any decoration: wallpaper, paint, panels, *Textone*, the USG finish for toned and textured walls.

FIREPROOF, RIGID, NON-WARPING, this improved Sheetrock assures you now the full advantages of *security, economy, permanence.*

We are not announcing a *new* wallboard. We are announcing *improved* Sheetrock the *fireproof* wallboard for new construction, alterations and repairs. Your dealer in lumber or building supplies has it in stock for you, or can get it promptly from our nearest mill. We suggest you write for free booklet, "Walls of Worth," and a sample of *improved* Sheetrock

Sheetrock is inspected and approved as an effective barrier to fire by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

UNITED STATES GYPSUM COMPANY
General Offices: 205 West Monroe Street, Chicago, Illinois

SHEETROCK

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

The *FIREPROOF* WALLBOARD

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

August 29, 1925—No. 9

Allen A Hosiery Co. (Children's Hose) 106
American Chicle Co. (Beeman) 137
American Optical Co. (Wellsworth) 122
American Stainless Steel Co. 148
American Tobacco Co.
("Bull" Durham) 142
Armstrong Cork Co. (Linoleum) 101

Bird & Son, Inc. (Neponset) 132
Book-Cadillac Hotel Co. 127
Bradley Knitting Co. 104-105
Buick Motor Car Co. 29

Campbell Soup Co. (Tomato) 25
Carnation Milk Products Co. 120
Cheek-Neal Coffee Co.
(Maxwell House Coffee) 43
Chevrolet Motor Co. (Coach) 51
Coca-Cola Co. 119
Collins & Aikman 126
Congoleum-Nairn, Inc. (Art-Rug) 32
Creo-Dipt Co., Inc. (Shingles) 111
Cudahy Packing Co.
(Old Dutch) IV Cover
Curtis Pub. Co. 133
Curtis Pub. Co. 150
Curtis Pub. Co. 153
Curtis Pub. Co. (C. G.) 90-91
Curtis Pub. Co. (S. E. P.) 129
Curtis Pub. Co. (S. E. P.) 130
Curtis Pub. Co. (S. E. P.) 154

Decker, Alfred, & Cohn (Society) 1
Delco-Light Co. (Frigidaire) 71
Dixon Crucible Co., Joseph
("Ti-con-der-oga") 152
Dodge Bros. (Commercial) 61

Electric Storage Battery Co. (Exide) 77
Endicott-Johnson 52-53
Estate Stove Co. (Heatrola) 112-113
Everedy Co. (Bottle Capper) 133

Fairbanks-Morse 146
Fisher Body Corp. 41
Fisk Tire Co. (Federal) 99
Florsheim Shoe Co. 145
Foerderer, Robert H. Inc., (Vici) 140
Ford Motor 96-97
Fox Furnace Co. (Sunbeam) 131

Gabriel Snubber Mfg. Co. 63
Gardner Motor Co. 135
General Electric Co. (Mazda) 95
Glover Co., H. B. (Sleepingwear) 130
Goodrich, B. F. (Silvertown) II Cover
Goodyear Tire & Rubber (Balloons) 86-87
Graham Bros. (Trucks) 44-45

Hammermill Paper Co. 125
Hartford Fire Insurance 80
Henderson Bros. 137
Hotel Lincoln 129
Hotels Statler 147
Hudson-Essex Motor Car (Coach) 65
Hupp Motor Car Corp. (Hupmobile 8) 27

Indian Refining Co. (Havoline) 85
Individual Drinking Cup Co. (Dixies) 134
Ingersoll Watch Co. 155
International Harvester (Trucks) 144

Johnson & Johnson (Travelkit) 72

Kohler Co. 108

Lambert Pharmacal Co.
(Listerine Toothpaste) 83
Larus & Bro. (Edgeworth) 124

Majestic Co. (Garbage Receiver) 150
Maxwell Motor Corp. (Chrysler Four) 69
Mennen Co. (Shaving Cream) 68
Metropolitan Life Insurance 128
Monroe Calculating Machine Co. 73
Music Master Corp. 136

Nasal Filter 129
Nash Motors (Six Sedan) 89
National Blank Book Co. 141
National Kei-Lac Co. 129
Nordyke-Marmon 93
Nunn-Bush Co. 149

Olds Motor Works (Oldsmobile Six) 47

Paige-Detroit Motor Car 59
Paramount Pictures 103
Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. 151
Postum Cereal Co. (Bran Flakes) 35
Procter & Gamble (Ivory Soap) 2

Real Silk Hosiery Mills 54
Richardson & Boynton Co. 154
Riddle, Edw. N. 156

Sargent & Co. 149
Schraders, A., Son, Inc. (Valves) 67
Simonds Saw & Steel Co. (Saws) 107
Stanley Works (Tools) 114
Staynew Filter Corp. 153
Stone Straw Co. 55
Studebaker Corp. 75
Sun Maid Raisin Growers 139
Swift & Co. (Ham) 31

The Richardson Co. (Onyx Roofing) 56
Thermiodyne Radio 116-117
Tide Water Oil Sales (Veedol) 64

United States Gypsum Co.
(Sheetrock) III Cover
United States Rubber Co. (Balloon) 37
United States Rubber Co. (Keds) 74
Universal Pictures 66

Valentine & Co. (Nitro-Valspar) 38
Van Cleef Bros. 123

Wallace Pencil Co. 70
Warner-Patterson 121
Watkins, R. L. (Shampoo) 49
Western Electric (Telephones) 143
Williams, J. B. Co. (Shaving Cream) 138
Willys-Overland (Willys-Knight Six) 78-79
Wye, Tom 146

X Laboratories 145